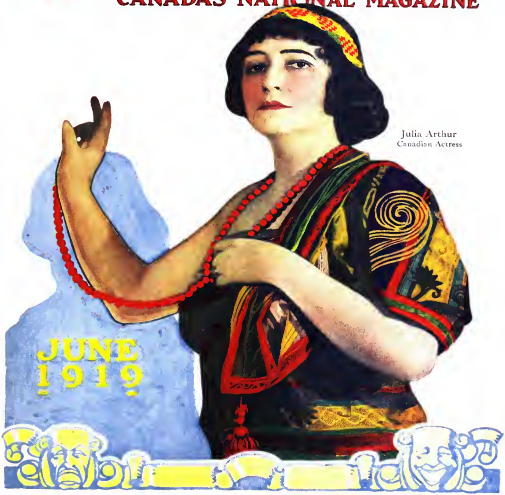
VOL. XXXII PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO NUMBER 6

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



Julia Arthur
Canadian Actress

IN THIS ISSUE

A New Series of War Poems by Robert W. Service starts—
Vilhjalmur Stefansson—Agnes C. Laut—W. A. Fraser—J. K. Munro

*

Over 70,000 copies printed. Subscription price, $2.00 per year.

Your promise of Safety
K. & S. CANADIAN TIRES
K&S. CANADIAN RUBBER GOODS
K&S. CANADIAN TIRES
K.&S. TIRES

THIS Mark—like the rainbow, which was set in the sky for man's assurance of protection—is the motorist's safeguard against those tire troubles which beset the careless or indifferent buyer

YOU take no chances when you buy K & S Canadian Tires—the tires that are GUARANTEED for *more miles* than any other tires made in Canada.

We will send you a useful pocket-size booklet for keeping a record of your mileage. Write for it To-day—it's FREE

K. & S. Canadian Tire & Rubber Co., Limited

Toronto Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg
Factory at Weston Ont.

36-E

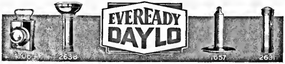
Always keep a Daylo on your Dressing Table

A last look with the Daylo

ONE last look—one final touch—with the dainty candlestick Daylo! She finds it almost as handy and necessary as a mirror. Small, light in weight, unattached to fastenings or wires, it is so convenient to hold up for an instant's inspection of little details.

Every night at some hour or other there is the unexpected or unusual call for Daylo to "look and see." Have a regular place to keep one—the Clock Shelf—your Dressing Table—under the Pillow. Styles 4706, 2638, 1657, and 2631 are especially suited for household use. Look for the name EVEREADY DAYLO stamped on end cap. Accept no substitutes.

IMPORTANT
Eveready Daylos and long-lived Tungsten Batteries made in 77 styles are for sale by Eveready dealers everywhere.
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON Co Limited
Toronto Ontario



Consider Them As an Investment

Consider these new "Office Specialty" Counter Height Filing Sections in the light of an investment that pays you real dividends in actual money saved.

In the first place "Office Specialty" Counter Height Filing Sections serve all the purposes of high-grade filing cabinets. And in addition they combine the function of an office counter. That's where your first dividend comes in—you save, in first cost, the price of a counter.

On top of this there's your dollar-and-cents saving represented by the floor space conserved. And at the prevailing rate of rentals this saving means quite a respectable figure on your bank balance.

COUNTER HEIGHT SECTIONS

If this were all the service these Counter Height Filing Sections performed you would even then be getting double value for your money.

But they do more.

They act as department divisions in an office when stacked together as shown in the illustration.

Any record in his department is available to the executive in half the time it would take the filing clerk to walk to the filing room.

So besides the known savings they effect in space—and consequently money—they enable your clerks to get papers and records for you quickly—they save your time and the time and energy of your staff.

Tell your stenographer to type a memo today for descriptive folder "The Conservation of Space in Your Office." It's free.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LIMITED
Home Office and Factories NEWMARKET Canada
Branch Office [illegible] Broadway New York City.

Filing Equipment Stores at:
Toronto Montreal Ottawa Halifax Hamilton Winnipeg Regina Edmonton Calgary Vancouver

957

Lower illustration shows battery of Counter Height Filing Sections in the office of the Western Assurance Co., Toronto. These filing sections hold a large proportion of the thousands of records used by this Company. Any clerk in the department can get a record he wants in a few minutes. Figure what the executives and employees of this Company save in time and steps every year [illegible]

OFFICE SPECIALTY
FILING SYSTEMS

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President
H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager

CONTENTS

Vol XXXII TORONTO JUNE, 1919 No 6

HOBSON'S HARD START William Byron 13
THE WINGS OF THE MORNING John A. Stewart 14
—Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.
VICTORY STUFF Robert W. Service 18
—Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys.
THE MENACE IN THE SOUTH Agnes C. Laut 17
THE GOLD WOLF W. A. Fraser 19
—Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn
SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE ARCTIC—PART III Vilhjalmur Stefansson 22
THE ARCH STRATEGIST Edith T. Bayne 26
—Illustrated by W. Van Werveke.
THE UNDERCURRENTS J. E. Monso 29
—Illustrated by William Casey
MAN AND WIFE—PART III C. W. Stephens 31
—Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff
SALVAGE—A CANADIAN IDEA Lacey Amy 33

DEPARTMENTS

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK 9
THE INVESTMENT SITUATION 8
THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION 35
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS 36
WOMEN AND THEIR WORK 94
THE BEST BOOKS 98

Subscription Price, $2.00 a year, 20c a copy

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENG. THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.
BRANCH OFFICES: [illegible] Winnipeg. [illegible] New York. [illegible] Chicago. [illegible] Boston.
Copyright, 1919, by The MacLean Publishing Co. Limited. All rights reserved.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa. Entered as second-class matter March 28, 1911, at the Post Office at Buffalo, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did. I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

Mrs. Jones and I tackled the first lesson together. I had told her of my talk with Mr. Roth and she was as anxious as I to put his system to the test. We were simply astounded to find that we had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that we both could call them off to each other forward and back without a single mistake.

Mrs. Jones became as fascinated with the lessons as I, and studied them while I was at business the next day. That evening she floored me with an impromptu exhibition of memory stunts which forced me to demand the exclusive right to the lessons for the evening. I couldn't let her get this advantage of me. She was delighted with what she had accomplished. I was forced to admit that she had leaped ahead of me in memory power with apparently no effort at all, and more surprising still, our twelve-year-old daughter, Genevieve, had read the first few lessons and had mastered the Roth's principles with ease. Do you blame me for insisting on a chance to catch up with my family?

What followed was the most stimulating,—the most interesting—thing that my household ever experienced. Those seven lessons have simply worked wonders with us and that isn't putting it a bit too strong.

For instance, I can now absolutely **count** on my memory to serve me promptly and without a flaw. I can tell the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club or at a banquet or in a business meeting or in any social gathering. Read this letter, furnished me by the Independent Corporation when I volunteered to write up my experiences, and written by Terence J. McManus of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, attorneys and counsellors at law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired especially appeal to me. Let me add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

. . . .

But perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that Mrs. Jones and myself have become really good conversationalists. I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things. And my wife tells me that she never got into a discussion or conversation among her friends, but what she was at a loss for the facts. New uses for her power of memory in both a practical and a social way are dawning on her every day.

Inside of a week after the course reached us she was amazed to see how her newly acquired ability helped her recall the countless things she had to remember. It has simplified her whole life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised at how much more time she had for recreation — because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and an orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she has never before dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand — because she never forgot a name or a face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess — much to the admiration of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones in developing her own perfectly good memory discovered the secret of success not only in housekeeping, but also in her social life.

She tells me that the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among her friends since she has let them into the secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Women's Liberty Loan Committee:

> "The Roth Course to my mind is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
>
> As chairman for the State of Tennessee for Women's Liberty Loan Committee it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

With me the Roth Method has become of tremendous value. I used to think that the "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right. I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office. Since our people down town took it up you never hear anyone in the office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? His real name is H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and as easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone, I don't care who he is, can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Ask the Independent Corporation to send you Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you can have. Your dividends in social enjoyment and prestige as well as **increased earning power** will be enormous.

Victor Jones

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION BLANK

Independent Corporation
Publishers of the Independent Weekly
Dept. R36, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5 in full payment of the course.

Name

Address

MacLean's 6-19

A Fireproof Place
For Jewellery, Books and Valuable Papers
will be found in a

Goldie & McCulloch Safe

Time and experience have proven that they are absolutely reliable.

There is a size and style to meet every requirement.

Standard Safes and Vault Doors in Stock
Special Designs Made to Order

Our complete Catalogue M 32, also our Book "Profitable Experience," will be mailed to your address on request.

THE
Goldie & McCulloch
COMPANY LIMITED
Head Office and Works—Galt, Ont., Can.
Toronto Office:
1101-2 Traders Bank Bldg.
Western Branch Office:
248 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Free Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls

An illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Free on request.

When in Buffalo stop at the Hotel Lenox — Buffalo's ideal hotel for tourists. Quietly situated yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts and Niagara Falls Boulevard. First-class garage.

European plan. Fireproof, modern. Unexcelled cuisine. Every room an outside room. $2.00 up.

On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER
Managing Director
North St. at Delaware Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y.

HOTEL LENOX

The
BUSINESS OUTLOOK
Commerce · · Finance · · Insurance

THERE is only one cloud in the sky, one fly in the ointment—labor difficulties. It may be said that a situation which has for its one disturbing element, labor disorganization, is after all not seriously wrong. Labor is the base of everything and the business outlook depends to a very considerable degree indeed on the labor outlook.

After all, however, the outlook is not so serious. At time of writing the country is in the throes of strikes, which started on May Day. More are threatened. The Commission sojourning through the West is finding evidence everywhere of industrial unrest and of unemployment. On top of that it must be considered that a large percentage of our soldiers are still to be brought back from overseas and many of those who have already returned have not yet found any suitable employment, and yet in the face of all this, it is still possible to say that the situation is not really serious.

In the first place the unemployment is largely confined to one class. A demonstration was organized a few weeks ago in one of the largest Canadian cities, of men out of employment. The turnout was not nearly as large as had been expected and, more significant still, the men who lined up in the parade were predominantly foreign. Russians, Galicians, Poles, Austrians—they filed past; only an occasional native-born Canadian was seen. All who watched the demonstration were impressed with this fact and it gave them considerable food for thought. It is said also that some of the strikers have been incited and largely supported by the foreigner in our midst. If a large share of our present labor uncertainty is due to the foreign element, then the solution is not as hard to find. It is almost entirely among the alien people that the Bolshevistic doctrine has been accepted and some of the manifestations of labor unrest are clearly a result of the work of the disciples of anarchy. One satisfactory feature is the fact that the returned soldier is taking little or no part in the activities of the extremists. The soldier is against the alien and the insidious campaign of the Bolshevists is having no effect on him. The labor trouble, therefore, insofar as it is related to socialistic propaganda, is not likely to seriously affect the business outlook.

It would be unwise not to recognize, however, that there is a real labor problem involved in the dissatisfaction of organized labor with present conditions. How far unemployment has bit into the ranks of real Canadian Labor is hard to say, but from such facts as are obtainable it would appear that there is not much actual unemployment. Organized labor is not satisfied with conditions and is agitating for improvements; further, labor is seriously apprehensive of efforts to cut down wages. It is the belief of those who are closest in touch with the situation that a sincere effort to meet labor on reasonable grounds will be successful and that the process of reconstruction can be seen through in Canada without any clash or any unfair sacrifices on either side.

With summer close at hand and an active building season commencing—speaking in a comparative sense—and with the demand for agricultural labor more and more insistent it should be possible to find employment for all who honestly desire it and at the same time to satisfy all reasonable demands on the part of organized labor.

THE most significant fact is the continued growth of savings deposits in Canadian banks. In August, 1914, the total was over six hundred million. To-day it stands over a billion and it is continually growing. Even the heavy investments that the public made in Victory Bonds in 1917 and 1918 served as only purely temporary checks to the upward trend. The following figures tell the story:

August 1914	$ 659,399,000
January, 1915	666,960,000
January, 1916	714,264,000
January, 1917	864,163,000
January, 1918	900,314,000
January, 1919	990,000,000
March, 1919	1,037,[illegible]51,000

It must be figured also that the banks are carrying at the present time over $600,000,000 in demand accounts. In view of these figures it is apparent, very clearly apparent, that the average Canadian family is enjoying a degree of affluence never attained before, for the savings account is the measure of the average man's prosperity.

It is significant also that conditions in business are becoming steadier. The uncertainty which has been felt with reference to prices is beginning to clear away. It is being recognized that prices are not going down. Indeed in some respects, notably in clothing, they are still on the upgrade. In only one important line has there been a marked falling in price and that is steel. When it is figured that the steel industry has been enormously expanded to meet the demands of war, it is not hard to understand that prices have perforce gone down when demand has shrunk to about sixty per cent. of the pre-armistice total. It is asserted at least that the U. S. steel plants are now working at sixty per cent. capacity and this can be taken as indicative of the business in sight. In practically all other lines, however, the cessation of war left the world with large shortages from normal supply and the demand has remained brisk enough to keep prices up.

As a result, there is less tendency to hold off from buying in the expectation of a drop. The retailer finding that demand keeps up and that prices are not going down is coming more readily into the market. He is not yet buying in quantity, but he is stocking up much more liberally than was his wont. Also contracts are being let for buildings. The idea that materials would slump off in price seems to have been abandoned for the year at least. In other words the idea that a sudden and precipitate drop might come has been

Continued on page 99

Draw on Your Customers

through the Merchants Bank. With Branches in all parts of Canada, and correspondents abroad, this Bank is in a position to present Drafts promptly, have them accepted, and collect payment, with the least possible trouble and cost to you.

The Manager will be glad to take up this matter with you.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Head Office: Montreal
Established 1864

310 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific

The Mountain will go to Mahomet!

Just because you do not live in Toronto is no reason why you cannot enjoy Toronto's shopping advantages.

By making your selections from the Ryrie 1919 Year Book you can buy just as economically as though you were personally making your purchases in the Ryrie Store.

Every article illustrated in the Year Book is absolutely guaranteed to be as represented, otherwise the article may be returned and the goods will either be exchanged or your money refunded.

Write to-day for this beautifully illustrated book containing over 112 pages and showing many of the articles in natural colors—it's free, of course.

Mail Order Department
Ryrie Bros.
Limited
Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths
TORONTO

Visitors To Toronto

To enjoy a week-end in pleasant surroundings, in the city's centre of interest, close to the leading stores and theatres, stop at

The
King Edward Hotel

All the real comforts and good service that only a perfected organization can give are at your disposal in this famous hotel.

The finest cuisine at economical prices.

Special Lunch, 75c.
De Luxe Dinner $1.50

GEO. H. O'NEIL,
General Manager
L. S. MULDOON Res. Mgr.
V. G. CARDY Asst. Mgr.

Western Assurance Co.
Incorporated A.D. 1851
Assets over $6,000,000.00
FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE AND EXPLOSION INSURANCE
HEAD OFFICES — TORONTO

Ten Dollars For Every Word He Speaks

A simple principle which, when applied to everyday talking and writing, gives words a power to influence men's minds

IT'S a funny thing how you'll run into people you know in the most unexpected places. While dodging a speeding automobile on Broadway one day, who should I run into but my old friend Mortimer. He was the last man I ever expected to see in New York. Nine years ago I had known him in a little town in Iowa. He was then struggling along with a small business of his own and was barely making a living.

Then we met on Broadway. In answer to my question as to what and how he was doing he exclaimed, "*Great! I get ten dollars for every word I speak.*"

"*You get what?*" I shot back, dumbfounded. But he cut short my further questioning with: "Come to my hotel just across the street and I'll tell you all about it."

• • • • •

IN a handsome suite in one of the most expensive hotels in New York Mortimer told me his whole story, and an amazing one it was. He had struggled along with his failing business and had run deeply in debt. Then one day, just as his creditors were about to close him out, he ran on to something which changed his whole career. *It had to do with influencing people.*

Immediately after making his discovery he called together his creditors, who were bitterly opposed to him. By applying his new-found idea he not only induced them to hold off legal proceedings, but won their cordial goodwill. And then on top of all this, he induced them to hand him $25,000 in actual cash. All this Mortimer did in a few hours.

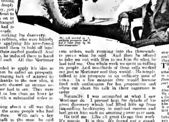
Mortimer then decided to apply his idea to selling. Formerly when he called on prospects they showed a discouraging lack of interest in his talk. But now, thanks to the new idea, it was different. Prospects showed an intense interest in what Mortimer had to say. They were eager to listen. And in less than an hour he usually walked out with a substantial order in his pocket.

The remarkable thing about it all was that he sold to identically the same people who had turned him down before. With only a few variations to fit his talk to the man, he said basically the same thing to each man he called on. He obtained large orders with surprising and unusual regularity. He talked his regular selling talk to me. It sounded so remarkably persuasive that I called in the hotel stenographer and had it taken down. Later I counted the words. And, sure enough, it worked out just as Mortimer said. On his orders for a period of a month, he actually averaged ten dollars for every word he spoke. And he did this not once or occasionally, but as a regular month in and month out practice. He told me of one case where he secured a $20,000 order, and he said less than a thousand words to get it—$20 a word!

No doubt about it, Mortimer had acquired the knack of swinging big orders with comparatively little effort. His success, he told me, had enabled him to concentrate on big contracts, as, with his new method, he actually found it easier to land orders running into the thousands than it formerly was to obtain the usual run of small-fry orders.

• • • •

ALL this Mortimer told me in the hotel as I listened spellbound. It seemed almost unbelievable. Yet he showed me sheets of duplicate orders, each running into the thousands, to prove what he said. And then he offered to take me out with him to see him do what he had told me. One whole week we spent in calling on people. And two-thirds of these calls worked out just as Mortimer said they would. He simply talked to his prospects in an ordinary tone of voice. In a few minutes they would become fired with enthusiasm for his proposition and often cut short his talk in their eagerness to order.



His talk sounded so remarkably persuasive that I had it taken down by the hotel stenographer.

Naturally I was astounded at what I saw Mortimer do. I pressed him for details of his great discovery which had lifted him up from impending bankruptcy to national success and had given him such an amazing power over men.

He told me. Like all great things that work, it's simple. It is this: *He found out a simple principle which, if borne in mind in talking or writing, will give words an almost magic power to influence men's minds.*

To most people, words are just words and talk is just talk. Mortimer had always looked at it this way until he made his great discovery. Then he found that there were certain combinations of words which, when arranged in the right way, would literally sweep people off their feet and make them do anything you want them to do. It was by using this principle in all his conversation that Mortimer exercised such a magic power over men and was able to do such astounding things.

• • • •

SINCE that eventful meeting with Mortimer, I've used his principle to accomplish lots of remarkable things for myself. To start with I used it in selling. My sales trebled instantly. Then, I had long wanted our firm to make certain changes in the product, but they couldn't see things my way. I had another talk with our president and based it on Mortimer's principle. He quickly agreed to change the product, and it has helped the firm greatly as well as myself and the other men.

Considerable friction existed in the office on account of "office politics" and petty jealousies. I smoothed it all out—got everyone to working hand in hand—simply by calling the boys together and basing my talk on Mortimer's principle.

About this time a close friend of mine was asked to run for president of our club. At the last moment a "dark horse" loomed up and his chances looked very slim. He came to me and told me that he couldn't stand the humiliation of defeat. So I got around among the members and talked to them on the basis of Mortimer's principle. The result was surprising as well as gratifying. Eighty per cent of the club members voted for my friend and he won with a landslide.

In hundreds of other ways I've used Mortimer's principle to push me ahead in business—to sell more goods—to collect "hopeless" debts—to head off competition—to smooth out kinks in everyday life—to write magnetic, action-getting letters and advertisements—to win the active friendship of almost anyone I desire—to get people to believe in me and to get them to do almost anything I want them to do.

• • • •

THE beauty of it all is that it is so simple. The principle is so easy to understand as A B C. And *when you know it you can, in less than an hour, learn to apply it to all your dealings with people and influence their minds in a way that will astound you—just as it astounded me.*

But what is this principle? And how did Mortimer discover it? That is simple too, the principle itself. He ran across it in a book called the "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. He advised me to get it. I did and I never can thank him enough for having put me in touch with it. For it enabled me to do all the remarkable things I've told you about.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," that once you see the Course you will be delighted with it, they will gladly send it to you for free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent to you all charges prepaid at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with it send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if [illegible]

---- FREE EXAMINATION COUPON ----

Independent Corporation
Publishers of The Independent Weekly
Dept. L-55 119 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5.

Name
Address
MacLean's 6-19

DEPENDABLE INVESTMENTS

A. E. AMES & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1889
Union Bank Building, Toronto
Montreal New York

SUGGESTIONS ON REQUEST

ACCOUNTANCY
FREE BOOK

STEEL
Fittings
for the Office

Outlast a Lifetime—
Yet Always Look New

When buying new office equipment buy that which will not need replacement in a lifetime—the kind that shows but little sign of wear. The kind that always looks new—buy STEEL EQUIPMENT.

On planning, designing and construction of steel fittings we have every facility. Our drafting department is prepared to submit sketches to cover any plans or requirements.

Consult us freely or write for our CATALOG.

The Steel Equipment Co., Ltd.
OTTAWA, ONT.

The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. Black, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

THE general feeling in the investment market is improving month by month. The dread menace of Bolshevism looms less and less. While unrest in labor circles in Canada continues to break out in strikes in many of the larger cities, employers have tempered their attitude with a broader, fairer, more co-operative vision and settlements follow rapidly as a rule. The market appears to accept a strike now as merely a forerunner of satisfactory adjustment with little fear of a dislocation of business.

The stronger confidence in the business outlook reflects itself in the steady upward movement in the stock markets. During the past week over a dozen securities established new high records, and the end is not in sight. A New York broker told me a couple of days ago that Wall Street between the high boom level of the fall of 1916 fell on an average 44 points to the low of 1917, and early in May this year only half way—22 points—had been reached. He looked for a further "bull" movement and most Wall Street men agree. If Canada export business in millions, flour, woollen lines, sugar, etc., is realized it will act favorably not only on the special securities involved but on almost the whole market.

With this renewed activity the buying of Victory bonds has fallen off slightly but not the price. Holders should not sell below the following ranges at the time of writing:

1922	100 —100½
1923	100¼—100½
1927	102 —102¼
1933	104¼—105
1937	108 —108½

Until the terms of the September loan are announced Victory Bonds may be a little quiet. In any case with the 20-year issue at a premium of 8 points or more it is hardly likely that a long term, 5½ per cent, tax free bond will be issued. If tax exemption is maintained the interest is likely to go back to 5¼ per cent at the most, although if tax exemption is not a feature of the new bonds 5½ per cent may be retained, high as this is coming to be in comparison now with first-class municipal issues. In any case the change is likely to cause a further rise in Victory Bonds.

ENQUIRIES have been received during the month in reference to a safe investment in preferred stocks in reply to recent comments in this column. One from Winnipeg reads in part as follows:

"So your article on the Investment Situation. Would like to get a number of the preferred Canadian stocks, something that would yield 7 per cent or over. I am looking for a good safe investment. I have already $2,000 in Victory bonds so thought I would like to spread my investment."

Another one from the East is worded in part as follows:

"As a reader of MacLean's Magazine, I am asking your advice as to which is the best Canadian preferred stock to buy as an investment. Some preferred stock that one can buy now and put away with the assurance that the dividends will come in regularly and yet giving a better yield than bonds. Of course an enhancement in the value of the stock would be doubly welcome. I have in mind something like Penmans, Canada Steamships, Dominion Canners, etc."

In the letter before these stocks were suggested by the inquirer and so far as their relative strength is concerned I agree with the order named but would offer only the first mentioned as an absolutely safe investment, that is Penmans. This stock stands the double test that I think should be applied by anyone offering advice as to an investment: not only does it rest on a strong basis now with a future apparently assured but it has successfully passed through years of testing in times of depression as well as prosperity and has stood the test well.

Canada Steamships preferred has had a comparatively brief career and what many consider abnormal prosperity during the war. Up until a few weeks ago it was selling around 76-78 while paying 7 per cent on each share or giving a yield of about 9 per cent—one of the highest yielding preferred stocks on the market. The low price was due to the fact that public confidence was not yet strong enough to drive it up to 80 or 85. Since then it has advanced at date of writing to 84½, and may go higher very soon. But it will be several years before it can be classed among the "tried" investments.

Dominion Canners fluctuates too much in its season's fortune to be recommended just now as a stock in Penmans class. It is dependent too much on variations in its raw materials, and at times in the past has been almost at the mercy of the "independent" companies as its competitors. Its yearly profits lack uniformity and it is barely a year since it was carrying arrears on its preference stock. The speculative element presents itself far more than in the case of Penmans, or even Canada Steamships.

In addition to Penmans I suggested the following preferred stocks:

DOMINION TEXTILE

Outstanding $1,925,975, 7 per cent. Price at time of emission 101, now 106-107. Strongly backed but at present price yields only 6.5 to 6.6 per cent.

DOMINION COAL

Outstanding $3,000,000 7 per cent. Selling at about 99; at emission 94½-95. Yields a little over 7 per cent.

DOMINION STEEL

Outstanding $7,000,000 6 per cent; market price about 80; guaranteed by bonds. Yields over 8 per cent.

CANADA CEMENT

Outstanding $10,500,000 7 per cent; market price at time of emission 93½; present price 99¾ to 100. Yield therefrom is about 7 per cent.

Of almost equal standing with these as a 7 per cent. issue, is the last issue of Montreal Tramway debentures, which sell a shade above par and yield 7 per cent. The fact that these are so intimately related to the Montreal Tramway Company's agreement with the city places them in a unique position so that they virtually have the City of Montreal's support through that agreement, and these are the nearest resemblance to a municipal bond (although an industrial) in the market.

So far as "an enhancement in the value" as desired by one correspondent, I believe that as interest rates decline every one of the stocks recommended will tend to rise in market value as practically all have done since the signing of the armistice.

THE inquiries coming to me from MacLean's Magazine readers cover a wide range, but all are welcome. With the revival of interest in gold mining, naturally information is sought as to the prospects of this mine or that. Mining

Continued on page 99

$10,000 TO INVEST

An inquiry sent to this department (128 Bleury St., Montreal) asks for advice as to how best invest $10,000. A variety of replies from investment brokers in Canada will be published and analyzed in next month's issue.

YALE

Going to Build?
Specify
"Yale" Builders' Locks
and Hardware for
Positive Security
Correct Design
Long Service
Canadian Yale & Towne
Limited
St. Catharines, Ontario

VENUS PENCILS
Quality Tools for Quality Work
Always the least expensive in the end.
A grade suitable for every service
17 black degrees; 3 copying
At all stationers for VENUS
American Lead Pencil Company
VENUS

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads Steel Points
For Hanging Pictures, Posters, Calendars, Curtains, Pennants and all decorations. It will not injure plaster or paper. Simply push them in with your fingers.
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
The ideal hanger for heavy Pictures, Mirrors, Hall Racks, Clocks, Clothing, etc. Will not rust. Holds up to 100 pounds. Easy to use. Won't injure walls.
At Stationery, Hardware, Photo Supply Stores 13c
Send 10c. for 1 Pkt. Booklet and Samples
Moore Push-Pin Co.
Dept. C Philadelphia, Pa.

MONTREAL
Coristine
Building

TORONTO
96 Adelaide E.
Loose Leaf
Dept.
10 Toronto St.

Library
Bureau
CARD and
FILING SYSTEMS
LOWE-MARTIN Co
LIMITED
LOOSE LEAF
"To Fit any Binder"
OTTAWA
TORONTO
MONTREAL
WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG
89 Albert
Street

OTTAWA
175 Nepean
Street

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
T. B. COSTAIN, Editor J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor
Volume XXXII JUNE, 1919 Number 6

HOBSON'S HARD START

How the Hamilton Steel Master Made His Debut

By WILLIAM BYRON

THE time has long passed when business was thought devoid of romance. It is even now that the amazing kaleidoscope of modern business offers more intense drama and more picturesque phases than can be found in any other direction. Any man who has won his way to the top rung of the industrial ladder—no matter how hard-headed and prosaic he may appear—must have lived through experiences that, for sheer interest, exceed anything in fiction. Most of our industrial captains would probably deny this, but catch any one of them in a reminiscent mood and the stories that drop forth will be sufficient proof.

Take, for instance, the story of how Robert Hobson came to go into the iron business and the struggle he had to establish himself there. Mr. Hobson is to-day the president of the Steel Company of Canada and easily figures among the first half dozen industrial magnates of the Dominion. A little over twenty years ago he knew practically nothing about iron and steel and had absolutely no intention of ever engaging in any business outside of railroading. The story of his jump and of the fight he found himself engaged in is one of intense interest, even when sketched in bare outlines. Perhaps some day Mr. Hobson will be induced to tell it himself. In the meantime let us present the story as far as it has been possible to learn it.

First Engaged in Railroading

ROBERT Hobson was the son of Joseph Hobson, the famous railroad engineer who left the St. Clair tunnel as a monument to his skill. It was natural that the son should choose to follow in the footsteps of the father, and for twenty years Robert Hobson was employed in the engineering department, first of the Great Western and later of the Grand Trunk. When Charles M. Hays became president of the latter road, he placed Mr. Hobson senior in charge of the engineering department. This necessitated a move to Montreal for both. Robert Hobson had been in Montreal a few days only when he received an urgent message from his father-in-law, Hon. A. T. Wood of Hamilton, to return to that city as Secretary-Treasurer of a new company which had been formed, the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co.

He was not anxious to make the change. In fact, he was very loth to undertake the new proposition. He liked railroading, and he didn't know anything about iron; he perhaps distrusted his ability to make a success in that line. Nevertheless, after due reflection, he decided to try it and so returned to Hamilton after a stay of only fifteen days in Montreal.

The Company Was Shaky

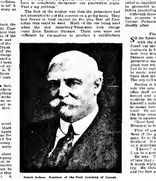
THIS was in January 1896 and the business world after emerging half-heartedly from the black depression of 1893 was slipping down hill again toward the depression of '97. It was a bad time for business generally, and most particularly bad for the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co. The new Secretary-Treasurer soon found himself in rather a sorry plight.

It wasn't so much that he knew nothing about iron. The worst feature of it was that the company was in badly involved condition and the plant required a complete reorganization. The formation of the concern dates so far back that it can be stated now without hurting anybody's feelings that the promotion had been loosely carried out. A group of Americans had come and promoted the proposition, interesting Hamilton capital for the most part. After putting up a plant along the Bay—on the site of the present enormous steel plant—they had drawn out themselves and left the local men holding the bag. It was a rather forlorn proposition all around.

Mr. Hobson had not been on the ground long before he found out a number of things about the concern. He went to the local men who were most heavily interested.

"We're practically insolvent," he told them. "There will have to be a reorganization of the company and new capital. That's your problem. So far we haven't produced pig iron of a quality that can be sold so we'll have to completely reorganize our production plans. That's my problem."

The fact of the matter was that the promoters had not attempted to put the concern on a going basis. They had drawn in local capital on the plan that all Canadian ores could be used. Much of the ore being used when the new Secretary-Treasurer took charge came from Eastern Ontario. These were not sufficient by themselves to produce a satisfactory pig iron, being sulphurous magnetic.



Robert Hobson, President of the Steel Company of Canada.

Mr. Hobson's first step was to go to Cleveland, where he called upon Colonel Pickands, the president of Pickands, Mather & Co., the greatest ore handling concern in the world. He found the Colonel a very courteous old gentleman who had fought with distinction for the North through the Civil War and who carried into business the most highly chivalrous principles. His reception was most cordial.

"Colonel," he said, "I have just been put in charge of an iron plant that's in pretty bad shape. I don't know the first thing about iron and, so far as I know yet, I'm not a business man. So I've come to you."

"In that case," said Colonel Pickands with a twinkle in his eye, "it looks as though we would have to look after you. Just what can we do?"

"All I want is some information," said Hobson. "I want to find out how to make pig iron."

Colonel Pickands called in his experts and, when they had found out the kind of pig iron to be produced, they told the visitor what ores to use, where to buy them, and how to combine them to get the desired result. He relied so implicitly on the information thus secured that he proceeded to place orders for the required ores before proceeding back to Canada.

Although there have been close relations between the two concerns ever since, Mr. Hobson never saw Colonel Pickands again. The fine old soldier died shortly after.

Finding a Market Difficult

SO the future Steel president returned to Hamilton with the first of his difficulties solved. He had found out the right kinds of ore to use and he had contracts in his pocket for adequate supplies. The next step was to produce the pig iron. The head furnace man who had been placed in charge by the promoters was a good natured Southerner and the plant was not well organized or efficiently run. He had to be replaced. In fact several changes had to be made, and finally the staff was organized on a basis that made satisfactory production possible. The pay roll at this time numbered 112 in all.

Having at last an article that could be offered for sale the next problem was to find a market. The office staff numbered three—Mr. Hobson, a bookkeeper and an office boy; nevertheless the hard working Secretary-Treasurer decided to constitute himself a sales force as well. His first serious effort to secure business took the form of a trip to Montreal. He called first on the head buyer of one of the large manufacturing plants. The man looked at him in amazement when he launched his errand.

"Good God, man," he exclaimed. "People come to Montreal to buy iron, not to sell it."

This of course was a fair statement of fact. Most of the pig iron used in Canada at that time came from the Maritimes and from England and Scotland. It came in to Montreal, which then served as a distributing point for all of Canada.

"I know," retorted the man from Hamilton, "but I am in a position to sell iron even in Montreal."

He was. The plant was now producing a grade of iron that could be marketed at a price that made it worth while even in the centre of the iron industry. Mr. Hobson returned with orders in his pocket and the first glimmerings of hope in his mind.

Continued on page 86

THE WINGS *of the* MORNING

By JOHN A. STEUART

Author of "The Minister of State," "The Red Reaper"

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

IN all circumstances a philosopher ought to be composed; the dominie was a philosopher, yet a glance would have told that he was deeply, painfully perturbed. He sat crouched over his desk, his chin on his hands, his face an epitome of acute distress. For a full half-hour he had sat thus—mute, motionless, miserable. Spread out on the desk before him was a letter, the manifest and immediate cause of his distress.

It was Friday afternoon, and still with the stillness of golden sunshine and perfect summer peace. The school-room was as silent as the tomb. Outside among the leaves not a bird twittered; the very winds were asleep. The day's work, the week's work, was done. The scholars had all gone. Nearly an hour earlier the last whoop of the emancipated boys had been swallowed by the all-devouring silence, leaving the master alone with his trouble.

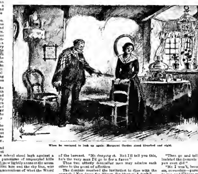
Taking up the letter, he read it for the twentieth time. It was not addressed to him, and, properly speaking, did not concern him at all, yet it had thrown his whole world into confusion as by the sudden convulsive upheaval of an earthquake.

"Puir Margaret!" he murmured, laying down the letter with a sigh that seemed to be torn from the very roots of his being, "puir Margaret!"

He rose as he spoke, and stepping to the nearest window looked out. The school stood high against a background which was a panorama of empurpled hills with peeping Bens behind now lightly ashimmer in the azure distance. Up there, between him and the sky line, was Margaret Gordon, as yet unconscious of what the Weird Sisters had spun for her.

"Puir Margaret!" he repeated on a heaving heart-throb. "My puir Maggie!"

Turning away he paced up and down the room with jerky irregular steps that sounded eerie and hollow in the emptiness. His thoughts were now on another tack.



When he ventured to look up again Margaret Gordon stood blanched and rigid.

EARLY in the afternoon Sir Hector had broken in on the humming hubbub of scholars and left the fateful letter.

"We can't talk of it now," said the baronet. "Come down to the castle in the evening, and we'll discuss it. Come and dine with me. I am all alone."

The pair ought to have been separated by all the rigid impassable conventions which mark off the landed proprietor with wide possessions of "brown heath and shaggy wood" (mostly brown heath) and a pedigree antedating the Flood from the village school master with no patent of nobility save that stamped upon him by his Creator. But to the confusion of fools and the scandal of snobs, they were fast friends, and often smoked a pipe together in animated, most amicable disagreement. To the discerning poetic eye the baronet appeared a long lean relic of feudalism, with the figure of Don Quixote and the temper of Hotspur. To the same discernment the dominie was—just a dominie with a reserved manner, a caustic tongue (if put to it), a deal of superfluous learning, and a love secret which kept him a bachelor. But the two men had the all-important mutual understanding and appreciation which Cicero forgot to mention when dilating on the essentials of friendship.

"There is not an atom of the toady in our good dominie," the baronet declared admiringly. "He neither fawns nor flatters, and he isn't afraid—even of me. When I blow off steam he just smiles. Yes, decidedly I like and respect Thomas Dunning."

"Fiery and a bit sulphurous whiles," said the dominie of the baronet. "No denying it. But I'll tell you this, he's the very man I'd go to for a favor."

Thus two utterly dissimilar men may admire each other to the point of affection.

The dominie received the invitation to dine with the remark, "You dress for dinner, Sir Hector. I don't."

"Confound you, what does it matter how you dress?" was the retort. "Come in pyjamas if you like, or if you like none just in your garters. You must help me in this business. That's all."

"Of course, if"——

"Never mind of coursing. It's a way fraudulent lawyers have which I don't like. Some son of Ananias in London has sent me a new brand or blend of tobacco to sample. We can test it and talk. Anyway, come."

II

THE dominie went, and that evening Sir Hector did not dress for dinner. When the servants had gone and the two were thickly enveloped in smoke, the baronet remarked from the midst of the cloud, "Well, you'll go and tell her."

"I'd say it's your place to do that," was the reply.

The baronet fanned aside the smoke to see if his friend could be in earnest. "My place! How on earth can I tell her? I put it to you frankly, Dunning, how the devil can a man have the face to sympathize with a woman to whom as she thinks he has behaved badly?"

"Not easy for a gentleman, certainly," agreed the dominie.

"Gentleman!" snorted the baronet. "We'll let that fly stick to the wall, if you please. You know how things are between us?"

"Yes, I understand she is under notice to go."

"She was," corrected the baronet. "It's a long story. You'll admit Duncan, her late husband, wasn't exactly an angel in temper, especially when he was in drink. If all tales be true, neither am I—even when I'm sober. Maybe even angels fall out whiles, just to clear the atmosphere. Anyway Duncan and I didn't get on too well together, and it didn't mend matters that M'Watter the factor was always coming to me with tales of arrears of rent. After the husband came the son, and things were worse. As the old dog snarls the young one learns to show its teeth. The father scowled at me, the son defied me. One day I think he was for thrashing me—and his mother a tenant in arrears with rent!"

"Foolish, but not cowardly," said the dominie significantly.

He thought of another encounter of which the baronet was ignorant. The young heir home from Eton for a holiday met Aleck Gordon. Old feuds took fire, and there was a fight. Eton was the heavier weight, yet Eton suffered defeat—and lied bravely in explanation of results. Ever after the dominie, who knew all, thought well of Eton.

"Aleck Gordon was no coward," said the baronet decisively. "We have proof of that. But any fool may be wise after the event. If I was mistaken in him, possibly he was mistaken in me. Two such mistakes, and you have hate in the making. M'Watter was for getting rid of the whole breed, and I consented. That's the extent of my crime. Now there comes this, and—and I'm bowled over. So you'll go and face Margaret Gordon for me, Dunning. Tell her the law's off. M'Watter will be here early to-morrow morning, and I'll tell him, and the lawyer body in Aberfourie will be instructed to the same effect. Honor and gratitude can do no less."

"Then go and tell Margaret Gordon that yourself," insisted the dominie. "It will be one of the finest things you ever did."

"No, I won't, because I can't. Pride, you say. No, sir, cowardice—pure cowardice. You see, she'd be bound to cry, and I'd lose my head and skedaddle. Nice tit-bit for the gossips, eh? No, you'll go. I ask it as a favor. And look here, Dunning, as to the future let it be whatever you think proper in the circumstances. You see what my boy says: 'For my sake, do all you can.' There are certain things I cannot do—would that I could, but what I can I will do. It'll be little enough, seeing what I owe. I'd send M'Watter, only he'd be even more of an ass than myself. Besides, I remember that Margaret Gordon and you are old friends."

"Yes," said the dominie with a sudden twitch of the features, "very old friends."

"Old friends are best in a crisis," said the baronet. "So to-morrow you will do me the favor of going to Margaret Gordon."

"To-morrow, Sir Hector," replied the dominie, "I will go to Margaret Gordon."

III.

NEXT morning, after a restless, sleepless night, the dominie rose to face the most trying ordeal of his life. Janet, his elderly, gaunt and active housekeeper, complained that although she prepared a breakfast "fit for a prince" he paid her the ill compliment of leaving it almost untouched.

"And mercy on us, Mr. Dunning," she cried, coming to a sudden halt before him, "what's happened that your collar's a' bluidy?"

She recalled his strange aspect of the day before, and was terrified by thoughts of attempted suicide.

"I—I must have cut myself in shaving," he returned, lamely, as Janet felt.

"Ay," she said, still cold with the suicide theory, "razors are unco uncanny things." It was in her mind to hide his and let him go unshaved—at any rate until he should recover his wits.

He put on another collar and went out, remarking that as he did not know when he would return, Janet need not trouble about dinner for him. This was confirmation of her worst fears.

"Puir, doited thing, what's come over him?" she thought, watching him as he went. "A' last night I could hear him tramp, trampin' his room when he should have been sleepin', an' this mornin' no breakfast an' a face like a ghost's. It's for the hill he is," she added, noting his direction, and instantly a cold shiver went through her at thought of a certain tarn of evil name that was just the place for a weird suicide. "A soaked, draggled corp—it fairly gies me the cauld grue just to think o't."

She had an impulse to rush after him, and by sheer force if persuasion failed, compel him to come back.

Lacking courage, for the dominie was not a man to be lightly meddled with, she went inside to her household instead.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the terrors he inspired, the dominie climbed the steep slope above the school house. Once out of sight, he sat down, took Sir Hector's letter from his pocket, and read it as a man might read his own death-warrant.

"He should have come himself," he muttered. "Yes, he should have come himself." Yet not that either, for above all things in the world, Thomas Dunning wished to be with Margaret Gordon in this crisis of her fate.

He went on again, cold at heart, though the sun shone warmly. When at last he sighted High Croft nestling in the little green dip of the hills, its windows and whitewashed walls gleaming in the brilliant light, he stopped as if afraid to proceed. Then with a sudden spasm of courage he hurried on, like one hypnotized by the very dread and peril of his enterprise.

IV

ROGER the collie spied him from afar, and rushed forth all bark and bristle, but midway his anger fell back and his tail began to wag joyously. Next instant he was licking the dominie's hand as in apology for his unpremeditated rudeness. For the master was no stranger at High Croft. A maid followed the dog, gazed a moment at the approaching figure and disappeared. When the dominie reached the door Margaret Gordon herself was there to welcome him.

"Having a Saturday dander, Tom?" she remarked smilingly in response to the salutation of the soft slouch hat. "It's bonnie among the hills the day, isn't it?"

"Yes, one of the days that come just to show what the Highlands can be in a good mood," he returned. "How are you, Maggie?"

In the presence of others she was Mrs. Gordon, and he was Mr. Dunning, but by themselves she was still Maggie, and he was still Tom.

"I mustn't complain," she answered, Scots fashion. In the national creed of her country complaint in the matter of feeling is tantamount to a reflection on Providence which is strictly forbidden. "Come away in by and rest. It's a warm pull up here on such a day."

She turned, and he followed her into "the room," which in rural Scotland is the equivalent for city drawing-room or parlor. "You'll be for having something?" she added, setting him a chair.

"No, thank you, Maggie. I haven't long breakfasted."

"A drink of milk at least," she coaxed. He had a glass of milk which was nine-tenths cream, not because he was thirsty, but to please her and incidentally to rally and compose his own fluttering faculties. As he drank he watched her face. When he knew it first that face had been radiant with a beauty that made Helen jealous, but time and trouble lay heavy upon it now. It was a look of settled, wistful sadness such as courageous souls wear when sorrow [illegible]. She doesn't know anything, he told himself. How was he to tell her?

A small, trembling figure, lost in the sea of uniforms.

"Any news from Aleck lately?" he asked in the ordinary tone of ordinary conversation.

"A letter two days ago," she replied. "Here it is. Read it for yourself."

IT was a letter written with Cæsarean brevity. The writer was in "the thick of it," and he was glad to say the Boches were getting something of what they deserved. He was well and would write again just as soon as he could. He often thought of High Croft and his mother. She was not to worry. He thought of his friends too, and the night before he dreamed of his old master, a funny dream about fighting Sir Hector.

As he handed back the letter the dominie had a painful lump in his throat.

"It's comforting to think he's been spared to me so far," said Margaret simply. "God can save on the battlefield as well as on the quiet hill side."

The dominie coughed, thinking of that other letter in his pocket. Then he blew his nose with a force that was like a sudden explosion, and a close observer might have sworn that a corner of the big bandanna handkerchief swept his eyes.

"I happened to see Sir Hector last night," he said with some difficulty. "He had just got a letter from young Mr. Hector and he mentions Aleck."

"Good news?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, good news." He could say so much truthfully, and the relief was infinite. "What do you think, Maggie? Aleck's won the V.C."

"The V.C.," she repeated. "That's a big honor, isn't it, Tom?"

"It's the one honor that every soldier covets," was the reply. "It's for valor, Maggie—for valor," he repeated in a thrilling voice. "The whole army salutes the man who gets the V.C., be he private or general."

"Ay," she said, as if trying to understand what she heard. "Just before going out Aleck was speaking that way. I was wiping my eyes a wee. 'Never mind, mither,' says he, 'maybe I'll get the V.C. Don't be down-hearted. I'll make a proud woman of you yet.' That was his way."

"And he's done it," said the dominie. "He's done it. You are proud, Maggie. Any woman would be."

She whipped away a tear; mothers will weep even when they are overcome with joy. "Yes, as you say, any woman would be proud. I used to think Sir Hector and the rest of them were a little hard on Aleck. But we'll not speak of that. You'll excuse me saying nothing about the honor himself?"

The dominie explained that in war-time the postal authorities indulge in vagaries of transit.

"Aleck must have won it just after he wrote," he said. "You see, Mr. Hector's letter may have had better luck in getting through quick. Anyway, your boy has won the V.C."

[illegible]

"And what was it for?" she asked eagerly. "What did Aleck do to win the V.C.?"

The dominie regarded her a moment as if speculating how she would take the answer.

"He saved young Mr. Hector's life," he said then.

"Saved young Mr. Hector's life!" she repeated, her eyes wide with amazement.

"Yes. As you know they have been out there together. In the heat of the fighting Mr. Hector was badly wounded, and lay where he fell. When the fight was over Aleck saw him, went out under fire and carried him back to safety."

"That was just Aleck all over," said Margaret, "and you know what took place between them at home here?" She smiled wistfully, and the smile cut the dominie to the heart.

"Aleck didn't stay to think of that," he returned. "He just went and did as his own brave and generous heart prompted. That's the way of heroes."

"It's hard for his old mother to understand it all," she murmured, as if such mysteries were beyond her simplicity. "But Sir Hector wrote it, and so it must be true. What else does the letter say? Is Aleck safe?"

THE dominie's heart stood still. In a sense he could answer, "Yes, Aleck is safe," but not as she would have it.

Her eyes were fixed upon him. She saw that he [illegible] and [illegible].

"[illegible]," he said. "[illegible] in suspense?"

He rose and took a step towards her, as [illegible] pressed against her breast and twisted her hands [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible].

"Yes," he said [illegible] "[illegible]."

"They got in [illegible]," he said struggling against a [illegible] of the throat. "Then—he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] of fire. Then—just as Aleck was [illegible] Mr. Hector down a sniper's bullet"——

"Hit Aleck!" she gasped.

"Hit Aleck"——

"And—and killed him."

The dominie bowed his head, fearing to look into the stricken, agonized face before him.

V.

WHEN he ventured to look up again Margaret Gordon stood blanched and rigid, as though [illegible] the shock of the grief from which she had just risen. He took her gently by the arm. "Sit down, Maggie," he said softly.

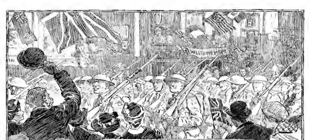
She obeyed mechanically, and the dominie sat beside her, but she did not seem to be aware that he was there, that he held her hand and was stroking it in an anguish of sympathy. From her lifeless lips came a low moan, the last breaking of a broken heart.

"Margaret," he whispered, "Dear Maggie, the mother of a hero must be brave."

"Aleck is dead," she said as if that were the end of all things.

"He died nobly and gloriously," said the dominie.

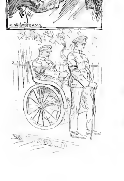
Continued on page 81



VICTORY STUFF

By Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS



What d'ye think, lad, what d'ye think
As the roaring crowds go by?
As the banners flare and the brasses blare
And the great guns rend the sky?
As the women laugh like they'd all gone mad
And the champagne glasses clink
Oh, you're gripping me hand so tightly, lad,
I'm a-wonderin': what d'ye think?

D'ye think o' the boys we used to know
And how they'd have topped the fun?
Tom and Charlie, and Jack and Joe,
Gone now, every one.
How they'd have cheered as the joy-bells chime
And they grabbed each girl for a kiss!
And now—they're rotting in Flanders slime
And they gave their lives—for *this*.

Or else d'ye think of the many a time
When we wished we too was dead,
Up to our knees in the freezin' grime,
With the fires of hell overhead?
When the youth and the strength of us sapped away
And we cursed in our rage and pain—
And yet—we haven't a word to say—
We're *glad*. We'd do it again.

I'm scared that they pity us. Come, old boy,
Let's leave them their flags and their fuss.
We'd surely be hating to spoil their joy
With the sight of such wrecks as us.
Let's slip away quietly, you and me,
And we'll talk of our chums out there:
You with your eyes that'll never see,
Me that's wheeled in a chair.

THE MENACE IN THE SOUTH

By Agnes C. Laut

Mexican troops on the move. This is a typical troop train.

Editor's Note—Miss Laut has just returned from an eight weeks trip to Mexico. She found conditions there so extremely grave that "the menace in the south" extends even as far north as Canada. Mexico is not only torn with racial dissension and revolutionary fury, but is rapidly passing into the hands of the Bolshevists. In consequence a serious menace is being created for the whole North American continent and Miss Laut gives a vivid picture of Mexico as it is to-day.

BOLSHEVISM has gripped Mexico. Superimposed on the disorder and terror on which has been the lot of the peon for many years, it has created a condition there that can be described only as chaos. The lives and property of the foreign population, mostly American and Canadian, are jeopardized. More serious still, Mexico is being made the starting point from which the contagion of Bolshevism may spread.

Therefore, the affairs of Mexico cannot be regarded as foreign to Canadians. Divided from that land by a hemisphere, Canada has yet a vital interest in the settling of the disorder that is making Mexico a menace to all North America.

The United States is in the position of the man who sees his neighbor's house afire and the wind setting in his own direction. Canada is one lot farther removed but, if the fire is not stopped, it will ultimately reach there.

I was eight weeks in Mexico and I saw and heard things that will probably not be credited. I want to set some of them down, however, so that Canada may gain some conception of the menace in the South.

TEN years ago there had settled in Mexico more than 4,700 Americans. Some had taken out their Mexican papers. Others retained their American citizenship. They were there as mine owners, as mine workers or engineers or railroad operators, as promoters, as ranchers, as workers and owners of coffee plantations, of sugar plantations, of cotton factories and sugar mills. They had been welcomed to Mexico by the Diaz Government. They had put into Mexico thirty years of thrift and work and capital savings; and they were re-investing their accrued profits in Mexico. To-day where are these 40,000 American settlers in Mexico? Run out at the point of a bayonet, robbed and looted and "revolutioned" by bandits, by revolutionary bands, by Carranza soldiers; tortured, murdered, maltreated, mutilated. Of the 40,000 American settlers in Mexico less than 5,000 remain to-day, and they are huddled in the cities because no human life—or for that matter animal life either if it can be run off by bandits—is safe outside the cities or in the mines, outside a house after nine o'clock at night.

Let me give some concrete cases.

I think of a farmer who sold all his land in Kansas thirty years ago and bought a 3,000-acre ranch of cactus land in the sugar section of South Eastern Mexico. The name of the place I dare not give more specifically, for it would expose the family's dispersed heirs to the vengeance of confiscation or murder. The cactus land cost a few dollars an acre—slightly more than we in the Canadian North-West could get for wild land during the same era of Manitoba and the prairies where I roamed as a child. The cactus and sage brush and grease wood were grubbed out. The land was fenced. A ranch house was built. Houses for the tenant hands were built. A little herd of horses and mules and cattle multiplied to 300 head of cattle and over 100 of horses and mules. Finally, sugar warehouses went up and railroad sidings were run in. Seven years ago the Kansas farmer was employing 700 peons. He had—as we say in the West—begun to cash in for his thirty years of hard work and thrift and good management. At the time that Kansas farmer came to the sage brush country, wages were 12 to 25 cents a day. He was paying his hands 75c to $1.50.

A peon family in an agricultural section. Living conditions are quite primitive among the native Mexicans.

The Mexican Method

IN the twinkling of an eye swooped down one of the revolutionary bands. It doesn't matter very much which band did it. There were about 200 in the band led by two peddlers who had strapped on bandoliers and rifles and called themselves generals. The man who was a cut-throat, serving a criminal sentence in a dungeon yesterday, may be an official general to-day or to-morrow. The man who is an official general under Government auspices by daylight, may don a bandana mask and go on a raiding expedition at night, of which the famous high powered grey automobile manned by masked officers who robbed the good houses of Mexico City is an example.

Nor does it matter very much under which of the shifting dictatorships, in the sacred name of democracy during the last six years, this particular crime was perpetrated. Whoever was in power was answerable for the crime exactly as New York would be answerable for the crime whether Republicans or Democrats were in power, if a similar outrage befell any one of the 8,000 Mexicans now residing in New York City.

The Raiders at Work

IN the twinkling of an eye swooped down from the hills one of the bandit bands, one of the 500 such bands which have swept Mexico bare as a land scoured by some scourge from the depths of Hell. The stock was all run off, or slaughtered and maltreated on the spot. Why maltreated? "To see 'em squirm," as a bandit, frenzied drunk with pulque, explained. The storehouses were looted. What couldn't be carried away was gutted and set in flames. Flour—flour for which Mexican women and children have since gone hungry—was ripped open and trampled in the ground. All the barb wire was slashed and carried off. Furniture was cut into kindling wood. Pictures were slashed. Clothing and small jewelry were taken to deck the wild bandits, who rode with the patriots on their expeditions in the sacred name of freedom; but more than personal trinkets were sought. It was pay day at the ranch. On pay day it had been customary at the ranch for the mother and daughters to go to the nearest city and bring the pay envelopes out in cash. Providentially that day, the train was late. The women of the ranch had not come out, and that fact is all that saved them from the fate of hundreds, yes, thousands of women and girls. But the bandits wanted money and demanded it of the old father. He gave them all the cash he had. The one Mexican who tried to protect him, the bandits shot on the spot. With 700 peon helpers and only 200 drunken bandits, why didn't the American defend himself? Because the Carranza Government does not permit Americans to possess firearms to the extent of one pistol or one rifle or one round of cartridges. That is why this frontiersman whose ancestors pioneered the Bloody Ground of the West, could not raise a hand to defend himself without exposing 700 of his people to a shambles.

When I was in Mexico less than a month ago one little settlement of Mexicans did so try to defend themselves from loot. They wanted to keep their mules from being stolen out of the plows as they were putting in their crops. The presiding patriot of the district, who called himself a general, fell on them inside of a week and 35 innocent Mexicans were massacred—chiefly by bayonet and machete or what you would call a cane knife.

The Scotchman Was Respected

SO the old Kansan farmer was led out to be tortured into confessing where the supposed pay envelopes were hidden. What happened I shall not tell. It is not tellable. They put a rope round his neck and began working him up and down on an improvised scaffolding in the beautiful [illegible] of rifle and machete. He went raving mad. The torture stopped only when the old man lost his senses. Then the ranch house, the barns, the warehouses were set on fire, and the bandits decked in the loot, and drunk with lust and crime rode off with jeers and hoots. On that ranch was a young Scotchman as foreman of the warehouse and stores. On him they did not lay a finger. Why? Because he claimed the protection of mother flag. Time was when the American flag wrapped round a man protected him from insult or wrong in any part of the world, or the United States had to know the reason why. Elocutionists used to recite a very beautiful poem about that flag protecting a man amid an alien horde. Yet that flag has been tied to the tail of a donkey and with half naked urchins as pages for the donkey's train dragged through the streets of a city in Mexico to the shouts of a rabble.

Let it be added that the Carranza Government finally caught and shot one leader of this band. Heart and viscera were taken from the body, the body packed with salt and exposed standing upright in a coffin as a warning for days, but the point is—the same conditions of outlawry and banditry are rampant in Mexico to-day except in the immediate environs of the well policed cities. After seven years of revolution, or "revoluting" in the sacred name of freedom such crimes are still rampant. Mexico lies crucified under the heel of bands of bandits and cut-throats, who compose less than one half of one per cent. of her population. What happened to that ranch happened to each scores and hundreds of other ranches—American and Mexican—that the tale can never be told. Nor can the half of any one tale be told. Details of these cases can only be told in some pathological laboratory where post mortems are performed on the beasts of fiends. If any one challenges this statement, I shall be glad to send the details of cases that have happened within eight miles of the heart of Mexico City within the last two years, of cases that are on medical record now.

No Respect for the U.S. Flag

I HAVE spoken of the desecration of the American flag.

One more case. This time an American Methodist clergyman beloved by the whole community, Mexican and foreign. The rabble came to his door, tore down the American flag and called him out. He was ordered at rifle point to spit on the flag and stamp upon it. At first the enormity of the command did not dawn on him. Then he drew himself up.

"Never! Not till the crack of doom and back again!" he shouted above the jeers.

Rifles and revolvers were jammed against his head.

"You're a dead man then!" the leading jefe blustered.

"Better dead and the flag undefiled," he shouted back, "than alive and all the flag stands for down in the mud."

Instantly, the mob tied the flag to the mudguard of a motor. It was raining. The streets were swimming in slime. With the clergyman clubbed in front of the mob, the car was run down the main street of the city dragging the Stars and Stripes in the slime, rifle shots cracking, and headed to the door of the penitentiary, where the clergyman and a band of Y.M.C.A. workers who had come to his rescue, were thrown inside a cell, and all that prevented that group of Americans suffering massacre was that two other mobs of bandits came into the city, one from the North, one from the South. They were so busy murdering each other that friends could get the clergyman and the Y.M.C.A. boys free.

WITHIN the past year 11 workers in the American oil fields have been murdered, 30 assaulted and paymaster robbed to the amount of $150,000 (pesos). By "assaulted," I don't mean simply frisked and hustled. I mean beaten insensible so that some have been left maimed for life, their wives outraged, some even driven insane. If you want to realize what the raiding of a train means I could tell the details where a train was held up, all the passengers robbed, two Mexican women taken off, stripped naked and thrown into a vat of black [illegible] oil.

German Deviltry in a Paradise

THE devilries in the first place were financed by German money. Secret German propaganda, working through Bolsheviki, lashed an ignorant populace into a frenzy. But do not think the whole nation is an ignorant populace! Of fifteen million people ten millions do not speak even Spanish and are pure Indian. Of the five million at least two represent the best that any nation can produce in art, in genius, in science; and in its topography the land is a garden of paradise inexhaustible in its wealth. In minerals, in fruits, in cereals, in forests it produces anything to be found from Saskatchewan to Panama, and it raises always two crops a year—sometimes three. The land itself is of an area about equal to France and Italy, or Germany and Switzerland and Spain. It has twenty-eight distinct states and some minor provinces.

Imagine German propaganda turned amuck in this land! At one stage of the game, German propaganda came to Mexico and charged American soldiers and settlers with the same crimes against Mexican women as Germans perpetrated against Belgian and French. This choice piece of deviltry was circulated by the Bolsheviki in the West and Centre Mexican States, where the people are remote and could not know the fraud. The book was not circulated on the American Border, or on the Gulf, or in the big cities, for there Americans were living and the Mexicans knew differently.

German official propaganda is now dead. Bolsheviki propaganda is not dead however. It is more active than it has ever been, and it is now trying to fan up bad relations between Mexico and the United States by a species of subtle propaganda of which I shall tell later. It is easier to kindle a flame than to quench it.

Outside the different city limits, Mexico is as lawless as at any time during the past seven revolutionary years. Murder, outrage, rape, assassinations, banditry, kidnapping—are as rife to-day outside city limits as at any time during the actual armed fighting of different revolutionary leaders. Only last fall an American boy, who was an engineer in the mining country, was kidnapped. His people in California received a demand for $5,000. They were hard pressed to find the money [illegible] them to his per- [illegible] together somehow. Came back a second demand for twice the first amount. This time they sent his fingers. By the time the family had scraped up the second instalment the boy had been murdered. I could tell of two boys and lady kidnapped near Mexico City while I was there—one badly injured in a roping process—or of another boy ransomed for $4,000 and delivered back in Mexico City while I was there in broad daylight in a place as public as Queen's Park, Toronto, or Beaver Hill, Montreal.

SALON CANTINA
1622.12

A very common scene; a town occupied by Federal troops.

Carranza Helpless

GRANTED also Carranza would stop the banditry if he could. He can't or he would. Of his say twenty generals—I forget whether the number is fifteen or twenty—the number varies—granted five belong to the young Radical progressive group, whom I heard declare they would drive out "the den of thieves or die in the attempt." The young clean Radicals are outnumbered two to one, and if Carranza budged from the present system, he would be assassinated. What is the present system? It is for a general to charge on his payroll for eight to ten thousand soldiers when he has only three to five thousand soldiers; and not to pay the three to five thousand except when he has to. They are promised 75 cents to $1 a day and are given 25 cents "and a free hand", and in one section I visited, they were not given even the 25 cents. They were literally hungry in the Tehuantepec Country. That is why Carranza's soldiers by day turned into bandits at night. That and the 11 murders and 30 assaults and $150,000 stolen—is what drove the oil producers to pay the bandit, Pelaez, protection money, a plain blackmail.

Protecting the Oil Supply

GET this oil matter straight! The charge is constantly made by Carranza that the oil companies are financing the revolutions. What happened and how was this: at one stage in the war oil and gasoline supplies ran very low. We were within three weeks of not having enough to keep the British and American Navy going. Franklin Roosevelt called on the oil men of Mexico to speed up, and German spies were on the ground trying to burn the oil tanks and oil wells and to blow up the eighty to one hundred miles of pipe lines that convey the oil from the jungle of the hot country to the water front. (It may be said—pipe lines cost the companies millions of dollars before they got a cent back for their outlays.) The Germans were also financing the rebel bands in their devilries. One of the leading revolutionists in the oil country—by name, Pelaez—came to the oil companies.

"Pay me," he said, "enough to keep and pay my men, and I'll protect you from all other bands."

And with the full connivance and knowledge of the State Department, pay him they did. Some say the amount runs to $80,000 a month; some say less, but as Pelaez has 5,000 trained men, it is probable not less than $60,000. Henceforth if a small band ran amuck, Pelaez took to the high road after them,—there were ragged skeletons hanging to telegraph poles. How then have the companies been robbed so heavily in the last years? Because not all pay Pelaez, and because some of the companies have to go to the oil fields by launch down a narrow canal. Now before you can take a launch out in Mexico, you have to declare to the customs officials how much money you are taking out—so many pesos in gold, so much silver, so much copper, and when the bandits fire across the prow of a launch they utter naive demands for exactly the amounts of gold, silver and copper which the customs manifest declares. Who told them? Who are these bands? Sometimes Carranza soldiers take to the road with a "free hand", and marked rolls of identification are found on their persons in the low dives of Tampico.

Why doesn't Carranza put this knavery down?

Because he can't.

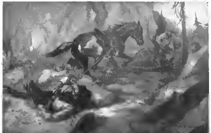
Because he does not control this region except in name.

How the Bandits Get Firearms

THE question is asked where do the bandits get firearms and ammunition if the foreign companies do not supply both? All the bandit rifles are old Mausers bought from Japan; and the bullets used are stamped Mexico City. The bandits get these munitions by paying 15 to 25 cents to the Carranza soldiers for cartridge belts and by trading greenbacks for the rifles. Drugged pulque plays its part too. Dynamite is usually stolen from construction and mining companies or from passing freight trains known to be carrying such inland. The United States will not permit one pound of ammunition to be shipped to anyone but Carranza.

When American Ambassador Fletcher came up

Continued on page 69



His body struck rocks, trees, roots; it jiggered about on the rough earth like a rock.

The Gold Wolf

A Bulldog Carney Story

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Bulldog Carney," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

ALL the day long Bulldog Carney had found, where the trail was soft, the old imprint of that [illegible] in-turned hoof. All day in the saddle riding a trail that winds in and out among rocks, and trees and cliffs monotonously similar, the hush of the everlasting hills holding in subjection man's soul, the towering giants of embattled rocks thrusting up towards God's dome pigmying to nothingness that rat, a man, produces a comatose condition of mind, man becomes a child, incapable of little beyond the recognition of trivial things, the erratic swoop of a bird, the sudden roar of a cataract, the dirge-like sigh of wind through the harp of a giant pine.

And so, curiously, Bulldog's fancy had toyed aimlessly with the history of the rogue that owned that inturned left forefoot. Always where the hoof's imprint lay was the flat track of a miner's boot, the hob-nails denting the black earth with stolid persistency. But the owner of the miner's boot seemed of little moment, it was the abnormal hoof that, by a strange perversity, haunted Carney.

The man was probably a placer miner coming down out of the Eagle Hills leading a pack pony that carried his duffel and, perhaps, a small fortune in gold. Of course like Carney, he was heading for steel, for the town of Bucking Horse.

Toward evening, as Carney rode down a winding trail that led to the ford of Singing Water, rounding an abrupt turn the mouth of a huge cave yawned in the side of a cliff away to his left. Something of life had melted into its dark shadow that had the semblance of a man, or it might have been a bear or a wolf. Lower down in the valley that was called the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge his buckskin shied, and with a snort of fear left the trail and elliptically came back to it twenty yards beyond.

IN the centre of the ellipse, on the trail, stood a gaunt form, a huge dog wolf. He was a sinister figure, his snarling lips curled back from strong yellow fangs, his wide, powerful head low hung and the black bristles on his back erect in challenge.

The whole thing was weird, uncanny, for a single wolf to stand his ground in daylight was unusual.

Instinctively Bulldog reined in the buckskin, and half turning in the saddle, with something of a shudder searched the ground at the wolf's feet dreading to find something. But there was nothing.

The dog-wolf, with a rolling twist of his head, sprang into the bushes just as Carney dropped a hand to his gun; his quick eye had seen the movement.

Carney had meant to camp just beyond the ford of Singing Water, but the usually placid buckskin was fretful, nervous.

A haunting something was in the air. Carney himself felt it. The sudden apparition of the wolf could not account for this mental unrest, either in man or beast, for they were both inured to the trail, and a wolf meant little beyond a skulking beast that a pistol shot would drive away.

High above the sides towered Old Squaw Mountain. It was like a battered feudal castle, on its upper reaches turret and tower and bastion catching vagrant shafts of gold and green, as, beyond in the far West, a flaming sun slid down behind the Selkirks. Where he rode to the twisted valley a chill had struck the air, suggesting vaults, dungeons; the giant ferns hung heavy like the plumes of knights drooping with the death dew. A reaching stretch of salmon bushes studded with myriad berries that gleamed like topaz jewels hedged on both sides the purling, frothing stream that still held the green tint of the glacier birth.

Many times in his opium running Carney had swung along this wild trail almost unconscious of the way, his mind traveling far afield, now back to the old days of club life, to the years of army routine, to the bright and happy scenes where rich gowned women and cultured men laughed and bantered with him; at times it was the newer rough life of the West, the ever-present warfare of men against men, the yesterday where he had won, or the to-morrow where he might cast a losing hazard—where the dice might turn grudgingly from a six spotted side to a deuce, and the thrower take a fall.

BUT to-night, as he rode, something of depression of a narrow environment, of an evil one, was astride the withers of his horse; the mountains seemed to close in and oppress him. The buckskin too swung his heavy lop-ears irritably back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes one ear was pricked forward as though its owner searched the beyond, the now glooming valley that, at a little distance, was but a blue; the other ear held backward as though it would drink in the sounds of pursuit.

Pursuit! that was the very thing. Instinctively the rider turned in his saddle, one hand on the horn, and held his piercing grey eyes on the back trail searching for the embodiment of this phantasy. The unrest had developed that far into conception, something evil hovered on his trail, man or beast. But he saw nothing but the swaying kaleidoscope of tumbling forest shadows, rocks that half gloomed, took fantastic forms, bushes that swayed with the rolling gait of a grizzley.

The buckskin had quickened his pace as if, tired though he was, he would go on beyond that valley of fear before they camped.

Where the trail skirted the brink of a cliff that had a drop of fifty feet, Carney felt the horse tremble and saw him hug the inner wall, and, when they had rounded the point, the buckskin, with a snort of relief, clamped the snaffle in his teeth and broke into a canter.

"I wonder—by Jove!" and Bulldog, pulling the buckskin to a stand, slipped from his back and searched the black-loamed trail.

"I believe you're right, Pat," he said, addressing the buckskin, "something happened back there."

He walked for a dozen paces ahead of the horse, his keen grey eyes on the earth. He stopped and rubbed his chin, thinking, thinking aloud.

"There are tracks, Patsy boy—moccasins; but we've lost our gunboat-footed friend. What do you make of that, Patsy—gone over the cliff? But that damn wolf's pugs are here; he's traveled up and down. By gad! two of them!"

THEN, in silence, Carney moved along the way, searching and pondering, cast into a curious, superstitious mood that he could not shake off. The inturned hoof print had vanished, so the owner of the big feet that encased hob nailed boots did not ride.

Each time that Carney stopped to bend down in study of the trail the buckskin pushed at him fretfully with his soft muzzle and rattled the snaffle against his bridle teeth.

At last Carney stroked the animal's head reassuringly, saying: "You're quite right, pal—it's none of our business. Besides we're a pair of old grannies imagining things."

But as he lifted to the saddle Bulldog, like the horse, felt a compelling irritation to go beyond the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge to camp for the night.

Even as they climbed to a higher level of flat land from back on the trail that was now lost in the deepening gloom, came the howl of a wolf, and then from somewhere beyond floated the answering call of the dog-wolf's mate—a whimpering, hungry note in her weird wail.

"Blast, damn you!" Carney cursed softly. "If you bother us I'll sit by with a gun and watch Patsy boy kick you to death."

As if some ghoul of the hills had taken up and sent on silent waves his challenge, there came filtering through the pines and birch a snarling yelp.

"By gad!" and Carney cocked his ear, pulling the horse to a stand.

Then in the heavy silence of the wooded hills he pushed on again muttering: "There's something wrong about that wolf howl—it's different."

Where a big pine had showered the earth with cones till the covering was soft and deep and springy, and odorous like a perfumed mattress of velvet he hesitated, but the buckskin in the finer animal reasoning pleaded with little impatient steps and shakes of the head that they push on.

Carney yielded, saying softly: "Go on, kiddie boy, peace of mind is good dope for a sleep."

SO it was ten o'clock when the two travelers, Carney and Pat, camped in an open, where the moon like a silver mirror, bathed the earth in reassuring light. Here the buckskin had come to a halt, filled his lungs with the perfumed air in deep draughts and lowering his head half roused had waited for his partner to dismount.

It was curious this man of steel nerve and flawless courage feeling of all the guidance of unknown, threatening, unexplainable disquietude. He did not even build a fire, but, choosing a place where the grass was rich, he spread his blanket beside the horse's picket pin.

Bulldog's life had provided him with different sleeping moods; it was a curious subconscious matter of mental adjustment before he slipped away from the land of knowing. Sometimes he could sleep like a tired laborer heavily, unresponsive to the noise of turmoil; at other times, when deep sleep might cost him his life, his senses hovered so close to consciousness that a dried leaf scurrying before the wind would call him to alert action. So now he lay on his blanket, sometimes over the border of spirit land, and sometimes conscious of the buckskin's pull at the crisp grass. Once he came wide awake with no movement but the lifting of his eyelids. He had heard nothing, and saw the gray eyes searching the moonlit plain, saw nothing. Yet within was a full consciousness that there was something—not close, but hovering there beyond.

The buckskin also knew. He had been lying down, but with a snort of discontent his forequarters went up and he canted to his feet with a spring of wariness. Perhaps it was the wolves.

But after a little Carney knew it was not the wolves; they, cunning devils, would have circled beyond his vision; and the buckskin, with his delicate scent, would have swung his head the full circle of the compass; but he stood facing down the back trail, the thing was there watching.

After that Carney slept again, lighter if possible, thankful that he had yielded to the wisdom of the horse and sought the open.

Half-a-dozen times there was this gentle transition from the sleep that was hardly a sleep, to a full acute wakening. And then the paling sky told that night was slipping off to the Western ranges and that beyond the Rockies, to the east, day was sleepily traveling in from the plains.

The horse was again feeding, and Carney shaking off the lethargy of his broken sleep, gathered some dried stunted bushes and building a little fire, made a pot of tea. To the buckskin as he mounted, he whispered that he considered himself no end of a superstitious ass to have bothered over a nothing.

NOT far from where Carney had camped the trail he followed turned to the left to sweep around a mountain and here it joined for a time the trail running from Fort Steel west toward the Kootenay. The sun topping the Rockies, had lifted from the earth the graying shadows, and now Carney saw, as he thought, the hoof prints of the day before.

There was a feeling of relief with this discovery. There had been a morbid disquiet in his mind, a mental conviction that something had happened to that loteed cayuse and his huge-footed owner. Now all the weird fancies of the night had been just a vagary of mind. Where the trail was earthed, holding clear impressions, he dismounted and walked ahead of the buckskin reading the lettered clay. Here and there was imprinted a moccasined foot, once there was the impression of boots, but they were not the huge imprints of hob-nailed soles. They showed that a man had dismounted and then mounted again, and the cayuse had not an inturned left forefoot; also the toe wall of one hind foot was badly broken. His stride was longer too; he did not walk with the short step of a pack pony.

The indefinable depression took possession of Bulldog again; he tried to shake it off—it was childish. The huge-footed one perhaps was a prospector and had wandered up into some one of the gulches looking for gold. That was obliging reason formulating an hypothesis.

Then presently Carney discovered the confusing element of the same cayuse tracks heading the other way as if the man on horseback had traveled both up and down the trail.

Where the Bucking Horse trail left the Kootenay trail after circling the mountains Carney saw that the hoof prints continued toward Kootenay. And there were a myriad of tracks, many mounted men had swung from the Bucking Horse trail to the Kootenay path; they had gone and returned for the hoof-prints that led toward Bucking Horse lay on top.

This also was strange; men did not ride out from the sleepy old town in a troop like cavalry. There was but one explanation, the explanation of the West—these mounted men had ridden after somebody—had trailed somebody who was wanted quick.

This crescendo to his associated train of thought obliterated mentally the goblin footed cayuse, the huge hob-nailed boot, the something at the sniff, the hovering oppression of the night—everything.

Carney closed his mind to the torturing riddle and rode, sometimes humming an Irish ballad of Mangan's.

IT was late afternoon when he rode into Bucking Horse, and Bucking Horse was in a ferment. Seth Long's hotel, the Gold Nugget, was the maelstrom in which the waters of unrest seethed.

A lynching was in a state of almost completion with Jeanette Holt's brother Harry, elected to play the leading part of the lynched. Through the deference paid to his well-known activity when hostile events were afoot, Carney was cordially drawn into the maelstrom of ugly tempered men.

Jeanette's brother may be said to have suffered from a preponderance of opinion against him, for only Jeanette and with less energy, Seth Long, were on his side. All Bucking Horse, angry Bucking Horse, was for stringing him up *tout de suite*. The times were propitious for this entertainment, for Sergeant Black of the Mounted Police, was over at Fort Steel or somewhere else on patrol, and the law was in the keeping of the mob.

Ostensibly Carney ranged himself on the side of law and order. That is what he meant when, leaning nonchalantly against the Nugget Bar, one hand on his hip suspiciously close to the butt of his six-gun, he said:

"This town has got a pretty good name as towns go in the mountains, and my idea of a man that's too handy at the lynch game is, that he's a pretty poor sport."

"How's that, Bulldog?" Kootenay Jim snapped.

"He's a poor sport," Carney drawled, "because he's got a hundred to one the best of it—first, last, and always; he isn't in any danger when he starts, because it's a hundred men to one poor devil, who, generally isn't armed; and he knows that at the finish his mates will perjure themselves to save their own necks. I've seen one or two lynch mobs and they were generally egged on by men who were yellow."

Carney's grey eyes looked out over the room full of angry men with a quiet, thoughtful steadiness that forced home the conviction that he was wording a logic he would demonstrate. No other man in that room could have stood up against that plank bar and declared himself without being called quick.

"You hear fust what this rat done, Bulldog, then we'll hear what you've got to say," Kootenay growled.

"That's well spoken, Kootenay," Bulldog answered. "I'm fresh in off the trail and perhaps I'm quieter than the rest of you, but first, being fresh in off the trail there's a little custom to be observed."

With a sweep of his hand Carney waved a salute to a line of bottles behind the bar.

Jeanette, standing in the open door that led from the bar to the dining-room, gripping the door till her nails sank into the pine, felt hot tears gush into her eyes. How wise, how cool this brave Bulldog that she loved so well. She had had no chance to plead with him for help; he had just come in to that murder-crazed throng, and the words had been hurled at him from a dozen mouths that her brother Harry—Harry the waster, the no-good, the gambler—had been found to be the man who had murdered returning miners on the trail for their gold, and that they were going to string him up.

And now there he stood, her god of a man, Bulldog Carney, ranged on her side, calm and brave. It was the first glint of hope since they had brought her brother in bound to the back of a cayuse. She had pushed her way amongst the men, but they were like wolves; she had pleaded and begged for delay, but the evidence was so overwhelming, absolutely hopeless it had appeared. But now something whispered "Hope."

IT was curious the quieting effect that single drink at the bar had; the magnetism of Carney seemed to envelop the men, to make them reasonable. Ordinarily they were reasonable men. Bulldog knew this, and he played the card of reason.

For the two or three gun men—Kootenay Jim, John of Slocan and Denver—like Carney had his own terrible personality and his six-gun, he could deal with these three toughs if necessary.

"Now tell me, boys, what started this hellery?" Carney said when they had drunk.

The story was fired at him, if a voice hesitated an other took up the narrative.

Miners returning from the gold field up in the Eagle Hills had mysteriously disappeared, never turning up at Bucking Horse. A man would have left the Eagle Hills, and somebody drifting in from the same place later on, would ask for him at Bucking Horse—nobody had seen him.

Then one after another two skeletons had been found on the trail; the bodies had been devoured by wolves.

"And wolves don't eat gold—not what you'd notice as a steady chuck," Kootenay Jim yelped.

"Men wolves do," Carney thrust back, and his gray eyes said plainly, "That's your feed, Jim."

"Meanin' what by that, pard?" Kootenay snarled, his face set in a threat.

"Just what the words convey—you sort those out, Kootenay."

But Miner Graham interposed. "We got kinder leery about this wolf game, Carney, cause they aint bothered nobody else 'cept men packin' in their winnin's from the Eagle Hills, and four days ago Cariboo Dave—here he is sittin' right here—he arrives packin' Fourteen-foot Johnson—that is, all that's left of Fourteen-foot."

"Johnson was my pal," Cariboo Dave interrupted, a quaver in his voice, "and he leaves the Eagle Nest two days ahead of me, packin' a big clean up of gold on a cayuse. He was goin' to mooch aroun' Buckin' Horse till I arrove in afoot, then we was goin' out. We been together a good many years, ol' Fourteen-foot and me."

Something seemed to break in Cariboo's voice and Graham added: "Dave finds his mate at the foot of a cliff."

Carney started, and instinctively Kootenay's hand dropped to his gun thinking something was going to happen.

"I dunno just what makes me look there for Fourteen-foot, Bulldog," Cariboo Dave explained. "I was comin' along the trail seein' the marks of 'um damn big feet of his, and they looked good to me—I guess I was gettin' kinder homesick for him; when I'd camp I'd go out and paw 'em tracks, 'twas kinder like shakin' hands. We been together a good many years, buckin' the mountains, and the plains, and sometimes havin' a bit of fun. I'm comin' along, as I says, and I sees a kinder scrimmage like, as if his old tan-colored cayuse had got gay or took the blind staggers, or somethin'; there was a lot of tracks. But I give up thinkin' it out, 'cause I knowed if the damn cayuse had jack-rabbited any, Fourteen-foot 'd pick him and his load up and carry him. Then I see some wolf tracks—dang near as big as a steer's they was—and I figger Fourteen-foot's had a set-to with a couple of 'um timber coyotes and lammed hell's delight out of 'em, 'cause he could 've done it. Then I'm followin' the cayuse's trail again, pickin' it up here and there, and all at once it jumps me that the big feet is missin'. Sure I natural figger Johnson's got mussed up a bit with the wolves and is ridin', but there's the dang wolf tracks again. And some moccasin feet has been pussyfootin' along, too. Then the hoss tracks cuts out just same's if he'd spread his wings and gone up in the air—they just aint."

"Then Cariboo gets a hunch and goes back, and packs over the cliff," Miner Graham added, for old David had stopped speaking to bite viciously at a black plug of tobacco to hide his feelings.

"I dunno what made me do it," Cariboo interrupted; "it was just same's Fourteen-foot's callin' me. There aint nobody can make me believe that if two men paddles together twenty years, had their little fights and show-downs and still sticks, that one of 'em is going to cut clean out just cause he goes over the Big Divide—'taint natural. I tell you, boys, Fourteen-foot's callin' me—that's what he is, when I goes back."

THEN Graham had to take up the narrative, for Cariboo, heading straight for the bar, pointed dumbly at a black bottle.

"Yes, Carney," Graham said, "Cariboo packs into Buckin' Horse on his back what was left of Fourteen-foot, and there wasn't no gold and no sign of the cayuse. Then we swarms out, a few of us, and picks up cayuse tracks most partic'lar where the Eagle Hills trail hits the trail for Kootenay. And when we overhaul the cayuse that's layin' down 'em tracks, it's Fourteen-foot's hawse, and a-ridin' him is Harry Holt."

"And he's got the gold you was talkin' 'bout wolves eatin', Bulldog," Kootenay Jim said with a sneer. "He was hangin' 'round here busted, cleaned to the bone, and there he's a-ridin' Fourteen-foot's cayuse, with lots of gold."

"That's the whole case then, is it, boys?" Carney asked quietly.

"Aint it enough?" Kootenay Jim snarled.

"No, it isn't. You were tried for murder once yourself, Kootenay, and you got off though everybody knew it was the dead man's money in your pocket. You got off because nobody saw you kill the man, and the circumstantial evidence gave you the benefit of the doubt."

"I aint bein' tried for this, Bulldog. You're bringin' up old scores might get you in wrong."

"You're not being tried, Kootenay, but another man is, and I say he's got to have a fair chance. You bring him here, boys, and let me hear his story; that's only fair, men amongst men. Because I give you fair warning, boys, if this lynching goes through, and you're in wrong, I'm going to denounce you; not one of you will get away—not one!"

"We'll bring him, Bulldog," Graham said; "what you say is only fair, but swing he will."

Jeanette's brother had been locked in the pen in the log police barracks. He was brought into the Gold Nugget, and his defence was what might be called powerfully weak. It was simply a statement that he had bought the cayuse from an Indian on the trail outside Bucking Horse. He refused to say where he had got the gold, simply declaring that he had killed nobody, had never seen Fourteen-foot Johnson, and knew nothing about the murder.

SOMETHING in the earnestness of the man convinced Carney that he was innocent. However that was, so far as Carney's action was concerned, a minor matter, it was Jeanette's brother, and he was going to save him from being lynched if he had to fight the roomful of men—there was no doubt whatever about that in his mind.

"I can't say, boys," Carney began, "that you can be blamed for thinking you've got the right man."

"That's what we figgered," Graham declared.

"But you've not gone far enough in sifting the evidence if you sure don't want to lynch an innocent man. The only evidence you have is, that you caught Harry on Johnson's cayuse. How do you know it's Johnson's cayuse?"

"Cariboo says it is," Graham answered.

"And Harry says it was an Indian's cayuse," Carney affirmed.

"He most natural just ordinar'ly lies about it," Kootenay ventured viciously.

"Where's the cayuse?" Carney asked.

"Out in the stable," two or three voices answered.

"I want to see him. Mind, boys, I'm working for you as much as for that poor devil you want to string up, because if you get the wrong man I'm going to denounce you. That's as sure as God made little apples."

His quiet earnestness was compelling. All the fierce heat of passion had gone from the men, there still remained the grim determination that, convinced they were right, nothing but the death of some of them would check. But somehow they felt that the logic of conviction would swing even Carney to their side.

So, without even a word from a leader, they all thronged out to the stable yard; the cayuse was brought forth, and, at Bulldog's request, led up and down the yard, his hoofs leaving an imprint in the bare clay at every step. It was the footprints alone that interested Carney. He studied them intently, a horrible dread in his heart as he searched for that goblined hoof that inturned. But the two forefeet left saucer-like imprints, that, though they were both slightly rimmed, as is the way of a cayuse, neither was like the curious goblined track that had so fastened on his fancy out in the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge.

And also there was the broken toe wall of the hind foot that he had seen on the newer trail.

He turned to Cariboo Dave, asking: "What makes you think this is Johnson's pack horse?"

"There aint no thinkin' 'bout it," Cariboo answered with asperity. "When I see my boots I don't think they're mine, I just most naturally figger they are and pull 'em on. I'd know that dun-colored rat if I see him in a wild herd."

"And yet," Carney objected in an even tone, "this isn't the cayuse that Johnson toted out his duffel from the Eagle Hills on."

A cackle issued from Kootenay Jim's long scraggy neck:

"That settles it, boys; Bulldog passes the buck and the game's over. Cariboo is just an ordinary liar 'cordin' to Judge Carney."

"Cariboo is perfectly honest in his belief," Carney declared. "There isn't more than half a-dozen colors for horses and there are a good many thousand horses in this territory, so a great many of them are the same color. And the general structure of different cayuses is as similar as so many wheelbarrows. That brand on his shoulder may be a C or a new moon, or a flapjack."

Instinctively Bulldog reined in the buckskin and half turned in the saddle.

He turned to Cariboo: "What brand had Fourteen-foot's cayuse?"

"I don't know," the old chap answered surlily, "but it was there same place it's restin' now—it aint shifted none since you fingered it."

"That won't do, boys," Carney said; "if Cariboo can't swear to a horse's brand how can he swear to the beast?"

"And if Fourteen-foot'd come back and stood up here and swear it was his hawse that wouldn't do either, would it, Bulldog?" And Kootenay cackled.

"Johnson wouldn't say so—he'd know better. His cayuse had a club foot, an inturned left forefoot. I picked it up here and there for miles back on the trail, sometimes fair on top of Johnson's big boot track and sometimes Johnson's was on top when he traveled behind."

THE men stared, and Graham asked: "What do you say to that, Cariboo? Did you ever map out Fourteen-foot's cayuse—what his travelers was like?"

"I never looked at his feet—there weren't no reason to, I was minin'."

"There's another little test we can make," Carney suggested. "Have you got any of Johnson's belongings—a coat?"

"We got his coat," Graham answered; "it was pretty bad wrecked with the wolves and we kinder fixed the remains up decent in a suit of store clothes."

At Carney's request the coat was brought, a rough Mackinaw, and from one of the men present he got a miner's magnifying glass, saying, as he examined the coat:

"This ought, naturally, to be pretty well filled with hairs from that cayuse of Johnson's, and while two horses may look alike, there's generally a difference in the hair."

Carney's surmise proved correct; dozens of short hairs were imbedded in the coat, principally in the sleeves. Then hair was plucked from many different parts of the cayuse's body, and the two lots were viewed through the glass. They were different. The hair on the cayuse standing in the yard was coarser, redder, longer for its Indian owner had let it run like a wild goat, and Fourteen-foot had given his cayuse considerable attention. There were also some white hairs in the coat wisp, and on this cayuse there was not a single white hair to be seen.

When questioned Cariboo would not emphatically declare that there had not been a star or a white stripe in the forehead of Johnson's horse.

These things caused one or two of the men to waver, for if it were not Johnson's cayuse, if Cariboo were mistaken, there was no direct evidence to connect Harry Holt with the murder.

KOOTENAY JIM objected that the examination of the hair was nothing; that Carney, like a clever lawyer, was trying to get the murderer off on a technicality. As to the club foot they had only Carney's guess, whereas Cariboo had never seen any club foot on Johnson's horse.

"We can prove that part of it," Graham said, "we can go back on the trail and see what Bulldog seen."

Half-a-dozen men approved this, saying: "We'll put off the hangin' and go back."

But Carney objected.

When he did so Kootenay Jim and John from Slocan raised a howl of derision, Kootenay saying: "When we calls his bluff he throws his hand in the discard. There aint no club foot any whereas, it's just a game to gain time to give this coyote, Holt, a chance to make a get-away. We're bein' buffaloed — we're wastin' time. We gets a murderer on a murdered man's hawse with the gold in his pockets, and Bulldog Carney puts some hawse hairs under a glass, hands out a pipe dream 'bout some ghost tracks back on the trail, and reaches out to grab the pot. Hell! you'd think we was a damn lot of tenderfeet."

This harangue had an effect on the angry men, but seemingly none whatever upon Bulldog, for he said quietly:

"I don't want a troop of men to go back on the trail just now because I'm going out myself to bring the murderer in. I can get him alone, for if he does see me he won't think that I'm after him, simply that I'm trailing. But if a party goes they'll never see him. He's a clever devil and will make his getaway. All I want on this evidence is that you hold Holt till I get back. I'll bring the foreleg of that cayuse with a club foot, for there's no doubt the murderer made sure that the wolves got him too."

They had worked back into the hotel by now, and inside Kootenay Jim and his two cronies had taken a big drink of whisky, whispering together as they drank.

As Carney and Graham entered Kootenay's shrill voice was saying:

"We're bein' flim-flammed—played for a lot of kids. There aint been a damn thing, 'cept lookin' at some hawse hairs through a glass. Men has been murdered on the trail, and who done it—somebody. Cariboo's mate was murdered, and we find his gold on a man that was stony broke here, was bummin' round the town, sponging on Seth Long, he hadn't two bits. And 'cause his sister stands well with Bulldog he palms this three card trick with hawse hairs and we got to let the murderer go."

"You lie, Kootenay!" the words had come from Jeanette. "My brother wouldn't tell you where he got the gold—he'd let you hang him first, but I will tell. I took it out of Seth's safe and gave it to him to get out of the country, because I knew that you and those two other hounds, Slocan and Denver, would murder him some night because he knocked you down for insulting me."

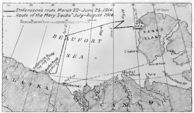
"That's a lie!" Kootenay screamed; "you and Bull-

Continued on page 76

SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

PART III.---Drifting to Banks Island on the Ice

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



Map prepared by Mr. Stefansson showing the route he followed and that of the "Mary Sachs."

AT the end of April 1914 our party of three men and six dogs found themselves in what some might consider a precarious situation. We had come from Alaska across more than five hundred miles of moving sea ice and were about forty miles from the northwest corner of Banks Island when the wind which up to then had been prevailingly northwesterly suddenly changed to the east. We at once began to drift away from the land of our destination, and water lanes of unknown width opened between us and it. For eleven days the wind varied between northeast, east and southeast, and we drifted steadily to the westward, altogether ninety miles as shown by our sextant. Ample and intimate association with the ice has since then given us a feeling of at-home-ness and confidence but at that time we were undeniably anxious to get ashore. The anxiety was in part founded on the good reason that we had exploratory and scientific work to do in other quarters and could ill afford to spend a year just then on the sea for life is short and a year of time is as valuable to us in the north as it is to you in the south. But there was also an uncomfortable doubt in our minds as to whether it was really safe to spend a winter on the ice without other resources than those which our rifles could provide. I had always argued that it would be safe but there is a certain nervous tension involved when you come to stake life itself on a theory.

Because we were dubious as to the future we lost no opportunity the first day of our backward drift to kill whatever seals came within reach. We got several that day and had more than half a ton of food laid up by evening. There were three of us and in order to miss no opportunity of getting food we arranged to stand eight hour watches, each man to kill whatever game he could during his watch. We had all been up during the day and I took the night watch.

A New Method of Travel

BY midnight the lead to the east of us was already covered with two or three inches of young ice and the seals had ceased coming up near us and could now be seen only at a distance in the thinner patches of ice far out in the lead. I was watching them nevertheless though they were too far away to be killed when all of a sudden half a mile away I saw the head and shoulders of a bear come up through the young ice. He rested a moment, and my glasses showed me he was breathing deeply. After a few good breaths he disappeared and for two or three minutes there was no sign of him and then a hundred yards or so nearer the ice was broken and his head and shoulders again appeared. Evidently seeing the ice was not strong enough for him to walk on, he was navigating submarine fashion, swimming a hundred yards or so under the ice and coming up when necessary to breathe. I had never heard either from Eskimos or from books, of this method of locomotion and knowing that Storkerson and Ole would be interested I called them and together we watched the bear as he approached our camp. When he came to the solid ice he scrambled up on it with perfect unconcern, though he saw us moving about. Evidently he took us and the barking dogs for foxes, and immediately on landing he proceeded at a leisurely walk toward us showing neither hostility nor curiosity but mere unconcern. Needless to say, we killed him.

During the next few days other bears came in such rapid succession that it was not necessary for us to kill any more seals. It was not that we preferred bear meat to seal but rather the contrary. Both are good eating as far as taste is concerned but bear meat is stringy and the fibres of it get between your teeth and make your gums sore which is not true of any other wild meat known to me. For that reason bears are the least welcome diet, but in this case we had only a limited amount of ammunition, and as seals average only one hundred and fifty pounds in weight while bears average eight hundred pounds, and some run to double that weight, it was evidently more economical to use our cartridges on bears.

Captain Peter Bernard of the "Mary Sachs" with his favorite dog

Wilkins in hunting costume

But inside of a week we had several tons of meat and it was evident that should the wind change eventually, enabling us to get ashore in Banks Island, it was mere waste of ammunition to kill any more game for we should have to leave it all behind. On the other hand should the westward drift continue, and the summer and winter have to be spent on the ice evidently there was no scarcity of food and we should be able to kill whatever meat we wanted at any time. Of course it would have been necessary, had we wintered on the ice, to kill right on ten tons of meat and blubber before the darkness set in to furnish food and fuel until the daylight of spring should again enable us to begin hunting. But we soon considered that the killing of a winter supply could safely be put off until August or September, even were it ultimately necessary. We therefore began to scare the bears away. This in general was not difficult to do although one big male bear that neither noise nor strange antics would frighten had to be killed. It wasn't that he really had any intention of attacking us, but he simply insisted on walking into camp, a procedure which held possibilities of awkward complications.

Adrift, Ninety Miles From Shore

DURING the two weeks and ninety miles of our westward drift, summer came upon us in the form of thaw-water on top of the ice, sea gulls in the water lanes around us, land birds migrating to the north, and white whales puffing and blowing. They frequently kept us awake at night not by the actual noise they made, but because the dogs kept barking at the strange sounds. These whales moved by us in hundreds each day, some days undoubtedly in thousands. We did not try to kill any of them both because we had plenty of fat and because we knew that at this season white whales sink readily, and in the absence of harpoons and floats are very difficult to save after being killed. As we saw these magnificent schools of great animals traveling by, in many cases only a few yards away, we planned that on any future expedition we would carry a small harpoon gun, but later we have come to the conclusion that this would scarcely be worth while. For although whales could surely enough be secured if one had such a gun, still we have by now come to place such implicit reliance on seals that, so long as we have the proper gear for securing them, we don't think it worth while to take pains about any other kind of food.

We were not fated to spend the summer on the ice, for in two weeks the wind changed to westerly and the ice-cake on which we were camped—a heavy piece of ice many years old and about five or eight square miles in area—commenced traveling toward Banks Island. As the wind drove it eastward, we gradually caught up to similar cakes that were drifting in advance of us, and eventually began to squeeze and crush them and our own cake in a way to indicate that fifty miles or so to leeward Banks Island was obstructing our farther eastward drift. When we resumed our travel we found of course a great deal of open water here and there in the form of irregular openings between the various cakes, but we were commonly able to find places where the corners of the cakes touched although occasionally we had to convert our sled into a boat for ferrying purposes. Shallower and shallower soundings confirmed the evidence of our sextant, and on June 22nd the black cliffs of Norway Island finally came in sight.

Carrying sod for house-building at Cape Kellett, before the arrival of Stefansson's party

Land at Last

THE going at this time was exceedingly bad, for there were water puddles on top of the ice where we waded knee-deep through slush and damp snow which was no longer hard enough to support our sleds and we had to drag them through drifts, like snow ploughs on a mountain railway. After we saw land it took us three days of the hardest work to cover the intervening twelve miles, and it was the evening of June 25th that we landed.

Norway Island is shown on the charts as about six miles long with its greatest diameter north and south. It is, as a matter of fact, about three miles long, with its main axis running east and west. On the south coast of it we found enough driftwood to make a camp-fire for two or three meals and on the beach we saw caribou tracks, though we soon discovered that there were no caribou on the island just then. With our glasses we could see half a dozen brant, white and emperor geese on the green slopes of the land and geese and ducks were numerous in the ponds. But this was all small game and I have for many years made it a rule never to kill any animal smaller than a wolf. Really wolves also are too small though they weigh over a hundred pounds but we make an exception in their case because we have a grudge against them for competing with us in the killing of caribou, as their food in winter is probably 90 per cent caribou meat. It is also true that in the summer when the caribou are skinny and for that reason poor eating the wolves are fat because they are then feasting on an abundance of eggs and lemmings and their meat is, therefore, much preferable to that of the caribou. In order to economize on ammunition we accordingly paid no attention to the hares, geese and ducks.

An Uninhabited Land

WHILE the men made their first camp ashore and slept the first night on a camping-ground that they knew would neither drift to seaward nor break up under them, I went to the top of the island and with my invaluable binoculars studied what I took to be the mainland of Banks Island to the east. There are two chief elevations on Norway Island. From the western one of these looking across about two miles of the island and three miles of sea ice I saw two or three miles inland on what I took for the mainland of Banks Island several white spots which I had to watch for more than half an hour before becoming certain that they were not a part of the stable scenery. They were as I suspected, caribou lying down and eventually one of them got up and moved with reference to the others, enough to show that the white spots were really living animals. Had they been a little nearer than I estimated they might really have been hares. With confidence in my correct judgment of distance I immediately concluded however that they were caribou and decided to make hay while the sun shone and my companions slept. It took me less than two and a half hours to get within half a mile of the animals, but they were on exceptionally level ground and hard to approach. Had they been traveling in any definite direction, I could have made a large circle around them and lain in wait for them as they advanced but they were in a patch of good feed and I was not inclined to move. It may be supposed that in an uninhabited land such as Banks Island caribou would be easy to approach but I have found it makes little difference whether caribou are in inhabited or uninhabited lands, for their fear of wolves is ever present, and if they see or hear anything suspicious they immediately flee, apparently thinking that it is a wolf. It took me accordingly about five hours to make an approach for I did not want to commence our long residence on Banks Island with a futile hunt. Eventually I killed and skinned all of them and arrived back home on Norway Island after the men had had their good night's rest and were just through breakfast. It had been a small breakfast, for on the three preceding days, we had not stopped to kill seals but the caribou tongues I brought home made a good meal for all of us after which we moved across to the deer-kill and camped there that night.

A New Island Discovered

WE now began some geographic exploration in a small way, for this coast had been only roughly charted by McClure as he sailed by it in the *Investigator* many miles off shore more than half a century earlier. Our first discovery was that the land we were on, which McClure had taken for a part of the mainland, was really an island about seven miles in diameter and about four or five times the area of Norway Island. Eventually many months afterward, when the *Mary Sachs* had joined us we named this island after her captain, Peter Bernard.

Long before our arrival in Banks Island summer had commenced. The rolling hills were beautifully green, reminding one of western Dakota or eastern Montana. The rivers had been pouring their waters into the sea for more than a month and their comparative warmth had melted the sea in the vicinity of land so that it was only on promontories that a landing could be made without the use of the boat. There was just enough driftwood on the beach so that the killing of seals for fuel was no longer necessary, and we discontinued it, for the hunting of caribou on the grassy hill slopes is both easier and pleasanter than crawling like a snake over the slushy ice surface toward a dozing seal. At first we needed a little seal blubber to eat with the caribou meat, for caribou are thin in the early spring. Until the middle of July we killed no more than we needed for food from day to day but in the latter part of July and throughout August we killed as many as we could comfortably take care of for the length of the hair made the skins suitable for clothing and the meat had become fat enough to be good eating. The bulls at this season are much fatter and better eating than the cows and the older they are the more desirable for food. For economy in ammunition and also because of the excellence of their meat we killed mainly old males, and by the first part of September we had accumulated the dried meat of forty bulls and about half a ton of back fat.

BEFORE leaving Alaska we had given instructions that the *North Star* which I had purchased just before from her owner Capt. Matt Andreasen should be sent to Norway Island as soon as the ice conditions allowed. I had said that in the event of non-discovery of land north of Alaska, our party would probably land near Norway Island and spend the summer there drying caribou meat for dog and man food for the coming year and accumulating skins for winter clothing. Our intention was to board the *North Star* at Norway Island and to proceed with her north if possible to Prince Patrick Island to spend there the coming winter. It was in anticipation of her arrival on one possibility that we were accumulating these large stores of meat. The other possibility was that she might be prevented by ice conditions from coming, in which event we should need the meat and some of the fat as food to take us through the dark period of winter when hunting is difficult. The rest of the fat we needed for candle-light.

In some northern islands it is necessary to depend on animal fat also for fuel, but in Banks Island there is a small amount of driftwood, enough so that fifteen or twenty miles of coast will provide fuel for a small camp for one winter if economically used. There is also here another variety of fuel, the *Andromeda Tetragona*, which we call "heather"—an oily plant that grows in small bunches a few inches high. When once the fire is started heather will burn well even if cooking wet if a strong wind is available to fan the flame. In traveling over Banks Island we seldom went ten miles without finding a patch of it and when we had occasion to remain for a week or two in one place we were generally able to camp beside a good heather patch. It takes ten to fifteen minutes to gather enough fuel for cooking a meal. It burns much better after a day or so of sun drying, so that at our permanent camps we used to devote half a day at a time to gathering and drying heather. When it was once dry caribou skins protected our stores of it from the rain.

On a previous expedition I had spent four summers as a nomadic caribou hunter so that the present experience was no longer novel, though I still found it pleasant. What chiefly detracts on the mainland from one's enjoyment of this kind of life is the pest of mosquitoes in the early summer and the sandflies toward fall. In Banks Island there were a few sandflies and mosquitoes but they were far less virulent than on the north coast of Canada or Alaska and it was only for about a week in midsummer that they were really bad.

Bernard Island is at the mouth of a river which in midsummer is only about knee-deep although it is a quarter of a mile wide. It was a surprisingly large river for an island less than two hundred miles in diameter, as Banks Island is, and we occupied part of our time mapping it and its branches, and lived for several weeks on its north bank, about ten miles inland. Back of our camp was a high hill from the top of which with our glasses we kept a sharp lookout for the moving bands of caribou.

Watching for the Relief Ship

BUT a considerable part of the time we spent in watching the sea ice and wondering when it would break and move away from the coast, giving the *North Star* a chance to come up and find us. It was not till the first third of August we saw that the ice finally moved to sea before an easterly wind. This was nearly as early as could be expected but as no one had previously had the opportunity to study summer conditions on the west coast of Banks Island we had for two or three weeks been in continual anticipation of a possible break up of the ice. Even when it did go it left a fringe of grounded cakes in the vicinity of land especially a belt of ice between Norway and Bernard Islands. No ship could therefore at this point have

Caribou after the first snowfall in late September

Ole Andreasen.

d the beach, but would have had to keep some miles to seaward. For this reason there was in our minds an element of uncertainty, also. It was not inconceivable, although unlikely, that Mr. Wilkins, whom we expected to be in command of the Star, might feel so certain about our having landed on Prince Patrick Island instead of Norway Island that he might forget his directions and not land on Norway Island to look for us. The day of landing we had built a moderately conspicuous beacon on one of the hills of Norway Island and left there a record giving the date of the landing and our intention to go into the interior of Banks Island hunting. But fogs are frequent in summer and such a beacon, though visible at a long distance on a clear day, might easily be passed by in thick weather.

The latter part of August caribou on Banks Island had become fatter than we had ever seen them on the mainland. It was indeed a great temptation to kill as many as we could, for all three of us considered fat caribou meat the greatest of delicacies, and we knew that unless we killed a sufficient number during the summer we should before spring, if no ship came, be reduced to the eating of the leaner winter-killed animals. But after the 28th of August we ceased killing for storage, for the sea had now been open for ten days, and worry over the non-arrival of the ship began to overshadow the Swiss-Family-Robinson hunting and providing sport that had dominated us till then. Our conversation from day to day now concerned the possible reasons for the non-appearance of the ship. The season ought to have been a little earlier on the north coast of Alaska than it was with us, and the *North Star* should have left there in July and ought to have been at the south end of Banks Island when the ice cleared away in August. Within forty-eight hours after she should have been at Norway Island. By the last of August the ten days of open water had become twenty and it became thereby reasonably certain that, for one reason or another, our ship was not coming at all.

Searching For the North Star

IT seemed just possible that the *North Star* might have been wrecked somewhere near the south end of Banks Island. We decided therefore to go to look for her. As a preliminary to that journey of search we excavated a huge pit among some rocks, cached there our stores of meat, tallow and hides, and started south along the coast, with the six dogs carrying our baggage on their backs. As we proceeded south the absence of ice made it continually more and more evident that some circumstances other than local conditions of navigation were keeping the *North Star* away.

Storkerson on his arrival at Cape Kellett.

Driftwood increased a little as we advanced toward Cape Kellett, and the land became more level and a little more fertile, although there are very few parts of Banks Island that are not densely covered with grass. But caribou became scarcer as we traveled south and several years of experience have now shown us that the north end of the island is better supplied with animal life than the south end, whether in winter or summer. In the northern half of Banks Island it has seldom befallen us any year that we have traveled to pass two whole days without seeing caribou, but on our way from the north end to Cape Kellett in a distance of one hundred miles we saw caribou only once in ten days. That was enough, however, for we had started with a week's supply of dried meat.

The season was now too late for geese but it was interesting to see that in the vicinity of the small lakes in the southern part of the island the ground was so white with the moulted feathers of the geese as if a light snow storm had just passed. We learned later that these are in the main or entirely the male white geese who spend the summer here by the million.

Cape Kellett is a hook-shaped sand spit, projecting west into the ocean about eight miles from the southwest corner of Banks Island. There is behind it a sort of a harbor, although not a good one. Good harbors for ships of light draft are found every few miles from there northward along the west coast. But neither behind the cape nor elsewhere had we seen a ship. We were naturally a bit downhearted when on the evening of September 12th, we camped at the foot of the Kellett sandspit. It was not that we were in any fear for our lives, for we were still able to do one of two things—spend the whole winter in Banks Island and continue our explorations the following year, or cross to the North American mainland sometime during the winter, either directly from Banks Island south across the ice sixty miles to Cape Parry, or else in the more roundabout way over Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island and thence to the mainland. But although we could have spent the winter in Banks Island and continued our explorations the following year, we should not have done so, for my companions were both homesick. That evening when I asked them if they were willing to continue the work of exploration with just the resources we had, they both answered that, while they did not see any danger in the enterprise, they were too anxious to get back to the mainland, where Storkerson had his family and where Andreasen had ambitions of a fortune in the fur trade, into which he would embark with the capital he had made as wages on the expedition. We had already made a good journey and had done safely a thing most people considered impossible, and that seemed enough to them and neither of them had any sympathy with my desire to continue the work just then.

Young snowy owls, Banks Island.

Our Discovery of Footprints

THE morning of September 13th we felt certain that no ship was in Banks Island, but to make assurance doubly sure we decided to go eight or ten miles beyond the cape. In this we had in mind not so much the possibility of finding a ship of our own, as a promise made by Hollis S. Mott, who had, when we last saw the *Polar Bear* on the north coast of Alaska, promised me that he would land on or near Cape Kellett during the following summer and leave there a small cache for me in case he had reason to think that no ships of my expedition had reached Banks Island. With this cache in mind, and remembering also that the *Polar Bear* had on board a party of Harvard men who had often talked to me about their desire to hunt musk oxen in Banks Island, I kept my eyes on the ground even more than ordinarily in the hope of seeing footprints or other traces. And soon enough after a walk of three or four miles I found a footprint in a muddy spot, but to my surprise it was not only remarkably fresh but showed a type of boot worn by many men of our expedition and not commonly by others. During the next three or four miles I came upon footprints in half a dozen places and it was not therefore entirely unexpected when six miles beyond the cape the masts of a schooner appeared from behind a hill.

She was a mile away and I could not see her body, so I feared she might be at anchor near the beach and might leave at any time. There are deep ravines along the coast, several of which I had to cross before getting near the ship, and as I took these at a run for fear the ship might get under way at any moment I was out of breath when, three or four hundred yards away, I came in sight of a camp on shore and realized that the ship was not in the water but had been hauled high and dry on the land. Further, I recognized the ship. It was not the *North Star*, which I had ordered to come to Norway Island, but the *Mary Sachs*, which, on account of her twin propellers, was the least suited of our three ships for ice navigation and which I had instructed to carry freight for Doctor Anderson's party as an auxiliary to the *Alaska* to Coronation Gulf, a route on which ice of a difficult character is not nearly so likely to be met as near Banks Island. I had instructed her commander, Captain Pete Bernard, to come to Banks Island if he could, but only after having landed one cargo of goods near Coronation Gulf. I could not understand why the *Sachs* was there so soon, for in the ordinary course of things she could have arrived in Banks Island after her Coronation Gulf trip only at the end of the season, and the signs were abundant that she had in fact been at this point for a week or two.

They Thought We Were Dead

I WALKED quietly down the hill, gradually regaining my breath, and the men who were at work building a sod house gave me an occasional glance but without much interest, for, as I learned later, two members of their party were hunting inland and they took me to be one of them returning. I was within ten yards when Jim Crawford, engineer on the *Sachs*, recognized me and in his surprise dropped whatever it was he was holding. In a fraction of a second he had to readjust all his ideas, for it seemed that he with everybody else in our expedition had long ago decided that we were dead. It was not easy to say whether Captain Bernard or Thomsen or the Eskimo section of the party were the most surprised, but it was clear a quarter of an hour later when the steward of the *Sachs*, William Baur, came back from a duck hunt just around the point, that he was easily the most surprised of all. The steward had been in the Arctic for twenty years with various whaling captains and had during the last three or four months been explaining from his bountiful knowledge of Arctic conditions, to every one willing to listen, just why we must have died long ago and why it was impossible that anything should ever be heard from us again. When he walked into the tent where Captain Bernard and I were drinking coffee he dropped on the floor the duck he was bringing in, and I saw physiological justifications for the figure of speech that a man's eyes "stick out of his head."

I learned within the first hour or two the reasons for the non-appearance of the *North Star* and the presence of the *Sachs*. Mr. Wilkins, according to my instructions, had set sail early from the Alaska coast with the *North Star*, and had arrived at Herschel Island some days ahead of either the *Mary Sachs* or the *Alaska*, but unfortunately had not yet set sail when they arrived. Opinion at Herschel Island seems to have been so definite on the point of our being lost that no one saw any reason why any ship should come to Banks Island to carry out instructions I had given looking forward to the continuation for several years of exploratory work of the expedition. A thing which I had never considered was unmistakably uppermost in every one's mind, and that was that if, contrary to all reason, my party should be alive and in Banks Island, we should be in need of rescue, or at least in need of supplies on which to live through the winter.

Why My Plans Had Been Changed

I HAD bought the *North Star* for the specific purpose of following the west coast of Banks Island northward through the ribbon of open water that commonly forms in the early summer between the land-fast ice and the land. She was adapted to this work by her extraordinarily light draft of four feet two inches, and her success a year later in this particular sort of navigation demonstrated in Banks Island what she had often before shown on the mainland coast of America—that, although she was small, she had particular qualifications for reaching places which other ships found it difficult to attain. But the work I had planned for her was exploratory work, whereas no one had thought of anything but the possible assistance we might need in Banks Island. So the *North Star* was taken to Coronation Gulf and the *Mary Sachs* diverted from her Coronation Gulf voyage, because she could carry a cargo twice as large as the *Star*, and with this she was sent to Kellett. Wilkins, who had previously intended to take the *North Star* exactly where I had told him to, was now transferred from the command of the *Star* to that of the *Sachs*. He brought her to Kellett by way of Cape Bathurst, but on the way one of her propellers, which stuck out at awkward angles from the sides of the *Sachs*, had struck a cake of ice, breaking the shaft.

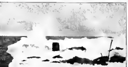
The *Sachs* accordingly arrived at Kellett in a crippled condition the last week of August. She found some ice pressing down on the cape and rounding it was difficult. Although Wilkins did not seem to have had any serious expectation of finding us in Banks Island, he would undoubtedly have reached Kellett had he had the *North Star* or any other ship the propellor of which was located amidship. But going into the ice with only one of twin propellers working and that one located in such a way as to be almost sure to strike any cake of ice that came near, and furthermore, seeing that the *Sachs* was otherwise not in very good condition, he quite properly decided to spend the winter at Cape Kellett. The plan was that, after building a comfortable base and killing enough caribou for a winter's supply of meat, they would pass the dark period at Kellett and make a journey northward along the Banks Island coast after the sun came back "looking for traces" of our party.

ON arrival at Kellett I at once considered the possibility of relaunching the Sachs to proceed northward, for the ice that had intimidated Wilkins two weeks earlier was now completely gone and the sea was as open as the Atlantic off Sandy Hook. But the *Sachs* was high on the land and could not be launched without beams on which to slide her into the water, and we had none available. Even with the beams it would have taken a week or ten days to get her launched and started, and it was already near the middle of September, which in some years is the end of the season of navigation, while other years navigation is possible into October. It was soon seen to be inevitable that the winter must be spent at Kellett, and we began to adjust ourselves to that unfortunate situation.

On our way south along the west coast of Banks Island we had built beacons here and there on prominent hills, thinking that some foggy night the *North Star* might pass us. These beacons inclosed records containing news for the *North Star*, but the most southerly beacon, built just before reaching Kellett, containing no record because we had then despaired of any ship coming. I had merely scribbled a hasty note for my companions, who were a few miles behind me, telling them to camp half a mile to the southwest of the beacon. When they passed the beacon they had read my note and had left it there. The following morning Wilkins, who was hunting caribou several miles inland, saw this beacon with his field glasses, and realizing that it had not been there the day before he hurried over. From the brief reference to making camp half a mile away he reconstructed correctly the situation, for he was familiar with my hunting and traveling methods. He knew that whenever we travel I have the men and sleds, or pack dogs, as the case may be, follow far enough behind me so that I have ample time to approach and kill any necessary game. He recognized that our party was still intact, or that at least two of us were alive, so when he arrived at Kellett the night of the 12th he was not surprised to find every one safe and well.

There was nothing to do now but continue the preparations for wintering which Wilkins had already energetically begun. After a few days of rest I sent Storkerson with his family, who had come with the *Sachs*, and Crawford and Andreasen with a boat north along the coast to establish an advance camp as far to the north as possible. They were able to go north only about thirty miles when the increasing cold of approaching autumn froze them in. Wilkins and I, meantime, with the Eskimo Natkusiak went about thirty miles northeast into the interior to establish the hunting camp which was to supply both men and dogs with fresh meat for the winter.

Mr. Stefansson's narrative will be continued in the next number.



The sea blubber cache with scattered seal and bear meat on the edge of the wide lead that delayed us nearly eleven days.
(The white belt on the horizon is "ice blink," a reflection in the sky of ice beyond the [illegible].)

The Caribou hunting camp thirty miles northeast of Cape Kellett

Unloading the "Mary Sachs" at Banks Island before Stefansson's party found her

---

JULIA ARTHUR *was one of the stars of stagedom who responded most loyally to the need for providing entertainment for the soldiers. During the spring and summer of 1918 she toured the cantonments in the United States giving readings and taking part in the programmes that were arranged for the doughboys. She found these soldiers in the making quick to respond to any war selection that had the real spirit of the trenches and so, when a friend of hers, another Canadian, Miss Agnes C. Laut, wrote her suggesting that she use the poems by Robert W. Service that were appearing in* MacLean's, *she decided to try them. They made an instantaneous and tremendous hit. Miss Arthur gave "The Blood-Red Fouragerre" from one end of the United States to the other and her audiences literally raised the roof on every occasion. Thanks to the use that Miss Arthur made of it, this stirring Service poem did a great deal to fire the enthusiasm of the American recruit, and perhaps had its share in stimulating the heroism of Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne. Nothing that Miss Arthur had in her repertoire created such unbounded applause as the vigorous poetry that Mr. Service was giving out at the time through* MacLean's Magazine. *"The Blood-Red Fouragerre," by the way, was published in April* MacLean's, *1918.*

And so it is particularly pleasing to be able to present a recent picture of Miss Arthur on the cover of this issue which sees the start of a new series of Service poems, for the two names are to-day associated in the minds of many score thousand American soldiers. It was not necessary, however, to have any special reason for selecting Julia Arthur to appear on the cover of MacLean's. *She is unquestionably one of the best known of Canadians.*

The Arch Strategist

A Story of Love and a Ouija Board

By EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. VAN WERVEKE

PETER DEANE had never heard of the elder Mr. Weller nor his celebrated piece of advice to his son regarding widows. For if he had, he would probably never have gone cruising in the *Molly Jane* in the first place and therefore the somewhat delicate situation in which he found himself as a result of that last ride would never have arisen. Peter was never one to spurn kindly advice. Among the men he was considered "long headed" which is one of the friendliest tributes one man can pay another and so, deeming him shrewd enough to look after himself they had allowed him to rush headlong to his doom—though possibly that last is putting it a bit strong. One could scarcely connect Mrs. Patricia Wyatt with a hapless word like that. Life with her would be just one lobster salad after another.

The *Molly Jane* was Mrs. Wyatt's runabout. Peter had walked to the village on this cloudless August afternoon to see about the mending of a bit of harness and to bring his mail, and just east of the Eight Elms—the old Minafer place—the widow had picked him up. Then, the car being newly tired and in the best of running order and its owner newly attired too (since a recent little smuggling expedition to the other side of the St. Lawrence) she needs must take a spin along the speedway and around by Colter's Grove and back thus passing as many houses and as many buggies, wagons and pedestrians as possible.

Behold Peter then, after she had set him down finally at the gate of his own place, walking rather moodily to the house where, upon entering his bachelor kitchen he immediately beheld a not unfamiliar sight—to wit, his table covered with a number of toothsome home-made viands in and on patterned dishes and plates and covered with plain napkins. She had been there first, on her way down! Oh well, for all her aggravating little ways she was a good sport. She performed her generous deeds on the quiet—didn't want to be thanked. That reminded him he had forgotten to thank her for that fine lot of good things two weeks or so ago. Peter frowned with annoyance, not at his dilatoriness, but at the thought of all the obligations these would-be anonymous donations put him to. Hang it all! It would take three strawberry festivals, a corn husking and a harvest home supper to wipe out his indebtedness, and by that time the countryside gossip would have attained the volume and proportions of a tornado.

In the midst of his frowning, however, he sniffed longingly at the palate-tickling odors that filled the untidy little kitchen. When you have lived interminably on salt pork, boiled potatoes, blackstrap, baker's bread and canned beans there is something about the aroma of newly baked bread and scones and fresh sugared doughnuts that partakes almost of the celestial. Peter uncovered a plate of jelly rolls and prodded them with a speculative forefinger. They were warm yet. He leaned down and smelt of a bowl of rich soup. It reminded him, with sudden force, of his mother's soups. He ran his tongue over his lips and gulped, and then he saw a small loaf of walnut bread and gulped harder. These gulps had to do strictly with the emotions of the appetite however. There were doughnuts and dainty ham and tongue sandwiches and there was a lemon pie with a thick rich meringue the color of a gold-tipped sunset cloud. Peter straightened up and drew his eyes reluctantly away from these treasures. He strode over to the cracked mirror above the washbench.

He looked at his image with a kind of stern appraisal. What in thunder did she see in him anyway? With vague disquietude, not to say alarm, he realized that he was growing old. He had been realizing it for some time, to be sure, but now he almost winced as the full force of it struck him there in the harsh light from the uncurtained window. Growing old! And he was a lonely man and always must be, considering that of blood relatives he had none. Surely if there was a woman willing, not to say eager, to have him it were the part of wisdom and expediency to close the deal. She too—well, she wasn't exactly young either. Peter continued to stand before his reflection eyeing each feature with cold severity—a plain face lightened or not (usually not) by sombre dark eyes, unsmiling mouth, rather large nose, grey-flecked black hair and the scar of a bayonet wound just under his right ear. Suddenly he laughed harshly.

"I'll do it!" he said grimly. "I'll do it if Jim'll buy those forty acres! By the living jingo I'll do it!"

He turned and made as though to take up the milk pails but his eye encountered the table first and he stood considering. He took up a scone and ate it ravenously. He ate four in rapid succession. Then he tried a doughnut.

"I ought to milk first," he muttered with a glance at the noisy little clock on the shelf. "I ought to. But I won't."

Thereupon he drew up a chair and went about the pleasant task of eating in a way that would have kindled pity as well as delight in the eyes of the fair cook could she have witnessed it. Filled to repletion he rose at length and taking up his pails hied him leisurely to the stables. As the milk shot into the pail with the customary tink tank that had become musical monotony to him he gazed out across the dewy meadow through the open stable doors and fell to wondering what they made all this fuss about romance and marriage for. It was infinitely better to make marriage a strictly business proposition. He and the widow now—

Here old Brindle slapped his cheek with her tail and he roared out anathema upon her and shifted his stool more to the right.

"I'll go over and see Jim to-night," Peter muttered. "I'll have it settled before I sleep or—here you!"

SO, when the last chore was done, he took his way across the upper pasture and through the clover meadow by the brook to the old brown home with the twinkling lights that crested Pine Hill. Here dwelt his oldest friend and neighbor, James Butler, a not so worthy little man, but one who wore a permanently crushed air. He was the husband of the best housekeeper in Dundas County. Perhaps that explains it.

As Peter vaulted the snake fence and approached the porch door, the shrill voice of the lady of the house assailed his ears. He could also hear her stepping briskly about within. He stopped, considering.

"Sounds like poor old Jim's getting a tongue thrashing," he reflected. "Perhaps I'd best—"

The screen door swung violently open and the thin angular form of Mrs. Butler appeared. She carried a pail of something which she threw out.

"—An' I've told you a *hundred* times if I've told you once," she was saying, emphatically, "never to—"

Then the door slapped to and Peter remained, still irresolute, just south of the currant bushes. But presently he decided to go forward. He might be able to save Jim from the rest of the lecture. It wouldn't be the first time he had arrived thus fortuitously.

"Oh come now, Mary Ann," he heard Jim remonstrating feebly, "you never look on nothin' but the seamy side o' life. Why don't—"

"Seamy? Huh!" Mrs. Butler snorted as she wrung a dish towel and slapped it over the drying rack. "It seems to be purty nearly all seamy—where it ain't patches. Get out an' split up that kindlin' an' leave me room to turn around for pity's sake! An' mind an' come in the back way so this floor gits a chance to dry. Is that Bobby I hear comin' in the porch?" she added, sharply.

"Hi, you Bobby!" sang out Jim. "Your maw says you gotta wipe them feet 'fore you—oh it's *Peter!* Come in, come in!"

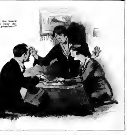
"Thanks. Not this time," said Peter. "Evening, Mrs. Butler. I—— come over to take a look at that heifer, Jim."

"Oh yeah!" returned Jim, brightening perceptibly, and he took down his cap and a lantern from its nail and joined Peter by means of some adroit stepping over the freshly scrubbed yellow floor.

Peter noticed that Mrs. Butler watched every step with held breath and only gave vent to it when her husband after walking like a cat on hot bricks gained the comparative security of the verandah.

Life-sentence himself to that? H'm!

IN a distant corner of the barnyard, seated on the edge of a disrupted hayrick, Peter and Jim by a somewhat devious conversational route that, beginning with the weather and the crops and passing on to a sick cow and the need for more fertilizer in the west field, appeared to lead to no ultimate object, finally arrived at a state of understanding and the exchange of man-to-man confidences. Jim wasn't exactly prepared just at present to purchase the forty acres of bush land. Peter said it didn't much matter anyway as he'd "kind of changed his mind just in the last half hour or so."



"If you prefer," the board announced "In your devotion of a sacred promise—"

He told Jim his trouble, told it curtly, half savagely as of one discharging a most uncongenial task, as indeed it was. The whole instinct of his nature was against casting even the faintest verbal reflection upon the intentions of a lady.

"Of course, it may be only her little way, Jim. She's—she's awful friendly and easy to make up to. But—well to-day she squeezed my hand and quoted them lines from Longfellow. You know—"

"Eh? Longfellow? Petey you mean? Say, this looks serious all right! What lines was she—"

"Oh about life being short and time fleeting. It looked to me like a strong hint. And this ain't leap year. I'm plumb up against it, Jim."

Jim shook his head helplessly and sighed.

"I take it you don't like her then," he hazarded at last.

"Well, I don't dislike her. I—I might have got to like her if—"

"Yeah?" as Peter paused.

"Well, if she'd let me do the rushing. It's a man's place to do the courting, Jim. You know that."

Jim was silent and in the gloom Peter didn't see his glance stray to the distant kitchen window.

"You did your own courting, Jim, didn't you?" Peter pursued.

"It's so long ago I've clean forgot, Peter. My wife was a widda woman an'—an'—they got a knack with them, you see." Then he added loyally, "Mary Ann's a darned good housekeeper."

"Well, a man'll put up with a whole lot for the sake of well-cooked meals, Jim. Mrs. Wyatt, she—she cooks like all possessed."

"Does she now? A body wouldn't think she'd get time, she spends so much time runnin' round in that dinky contraption o' hern!"

"I wish I knew what to do about it. I'm getting on, Jim. I don't know what she sees in me, but I'm a lucky guy if I could just realize it."

"The Lord knows it ain't your looks," said Jim, candidly. "Why don't you work the same dodge on her as you did on that Miss what-d'ye-call-her? Tell her you got hereditary cancer or that there's insanity in the family?"

Peter's face was warm.

"Well I haven't got a family for one thing and in any case it wouldn't make a particle of difference what I said. She—she's a determined sort, Jim. The affair with Miss Spiffer was mild compared to this. Right this minute I've got lumbago, but it wouldn't faze Mrs. Wyatt any."

"I tell you what I believe," said Jim suddenly, like one who is struck by a bright idea. "I believe you've got what they call perso'nal magnetism. Yep. *That* must be it!"

Peter started in some alarm.

"Is it catching?" he asked anxiously then.

"Nope, Peter, it ain't. That's the worst of it. I'm some older'n you an' I never had it in all my life. So how can I give you advice? There's somethin' about you the women like or that they fall for. (I'm surprised you ain't conceited!) Have you told the lady that your cousin's was all blown to glory in phoney oil stock? *That's* a test for your life, Peter."

"Yes I tried that wrinkle too. She's pretty well fixed herself and it didn't startle her at all. A man's nigh desperate when he'll admit a lack of judgment, Jim. You see my case don't you? I tell you I don't hanker for double harness and at the same time I refuse to be brutal! What in Halifax is a man to do?"

JIM chewed a straw in silence. Peter kicked his heels restlessly against the lower half of the rick and watched the canal lights down the river strung out along the deep sapphire of the night sky like diamonds on blue velvet.

"Appears to me like you'd best clear out o' the country—or else take smallpox," suggested Jim presently.

"Think up a better one," said Peter wearily.

Jim was again silent. Finally he straightened up and seized his gloomy companion by one shoulder, chuckling like a small boy bent on mischief.

"I got it, Peter!" he chortled. "And it's sure pizen for the widda! Listen now—"

"Sh-h!" cautioned Peter with an over-shoulder glance.

"You know that little Minafer girl?"

"Minafer girl?"

"Near the village in the big frame house. What's this her name is anyway?"

"That little slim thing with the long fair pigtails down her back? Well, what about her? What on earth has she got to do with—"

"She don't wear pigtails now. Think a minute. That was five or six years ago—afore the war. She's pushin' on to twenty-four or five, I reckon. Well, this is my idea, Peter, an' you can take it or leave it: you must make her your alibi."

"Alibi! What—"

"Now wait. With a female strategist (Jim pronounced it stenteregist) like the widda you gotta use diplomacy (Jim accented the *dip*) an' fight fire with fire. You—"

"Don't talk so loud!" and Peter glanced over his shoulder again, fancying he heard a rumble in the garden nearby. "Why do you pick on the little Minafer girl? I'm not setting out to break any hearts myself, Jim. I just want to get out of this tangle as easy and as quick as it's possible to—"

"I know. The reason I thought o' Mattie—yes, Mattie is the name, I remember!—thought o' Mattie Minafer is because I hear tell she's a man-hater—a bitter one. So she'd have no feelin's to consider. Call round on her some—just enough to shake the widda an' git folks to talkin'—"

Peter groaned.

"If they talk much more their tongues'll be paralyzed one of these days," he said gloomily. "Well, go on. It sounds crazy, but I'm a desperate man."

"Mattie has had chances galore," Jim went on. "She's turned down half-a-dozen decent young fellas. You see her pa didn't exactly treat her ma right or somethin', an' anyway her ma bein' more or less an invalid, Peter, the girl's had everythin' to do lone-handed. They're livin' on in the old place but the land's sold an' all they keep is a cow now, but even so her ma's a great care an' the girl's fed up with housework an' who can blame her for wantin' to bolt? She's a right smart little girl, but she's never had a chance. Just work, work, work, from the time she was nine or ten year old. I've heard tell she used to milk seventeen cows an' you know that big house must a nigh killed her sweepin' an' washin' an' all. She told every one o' them fellas as they'd ask her that she had no mind to change her mode o' life unless she could better it. She's teachin' herself a business course by mail an' once she can land a job she's goin' to take her ma an' live in town. She likes the country an' doesn't care for town much, but she says she's goin' to really *live* some day. Them's her words."

"Mattie you say? That's a real name."

"Martha, by rights. She's got a Mary spirit an' disposition but the Martha life has been thrust on her an' it's turned her into a kind o' machine I s'pose. Her pa died some few years back—while you was at the front I guess. Mind him?"

Peter gave a grunt of assent.

"He gave me an awful hiding once for stealing apples," he remarked. "But this isn't clear yet, Jim. What am I to do? Pretend to rush her?"

"Do as you please. Drop in on her an' borry a book or make a date to talk to the old lady. She don't git out at all an' they keep to themselves so people think they're stuck up I s'pose. Git the habit o' callin' there an' the widda if she's at all sharp oughta take the hint. Harm'll be done no one. You don't care an' Mattie won't. Chances are ten to one she'll treat you like a piece o' furniture. But I take it it's a case o' any port in a storm?"

"I'll sure try it, Jim. Well, I'd best be hoofing it. I'll think the scheme over. As you say it isn't like as though it was injuring anyone."

"No. Keep that afore you. Mattie ain't goin' to shine up to the [illegible] fraternity. You're as safe with her as—as a duck on a horsepond. She's a frosty little moon quite out o' reach o' the likes o' you. But this is one time she's goin' to help a hounded man-creature—only she won't know a thing about it! Good luck, Peter!"

BUT Peter Deane as he strolled homeward over the dew-drenched pasture land was in anything but an exultant frame of mind. The scheme wasn't on the square somehow. Nevertheless all week long as often as he put the idea from him, it returned and the day Mrs. Wyatt caught him on the telephone and in cooing tones intimated that Friday evening was free and his company would be welcome—more, that she had something very, very important to ask him—he took the plunge and told her he had a previous engagement. So, to make good his word he was obliged to put in an appearance somewhere on that evening and the Minafer place being as good as any and the nearest to reach, Peter tacked off across his ten-acre summer fallow field and taking a short cut through the sugar-maple grove found himself finally at the white gates of Eight Elms and without any valid excuse for going further.

Few men who have not been ardently pursued by a fascinating widow—a wee widow at that—will perhaps understand or have sympathy for Peter Deane. Good-natured to a fault, unwilling to hurt even a mouse unnecessarily, chivalrous to a degree and not unsociable for all his thirty-three years and yet, withal, he was vastly puzzled and not a little querulous over the persistent way Fate was keeping his peace-loving existence stirred up. He hated letting his telephone ring by its cord—it annoyed central and turned away business of his own. He hated not thanking people for gifts—but the more you thanked them the more they sent. He disliked being curt and grouchy—for he was a pleasant nature and he possessed the happy faculty of believing the best of a person until it was proven he—or she—was undeserving of the good opinion.

What was that about borrowing a book that Jim had suggested? Lucky he had remembered! So Peter opened the prim gates, strode up the gravel drive and, mounting the three broad steps, knocked loudly on the panels of the front door—a severe-looking door without a bell. There was an old brass knocker which Peter didn't try but merely gazed at curiously and overhead was a half-moon transom of colored glass. The white frame house was a county landmark and the figures 1848 in the glass gave its venerable age away.

HIS knocking was answered promptly by Miss Mattie Minafer, trig and cool and a little disdainful as he could see even in the moonlight. She wore a neat pink print dress and sure enough the pigtails were no more; or at least they were on her head now in a loose, unstudied attractive mass—like corn silk, as Peter thought.

"Good evening," said Peter.

"Good evening," responded Miss Mattie as in politeness bound.

"I came to borrow a book—if I might."

"A book?"

"Any—any kind of a book, you know."

"Come in, please."

Peter entered and Miss Mattie turned up a bracket-lamp nearby and regarded him with detached interest. A farmer come to borrow a book!

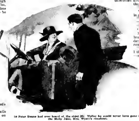
"Your pa having had quite a little library I thought I might perhaps borrow a volume—now and then," explained Peter easily, though the recollection of the late William Minafer's literary habits had just occurred to him. "It's coming on now to the long evenings you know—"

"You are welcome to any books we have," stated Miss Mattie politely. "But I'm afraid they will hardly interest you. He was scientific in his tastes—the occult sciences you know."

"Yes, I remember. Spiritualism, wasn't it?"

"Spiritism," corrected Miss Mattie in her best schoolmarm manner.

(She had taught the village school three terms.)



If Peter Deane had ever heard of the elder Mr. Weller he would never have gone in the Molly Jane, Mrs. Wyatt's runabout.

"Whatever it is," said Peter, nodding. "That'll do, I guess, as well as anything."

Miss Mattie led the way to the living-room where a tall glassed-in bookcase stood.

"Take your choice," she said, swinging back the doors.

Peter pulled out a volume at random. It was "The Science of Table-Rapping."

"This sounds—er—interesting. I'll take it. Could—could I come back for another on Tuesday night?"

"Certainly," responded Miss Mattie. "But come to the side door, please. It's the one we use most. I mightn't have heard you to-night only I was just going upstairs with mother's hot milk."

"Thanks," said Peter, picking up his hat. "I hope your mother keeps fairly well?"

"Oh, just so-so. By the way, you mustn't tell her you're studying—that," and Miss Mattie indicated the book with a nod. "She thinks spiritism wicked—says it's doubting God."

Peter thought he sensed an implied reproof in this.

"What do you think?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I have no opinion on the subject," she said coldly. "It takes me all my spare moments perfecting my shorthand."

PETER now saw on the table nearby many outspread notebooks and sheets of paper and half-a-dozen sharpened pencils. A sudden idea occurred to him.

"Have you anyone to dictate to you for practice?" he asked.

"No, I haven't. It's my only drawback, too. Mother's eyes aren't what they once were and I can't let her dictate though she often begs to do so. I get along somehow."

"If—if I came kind of early on Tuesday night," Peter said boldly, "maybe—well, maybe I could help you out. I surely don't care to borrow your books and give nothing in return. I—"

"How foolish!"

"Well, if—"

"I mean, to say such a thing as that. It is good of you to offer to help me." And Miss Mattie reflected gravely. "Very well. Come early Tuesday evening. I'll show you the ouija-board then, too."

"The—the what?" and Peter stopped short and turned.

"Father's ouija-board. You know. He used to make the—the spirits talk with it."

"Did he really? That's a joke, isn't it?" and Peter thought it no wonder the villagers had considered the old man "off."

Miss Mattie shrugged her slim shoulders. She wore an air of cold abstraction. Evidently she wished him off. So Peter went away, Miss Mattie's clear-toned, indifferent farewell ringing in his ears all the way home.

As to the book he hadn't had the slightest intention of reading it but for fear she might question him about it on Tuesday he took a tentative dip or two into it that very night—and ended by sitting up till two o'clock, which left him barely three hours for sleep. Thus does Fate manhandle our affairs for us, one and all. Peter might merely have set the volume aside and taken up the tangled threads of his life again, leaving Miss Mattie and the spirits out of it and eventually receiving the widow into it, but for Fate.

ON Tuesday evening, just as the first friendly stars began to come out over the dense green of the cedars on the river bank below, Peter once more took his way, but springily now, across the fields and through the grove to the Minafer place. Miss Mattie was drying her hands on a kitchen towel and she nodded briefly at Peter's apparition through the screen door and requested him to light the lamp. It was some little time before she joined him and he judged that a variety of bothersome little chores detained her somewhere and he examined the late Mr. Minafer's library at his leisure. About eight o'clock she re-appeared, rather breathless and flushed from her exertions but not in an ill humor. Peter thought what a shame it was she had no help and wondered if she would take it in good part if he volunteered to chop some wood or hoe the garden for her.

He was introduced to the ouija-board and also to a large glass globe resting on a pad of black velvet and then left to his own devices while Miss Mattie practised an hour on a rattly old typewriter and then went upstairs to "settle" her mother for the night. When she came down again it was too late for dictation and Peter made his adieu and went home carrying two books with him. He had indicated that he might drop in Friday night to return them. They were "The Veil and What Lies Behind" and "Consulting the Ouija."

Peter saw a busy winter ahead, if he intended to read through the whole set, and he now decided he might as well. He was becoming deeply interested, enthralled even, with the occult and he hadn't thought of Mrs. Patricia Wyatt all evening. But the memory returned with singular force as soon as he opened his kitchen door and struck a match, for there on his bare little table lay another lot of gifts from the goddess, including lemon jelly with whipped cream this time.

Two days later in his rural mail box at the head of the lane, Peter found a familiar looking violet-tinted note addressed in a large, flowing, reckless hand and dolefully swore. The note opened like a playful top of a fan—and ended like a bombshell!

"Dear old boy—I know where you were Tuesday! Foolish old dear, were you trying to rush the Little Saint? Never mind, I'm not the least, tiniest bit jealous. You remember our visit to Sequoyah's Stone on Dominion Day, don't you? Well! Come on Sunday to dinner. Patsy."

PETER was very uneasy all the rest of the week. Good heavens! Was she really taking that Stone incident seriously? He spent Sunday afternoon in the barn loft reading "The Spirit Word" and thinking of breach-of-promise. Strategist! Why, she was a female Foch, that's what she was! And Peter fairly haunted the Minafer place the week following, arriving so early and so often he was beginning to feel like a boarder. He grew into an odd habit too of looking back over his shoulder, but whether it was a disembodied spirit he dreaded to see or the full and ravishing form of the pretty widow, he could scarcely have told. He made a tentative effort at confiding in Miss Mattie one night.

"You know Sequoyah's Stone up on Indian Point?" he commenced nonchalantly.

Miss Mattie glanced up from her notebook and nodded. Peter avoided her clear blue eye and ruffling the leaves of his book went on hurriedly.

"There's a — a sort of story about it, isn't there?"

"A legend, yes."

"Is it true? I mean do many folk put stock in it?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Mattie gravely. "I've heard of a lot of people who disregarded it and came to grief. It is evidently one of those legends that we must believe—can believe."

"Would you mind telling me all you know about it?" and Peter's anxiety was ill-disguised.

"There isn't much to tell. This tall flat rock stands at the extreme end of the Point—a promontory in fact it is. There's just room enough for two people on it and there are two pairs of footprints, a man's and a woman's. They look as though they had been there since the Upheaval. Sequoyah was an Indian maiden who took a reluctant lover out there and threatened to kill him and throw him into the deep water below—they say you can't find bottom there—if he didn't marry her. The inference is that he gave in. But to this day the girl and her male companion who climb that rock and place their feet in the stony footprints of those early lovers—"

"Yes?" Peter prompted breathlessly as Mattie paused presumably for the purpose of making her ending the more impressive. "Yes?"

"— must marry!"

"Must!" exclaimed Peter, his brows close-drawn.

"Absolutely must or all sorts of trouble will come to them."

"I—let's get out the board and have a little go at the spirits. What say?"

Peter's air of levity would have deceived a shrewder person even than Miss Minafer. They seated themselves at opposite sides of a small table and placed the finger-tips of both hands on the ouija-board. Then they fell into a more or less trance-like state which they termed "concentration." But for a long time the ouija remained unresponsive. Miss Minafer, her red lips apart and her cheeks flushed, whispered the questions Peter asked, relaying them on to the spirit world with at least a semblance of faith. Peter relied on her wholly. Being the child of her father she couldn't help but have "a pull" with those strange beings behind the veil!

"Shall I take the plunge?" whispered Peter, breathing thickly and forgetting to elucidate to his medium what it was he intended to plunge into.

"Better—go—slow." The board spelled out slowly after a long wait.

"What must I do?"—next question.

"Always—do—the—right—thing."—reply.

Peter's face wore a puzzled frown as they rose from their seance at length, the ouija having closed up like an oyster after its two succinct remarks.

"Miss Mattie," he began as he took up his hat and began to brush it with his coat sleeve (though it was quite a new hat and Peter was never anything but well groomed when "dressed up"). "Miss Mattie, you always put things so clearly I've a mind to ask your advice on a matter that—well, I'm in a fix. Horns of a dilemma. You know what I mean?"

"Between the—the Old Nick and the Ocean?"

"Exactly."

"State the case."

"I can't. That's the trouble!"

"But innuendoes don't help much, Mr. Deane."

"Once or twice you've called me Peter."

"Peter, then."

"That's better," said Peter with intense satisfaction, his dilemma forgotten now. "I feel favored you should call me by my given name. I hear tell you don't like farmers."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"Perhaps not the men so much as the life, Peter," said the girl slowly. "Now you—"

"I, what?" he prompted eagerly as she broke off.

"You're different," said Mattie reflectively. "You read and study. And—and once about twelve years ago my life was saved in a particularly gallant way by a young farmer. I have never forgotten him, Peter. I always liked him."

Her last words were very low. But he heard.

"Who—" he was beginning and then he stopped.

He looked at her. Then he looked away. That blush could mean but one thing. She loved that knight of the soil, whoever he was. With difficulty Peter held his curiosity in check. Unrequited love? Pride? Prejudice?

And very suddenly his dilemma settled itself. Peter watched for a moment longer the bright, downbent head, the slim fingers pleating a fold of her apron, the lingering rose-color in her cheek. Then he went away, with the briefest possible good-bye.

Mattie stood watching his tall loose-limbed form till it melted into the dark and the distance beyond the elms. She went back to her books and practised feverishly for half an hour. She was gaining both in speed and accuracy.

ON Sunday Peter walked over to Mrs. Wyatt's. But on the way he dwelt over again upon an odd and not unpleasant thrill which he had experienced twice that week when so study bent in the old living-room at Miss Minafer's. Peter was not usually introspective or disposed to self-analysis but he wondered why, when they had both reached for a dropped pencil and their hands had met briefly, just why his whole being had been filled with a strange turbulence. Again, she had admired a stick-pin made from a piece of shell and he had removed it and shown it to her and in returning it she had remarked his good taste in neckties—in a casual and almost indifferent way too but his heart had responded in a manner that was truly perplexing. The widow lavished fulsome praise on him at all times yet never had warm words of hers made his heart do a hurdle. So Peter pondered and he recalled a number of pleasing things that had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Patricia Wyatt—the shadow on a Puritan cheek of thick curling lashes, the rare smile of lips that had never known the touch of lipstick, being of Nature's own red, full formed and—well, provocative, only Peter didn't think of that term; glinty, brown-gold hair full of imprisoned sunshafts, hair that his hands itched to touch, to smooth or to rumple up as the mood swayed him; cool, clear blue eyes that would have been childlike but for that brooding wistfulness that darkened them so often. Peter shook off thoughts of these things with some difficulty.

On the following evening he announced to Miss Mattie that he and Mrs. Wyatt were to be married in two weeks' time. She received the news in silence. Mrs. Minafer, who had taken lately to coming downstairs in the evening, was quite voluble, however. She left off complaining of the dampness and the rheumatism and the prices of garden produce and congratulated Peter. She praised the widow's looks, her jewelry, her friendliness, her house and her car and all things else that were hers, until the prospective groom was weary. The only thing left unpraised was her strategy, but possibly Mrs. Minafer was ignorant of that superior quality of the charming widow.

"Yes, Peter, you're a lucky man," repeated the old lady in her high thin voice as she nodded at him from her cushioned easy-chair by the coal-stove. "And October weddings are always the nicest for country folks. To tell you the truth, Peter, I was getting real anxious about you and this spirit stuff. It's made you awful solemn or something. You used to be a rare mischievous lad, Peter. The widow Wyatt will be just the one to perk you up again. Oh you

Continued on page 70

The UNDERCURRENTS

By J. K. MUNRO

Illustrated by
WILLIAM CASEY

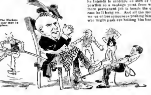
THIS Parliament of ours suffered from the spring fever. Along through April it resembled nothing so much as that uncertain month itself. It had its splashes of sunshine and its fleeting clouds and through its general drowsiness you could always feel that there was warmer weather ahead. And more than all it was a session of waiting for something to turn up. It saw little that was exciting and nothing that was portentous but it developed the facts that Sir Robert Borden and not Sir Thomas White is still the controller of Union destinies and that Daniel Duncan McKenzie is more of a leader than his nominators thought or wished. And it proved yet again that the crack of the whip will still bring the Government forces to heel on any or all questions.

They're great talkers, these Unionists, and the habit is growing on them. The quietest afternoon is liable to develop an oratorical wind-storm should some careless member stub his toe on something that gives any sort of a pretext. Even Dr. Michael Clark, the king-bee of every talking match he takes part in, is growing loquacious. Time was when he made one or two great speeches during a session and let it go at that. Now he talks on everything in an evident attempt to prove that he is as prolific as he is magnetic. Most people can find an excuse for him. But there are others—men like Nicholson of Algoma, Vien of Lotbinière and Pedlow of Renfrew—who should hire a hall. They probably think they were sent to Ottawa to enlighten the nation. They forget that it costs $10,000 a day to run this law factory and that there are other ways of practising economy besides buying thrift stamps.

But this talk habit is epidemic. It starts with the acting Prime Minister and extends clear through to the back benches on both sides of the House. Sir Thomas White has, in fact, been one of the worst offenders on several occasions. Nobody blamed him when he juggled figures for hours in discussing the War Extension Bill. That's a Finance Minister's privilege. He has to prove that he knows his end of the game down to the last cent. And when you're whittling hundreds of millions down through the decimals it takes time. But when he treated titles and the Smart-Paett charges in the same extended fashion people began to ask what was the matter. And the new popularity of the financial Knight found him his excuse. It was pointed out that he was handling troubles that weren't his own. In the titles argument he was travelling under orders cabled from headquarters in Paris that further additions to the Canadian aristocracy must be considered by a committee. In the Smart-Paett charges he was defending appointees of a Government of which he was temporarily in charge. He did the best he could under the circumstances and, if he did stammer a bit and lapse into his old partiality for the personal pronoun who shall blame him?

The Temper of Parliament

BUT that titles debate taken in connection with the Daylight Saving fiasco did much to reveal the temper of Parliament. The House as a whole was more strongly in favor of the abolition of titles than it was against the adoption of Daylight Saving. But in the latter case it was allowed to vote as it pleased while in regard to titles though Sir Thomas White stated that the question was in no sense a party one, the report was spread at the last minute that repudiation of the Borden orders meant the resignation of the Government. How they did scurry for cover and what a sigh of relief went up when the clerk's count showed that the Union flag was still flying at the masthead!



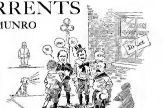
Nor will The Mackenzie be an easy man to displace.

For on just one thing is the whole House as one. Individually, severally and unitedly it doesn't want an election. There are men in the Cabinet who believe that, if the Government would take the bull by the horns and go to the country on the tariff issue, it could come back with a good working majority. For be it known that Quebec is not more free trade in sentiment than is Ontario, that British Columbia is not in accord with the farmers' fetish, that Manitoba would not split worse than fifty-fifty and the Maritime Province electors can be depended on to vote as their fathers did before them. Then why not go? And the answer comes, "Why go?"

THIS Parliament has in addition to the present session three long years of life. Moreover it is practically insured against premature or sudden death.

"There are too many political orphans in this House for the Government to fear defeat," remarked a wise old Liberal-Unionist who comes from a Free Wheat constituency. He might also have remarked that there were a number of Ministers among the "political orphans." For, in case of a realignment of parties, where would Hon. Wesley Rowell, Hon. James Calder, Hon. A. L. Sifton or Hon. A. K. Maclean get off at? So the political orphans will keep the Government alive not only that it may work out the great problems of reconstruction but also that it may try to build up a home for the politically homeless. Also it has interpreted its mandate from the people to mean that, besides winning the war, it was to put the country back on a peace and prosperity footing. And, having announced that it so understood its mission, it could hardly change its mind and go back for a fresh mandate. Moreover Sir Robert Borden is its Premier. Whether he intends to continue as such or to use his elevated position as a vantage point from which to step into a more permanent job is beside the question. In either case he'll hang on. And all the more so that he never mentions it unless someone is pushing him. At present those who might push are holding him back.

But if Sir Robert and his orphans do not want an election—and the Opposition are just as anxious to stave one off till after their August convention anyway—it must not be imagined that all is as peaceful in the political depths as the sunny surface would indicate.



In case of a realignment of parties where would these orphans go?

Paying For Night or Blucher

PARLIAMENT had up to the end of the Easter recess been in session for nine weeks or just as long as the entire session of a year ago. During that time it had hardly nibbled at the Government program. To be sure it passed Hon. Wesley Rowell's bill creating a Health Department, but not till it had cut out the social welfare part of it and been assured that the total number of members of the Cabinet was not to be increased. But it balked on the Highways legislation. Western members wanted to build railways instead of roads while Tory members, whose patronage had been cut off, just couldn't see the fun in handing money over to be spent by Provincial Governments of the Grit persuasion which were not converts to the principles of civil service or any other variety of reform. And, with that measure held up, the Cabinet simply lay down on their jobs and started praying for night or Blucher—Mr. Blucher's other name being Borden.

Never in the history of Parliament has so much time been spent with so little to show for it. And yet nobody seemed to worry much. It was a good-natured House that talked by day and schemed by night, and the scheming had more to do with the future of parties than the welfare of the country. But they were all busy. At least two factions of Grits and three of Unionists were keeping their ears to the ground and trying to figure what every echo meant. There were early rumors from Quebec that prominent Unionists were trying to negotiate with Sir Lomer Gouin with a view to bunching commercial interests to combat the farmer offensive. Then young Lucien Cannon, the Dorchester fire-eater, blazed out with a denunciation of conscription and all connected with it that was interpreted as a counter offensive calculated to fan race hatred into a brighter flame. This gave W. F. Nickle of Kingston an opportunity to come back with the greatest speech of the session. But while that speech made conscriptionists cheer it did little towards bringing Ontario and Quebec closer together. And the net gain lies with those who are scheming to have the big Grit convention declare for free trade and then, in conjunction with the farmers of the West, sweep the country. To do this Quebec must be held practically solid for the new doctrine. And it can only be held that way by keeping its hatred of Ontario at the highest possible temperature.

The Closest Watched Man in the House

WOULD the West enter into such a compact? That remains to be seen. Politics make strange bed fellows and when politics and business coincide they grow stranger still. Anyway for some time past Hon. J. A. Crerar has been the most closely watched man in the House. He represents the West in the Cabinet. Of course Hon. A. L. Sifton, Hon. James Calder and Hon. Arthur Meighen also imagine that they are Western representatives. It is admitted too that they hail from somewhere beyond the Great Lakes. But that is all. No one but Crerar represents Prairie sentiment. He's a farmer the best of the Grain Growers, and frankly admits that he helped to draft the platform of the Council of Agriculture. Moreover he says with equal frankness that he thought it was a good platform two years ago and thinks so still. Most people thought he would be out of the Cabinet ere this—he may be in fact before this is printed—but at the time of writing he is a homeless man and is going to get all he can for his people before he makes the jump. Nor is it at all likely that he will jump clear across the floor when he finally hands his resignation to Sir Robert. He is not so much of a boy as he appears, this sun-tanned, youthful looking statesman from the Prairies. Also he has something besides brown hair beneath the soft felt hat that he pulls down over his eyes in the House. He took hold of the Grain Growers when one stenographer and an office boy were all the help he needed to handle their affairs. Now he's head of one of the biggest concerns in Canada. And he didn't get there through trading his birthright for a mess of promises.

The West has had its fill of being lulled to sleep by pledges made for election purposes. It is looking for something more substantial at the time of writing. It will take what it can get from the Union Government—and then it would appear that Hon. J. A. Crerar will wander forth in search of more. Where is he going to find it and how? Not, you may be sure, by tieing himself up to a Liberal Party that has given no evidence of seeing eye to eye with the West on the matter of tariffs. Still, there are those who expect him to do just this.

On the evening of a day that had been a bit stormy in the Commons the rank and file were asking: "What is Hon. F. B. Carvell going to do?" The Fearless Fighting One had suffered from an attack from the rear. Butts of Cape Breton and Douglas of Glace Bay had charged him with letting a 'force' contract for airplane sheds at Sydney, N.S., to a Grit undertaker. They had followed up with statements that the undertaker was head of a ring composed of several Grit politicians. And the spectacle was unusual, to say the least—a Minister attacked by his own followers and encouraged by the applause of the Opposition. After it was all over a Nova Scotia Tory remarked: "He's going back to the Opposition anyway and if we chase him out they won't want to keep him."

Naturally conversation during the evening centred on the incident. But when one of the French-Canadian leaders was asked: "When do you kill the fatted calf for Carvell?" he smiled softly and said: "Tell me what is Crerar going to do?" And when he got the answer, "I guess you'll find him at your convention in August," he smiled again.

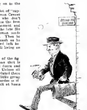
"Well, he's invited," was all he said.

The Position of Crerar

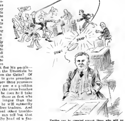
AND it looks to be a rattling good guess that Mr. Crerar will be at the big convention. Some people go so far as to predict that he'll come away from it the new Liberal leader. But from here it looks as if they had the man sized up wrong. For this Mr. Crerar is a pretty hard-headed proposition. He doesn't know politics as Sifton, Calder and Meighen think they do. In fact he is said to be simple enough to believe that honesty is the best politics. He may even have a suspicion that if he looks after his people his people will look after him. Sifton, Calder and Meighen have long ago decided that if they look after themselves these people will look after themselves. Their viewpoints are exactly opposite. So, knowing what the Big Three would do, is it not natural to suppose that the Western farmer will do exactly the opposite? Doesn't it look like a good guess that he'll go to the convention to see, not what he can get for himself, but what he can get for his people—that having got what he could from the Unionists he will add to that what he can get from the Grits? Of course the latter are only prepared to give promises. And, if there is only one way to secure those promises and that is to defer payment till they are in a position to deliver, won't Mr. Crerar go out on the cross benches and stay there for the present? If he does he'll take some Western farmers with him—all those in fact who expect their political lives to last longer than the present Parliament. Perched there he will eventually make a rallying point for the actual free traders. And in these days of Farmers, Unions and other troublesome collections of individuals, who can tell but that another session might find him at the head of a faction that could demand what it would from any Government that wanted to hang on to the moneybags of the nation?

Of course, there is a whole lot of "supposing" in all this. But this man Crerar has possibilities. And those who don't think with him that honesty is the best politics might pause for a moment and take a look at the career of the late Sir James Whitney. That statesman made people believe he was honest. Then he went ahead and did pretty much as he pleased. He died Premier and left behind a Government that is still living on his memory.

BUT Mr. Crerar is only one of the figures in this political drama that is being rehearsed behind closed doors and with the blinds down tight. Unless all signs fail, by the time this is printed there may be other additions to the little group on the cross benches. Fred Pardee is already there. He has never felt at home on the Union side of the House and he turned down several offers of portfolios largely because he didn't like the company. When he came back this session it was noticed that he didn't occupy his allotted seat among the near-statesmen but drifted around to the cross benches. Still he kept his tongue between his teeth till the titles debate came on. Then memories of how Sir Robert Borden had put the preservation of titles in a preferred position boiled up in him and he spluttered over. Some of his friends say that he went farther than he intended to but sure it is that, when he had jerked out a few sentences, the best that a shocked Cabinet could make of it was that they had lost a valued follower. Boiled down to essentials his speech was: That he had only differed with his party on one issue and that conscription; that the country needed Liberalism right now, and that the Party system was the only system of Government. He is still sitting on the Government end of the cross benches but the Liberal label is on him and he can be counted among those who will no longer listen to the crack of the Unionist whip. And it may have been significant that, seated around him when he voted against the Government on the titles amendment were a few Western Unionists and Harold of Brant, who also refused to answer the S O S sent out by the Unionist Whips. It will take a more anxious division, however, to tell how many of these have become permanent members of the Liberal Unionist faction who have thrown off their allegiance to the Government.



Hon. Bob Rogers appeared unexpectedly in Ottawa one sunny morning.



Pardee can be counted among those who will no longer listen to the crack of the Unionist whip.

A New Tory Party Formed

THEN there are the Ginger Group of Tories. They have been so quiet this session that some people think they have ceased to exist. But they are still with us and they are even said to have been the cause of a series of dinners of which a lot of people failed to grasp the significance. Anyway Hon. Bob Rogers appeared in Ottawa one sunny morning and ere the luncheon hour the wires were carrying to all parts of Canada his clarion call to all good Tories to rally to the rescue of their country. After doing a lot of handshaking and whispering he went on to Montreal where it is understood he conferred with those influential ones who put business before sentiment and as a result, a regular old-time Tory-Protectionist party is in the process of organization. Add to all this the fact that the Opposition is divided into two factions—the diehards, who refuse the right hand of fellowship to any and all who turned their backs on Laurier in the last election, and the moderates, who realize that if they are going to get anywhere there must be a welcoming home of prodigals—and you must admit that you have as mixed a dish of politics as anyone could ask. It's more like an Irish stew than anything the bill of fare usually carries.

The safety of the Union Government lies of course in the fact that it is closer to any and all of the factions than any one of them is to any of the others. That and the fact that all are planning for the future and not for the present. As I have so often remarked, nobody wants an election. A conversation between two Western Liberal Unionists is rather enlightening in this regard. They were passing along the corridor when one was overheard to say to the other:

"I guess we're not going to get many tariff concessions."

The other was silent for a moment and then apparently apropos of nothing he asked: "What do you hear about the increased indemnities?"

So right here and now you have to admit that those increased indemnities are destined to play a large part in the Government's reconstruction purposes. And the hardest thing the Opposition members will find to do during the present will be to vote against them. Of course they'll have to do it as a matter of principle and politics—but if the Government should happen to be short a vote or two to carry that measure there's a bare possibility that one or two French members could be induced to sink their race prejudice for the moment. As for the Westerners one of them puts it this way: "If we don't take home the tariff bacon we'll never come back. And you know that we can't take home that bacon."

So what are the poor men to do? Why take home as many and as big indemnities as the circumstances will permit. And before you blame them too much ask yourself what you would do in the circumstances.

But while all this was going on, while Parliament was marking time and waiting for peace and Borden, some questions were being asked. And principal among these was: "Who needs a title so badly that a Premier can twice stand his followers on their heads in order to accommodate him?" Is it Sir Robert himself or is it the baron generally mentioned in connection with munitions and bacon? Does the Premier intend to crown his career as the greatest of our war winners with a peerage and a seat at some permanent body that may grow out of the Peace Conference or the Imperial War Cabinet? Or does his duty to one of his makers compel him to hold the title-destroying hand till Sir Joseph Flavelle is clothed with recognition of his deserts? Or is the demand for decorations more wide-spread but none the less insistent? Are there promises to pay in titles to those dollar-a-year men who sacrificed their time that civilization might not perish from the earth? Was the war for democracy really won by the makings of a new aristocracy?

These are questions that time alone will answer. The

Continued on page 69

MAN AND WIFE

A Romantic Story of Quebec—By C. W. STEPHENS

Illustrated by R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Third and Concluding Instalment

CHAPTER VII

THE project for taking back the Campbell Mine dropped as quickly as it had arisen. Campbell was frankly disappointed and with no one more than his old associate Williams. From the day of the interview with Hugh the attitude of Williams had changed. He openly advised Campbell to give up the idea of opposing his son-in-law. Whether it was owing to the manner in which he gave the advice or the craft with which he slipped the drop of poison into the medicine would be difficult to decide, but it appeared that he had definitely resolved that there was little nourishment in antagonizing the camp's big man and that he intended to put his money, henceforth, on the right horse.

Campbell openly stated that Williams had "sold" him—had withdrawn his encouragement and promise of financial association—for some consideration that Lyttleton had only been too glad to pay. When he heard that Hugh had given to young Williams a position in one of the smaller mines, he was certain of his conclusion. The situation was not a responsible one but the salary paid was a great advance on anything that Williams had received before. So, declared Campbell, the victor made of his foes his servants, treated them, when they came in, with some consideration and hence, finding it wiser to use them than to break them. The Williams people, women and men, had boxed the compass so far as their ancient enemy was concerned.

Hugh had done more to win their favor by giving the son a place in which he could be called "manager," though in a pit employing less than a score men, than if he had paid him twice the salary to be an under-strapper. Henceforth Lyttleton could do no wrong in the sight of his new subjects. It was something to hang on to the tail of a big man's kite, to be on the band wagon, to run with the rout.

If Lyttleton was king and autocrat, who brooked no rival in rule, he did well by his followers. His wages were the biggest in the district, his mines were safest. He never risked a man's life to save a handful of dollars in precautionary provisions, never failed to do the just and more than just thing to a man out of luck or a woman whose bread-winner had been taken from her. He ruled in the pits like a king, but he was a just king, one who knew his work better than the best of his men, said what he meant and meant what he said. When he fought it was to a finish, but he never fought for fighting's sake, and never nursed a grudge after the bill had been paid. He could get men when other employers had to scour the country for them, and when through feebleness of age or sickness a man had to leave the hard labor of the pit bottom, he never went on the parish. Lyttleton was the first man in that country to have compulsory pensioning in his mines. It was a rule of the Mines that each man's pay was docked for his pension fund, and for every cent the man paid the master added two. If he became unable to work he was pensioned, if he died, his family received what had been coming to him. Other employers said Lyttleton spoiled his men, but Hugh knew that it paid. What others called his unfair pampering added not inconsiderably to the mine man's profit balance every year.

So when young Williams, out of a job, had asked for employment, he got it from the man whose rival he had been for a short day in the business world, and he felt it to be no humiliation to work for the big chief. Thus far had Lyttleton's supremacy been acknowledged.

HE was in New York little more than a week. While he was away Mary had taken careful note of the situation, and had arrived at a decision. The fault had been in the departure they had made from their first intention. She had allowed the proximity of an attractive man who had been boundlessly generous, more in spirit than even in action, to affect her unduly, to assert its influence over her. Henceforward there were to be no misunderstandings, no trivial jealousies. It should be none of her business to scrutinize the lists of his friends, women or men.

"Would that help much?" she asked slipping her cheque before him.

She should think no more of censoring his conduct than a man would the morals of his man friend. It should be enough for her to be the woman whom he admired—what for, she could not imagine—his official wife.

When he returned she met him with all the gracious friendliness that was her charm. He had not been away long, but the brief absence had broken the continuity of their acquaintance so that he was enabled to see her against a background of change. He saw her in the light of a new revelation. Hitherto she had been the girl of the Sunday meeting outside the grey church with the crowd streaming from Mass hemming her in. Now she was a woman with the charm of winsome girlhood enhanced by the gracious gravity of riper knowledge and experience. And the new woman he saw was not the girl he had known, who had slipped her hand within his arm and in a score of little alluring ways, insignificant enough in themselves but of vast moment to him, had shown that she was coming of her own will to make the great surrender. The touch of the hand, the glance of the eye, the expression on her face when her mind was not occupied with thought of him the kiss of the epochal night, had been slow, sure steps in the girl's advance over the plain of indifference to the open fortress of the man's heart.

Now she was changed. She was no less pleasant, and delightsome, but sometimes it seemed to him that she had halted suddenly on her way toward his heart; at others he thought she was receding, not by active positive steps but as if in some strange way, the distance appeared to be widening, mists and darkness enshrouding her. Her touch was rarely laid upon him; friendly kindness took the place of tenderness. She was comradely, the broad-minded, far-visioned woman, engrossed in his schemes, kindled by his business ambition, wholly with him in his determination to make a place in the wider world of social and political life.

Twice he suggested that they should resume their outings, for spring had come, and the world of death had leaped from its sepulchre to warm pulsing repeated life. In the whisper of the winds, the bursting of the bud, the vibrant moods of air and sky, lake and sea, was a new haunting intoxicating thrill, to which the heart sang in ecstatic response. On both occasions she made some excuse, compensating him by accompanying him more frequently on his small trips about the town, and attending church occasionally with him. He came less often to the house, and rarely stayed long. She understood, of course, that her father's half veiled hostility made his visits difficult.

"What has happened to your husband?" Mr. Campbell asked Mary brusquely one Sunday at lunch. "I suppose it is all Williams these days." He has young Jack eating out of his hand and he and Alice seem to be on great terms. Only yesterday I saw them talking and laughing on the street. I notice that she doesn't come here very often now."

"If anybody else had made such a malicious little speech I should have thought he wished to make me jealous," she laughed. "Fathers really ought not to seek to protect their married daughters from their husbands, especially one who is as attentive as Hugh. He has been clamoring for me to go flying all over the country with him, but I have been unusually busy lately."

"People are talking," he said, gloomily. "It was a fool arrangement."

MARY made no reply. It was true that Alice was rarely seen at the house. Only once since Christmas had she been there, whereas before it had been rare for a week to pass without a visit. The girls had never been intimate friends but rather agreeable acquaintances thrown much together by the scarcity of society in the town. Mary recently had put her own construction on the apparent estrangement. On the occasions when she had met the girl she had noticed an absence of the old vivacity, a seeming reserve and shyness.

During the following weeks Mary noticed a change in Hugh. He was more silent and reserved on the few occasions she saw him, and spoke less of his business affairs. Outside his mines he had developed wide interests in lumber and pulp mills. She gathered from the little he told her that these occupied a great deal of time and attention, since they were not yet on a satisfactory profitable basis. From him she learned that her father had suddenly revived his desire to take back the mine. After Williams had drawn out of the project everyone had supposed that it had been definitely abandoned. Now Campbell had told his son-in-law that he thought he could secure the financial aid he required to handle it. Hugh had agreed to accept a mortgage for the repurchase price as he had previously promised.

"I think he is making a mistake," said Hugh. "The financial situation generally is rather gloomy and there is the threat of labor troubles for the first time in our experience. We've had in recent years a great influx of foreigners, Germans, Austrians, and Russions. More than half the men in the pits are of this class and they've introduced a troublesome element into labor here. There are a few men in the lot more gifted with tongue than working ability and they're preaching anarchy. It's a bad time to start. You know that I say this in your father's interest. I spoke to him of it but he always appears to suspect my motive. If he wants to take the mine he can have it, now or at any time, but this is no day to begin what would practically be a new concern."

"He has not mentioned it to me," said Mary. "I don't want to see him enter business again. He's not fit for it. I wonder who it can be who is to help him?"

"I haven't the least idea," Hugh replied. "However, he won't listen to me. In his mind I'm always acting with ulterior motive. I'm afraid I put my foot into it with him in another way. It seemed to me he felt his want of independence. Of course he's always been master on his own account before and I thought if he had some responsible position he would be happier. I offered him the vice-presidency of one of my lumber companies. There would have been a little office oversight to keep him occupied—no real hard work though—and a small salary, say around $2,500 a year, but he didn't take it as I meant him to. It seemed to him a sort of bribe to keep him out of competition with me, so he refused it almost as if I'd insulted him."

"You mustn't take any notice of his whims," said Mary. "I don't know why it should be so, Hugh. You are endlessly good to us, and we give you the meanest return."

"I wasn't asking for that, Mary," he answered. "I'll make a good thing out of it one of these days. I'm an invincible optimist where you and yours are concerned."

She made no answer, fearing her own weakness. Whenever there came into their conversation an intimate personal tone she was afraid of herself and her only refuge was in silence.

ON the evening of the same day she was in her room when there came a tap on the door. In response to her call her father entered and took a seat. He chatted for some time on casual topics and then brought up the matter of the repurchase of the mine. Lyttleton, he told her, had agreed to re-sell to him, taking a mortgage for the money. The business could be upbuilt at once and put on a profitable basis. All he needed was working capital. The banks were tightening their policies and, with his place mortgaged up to the hilt, he was not in a position to borrow from them.

"You have what Lyttleton set aside for you," he said. "It was a hundred thousand dollars, was it not?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Not a great deal spent, I guess?" he suggested.

"No, the principal is intact. I have used only part of the interest," she said.

"I could use $50,000," he told her. "That sum would put me in an absolutely secure position. I should be indebted to no one and would soon be able to pay you back, and get rid of Lyttleton's hold on the land and mill. Of course you would get your interest—more than the bank pays you."

"But, father, you couldn't expect me to do that," she answered. "Anything that belonged to me you could have, as you know, but that is not mine."

"Whose then is it?" he demanded. "Was it a pretended gift? Something to brag about? Has he put strings to it?"

"It is mine, absolutely," she replied. "Hugh doesn't brag of his gifts, nor does he put strings to them. He has never spoken to me of his gift from the day I received it."

"Then why can't you lend part of it to me?" He asked.

"Because I don't regard it as mine," she told him. "I take what is needed for the house and myself out of the interest that I ought to do as justice to my husband who wishes me to be supported by him. The principal I won't touch."

"Not even to help your father gain his independence?" he demanded.

"Not even for that," she said. "Why can't you content yourself with the comfort we have, father? There's no need for you to enter business. The interest earned by the money I regard as mine and you may have anything you want for your comfort. The upkeep of the house is less than two thousand a year. Mother and I are not extravagant personally, and you're heartily welcome to the two thousand a year that is left when everything else is paid for. No one would know of it but the two of us, not even Hugh."

"If you have the soul of a pensioner, I have not," he replied and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the early autumn the storm fell on the mining and financial worlds. Though there had been some fear and foreboding the crash came with the furious suddenness of a tornado. Banks growing panicky at the sight of gathering clouds in the larger world, shut up their coffers. They were not lending any more. Securities, deemed good as gold before, were worthless as collateral. Canvas was hastily hauled down, and financial institutions awaited the hurricane snugged down, and with bare poles.

In the little mining town two of the smaller companies went into receiver's hands the first day of the storm. Before the week was out tradesmen here and there were following suit. Businesses began to topple like houses of cards, the fall of one bringing others down in ruin. Lyttleton's mines were the only ones on which the general disaster seemed to have no effect.

One would have thought that amid the widespread ruin, the pitmen would have rallied about the one stable firm in the district, whose payroll kept a thousand families in comfort. He was regarded as impregnable and perhaps on this account there was less compunction in attacking him. Nevertheless the strike that Lyttleton had sometimes feared actually came. One day the men presented demands that he could not meet and on receiving his refusal, walked out in a body.

Then came a black day when the rumor ran through the town that the man who had been thought invincible was faltering. It was regarded at first as a silly tale spread by malicious foes. Louder became the whisper. The big man had his funds all sunk in investments, the mines, mills, timber limits, pulp and lumber mills. The compulsory shutting down of the mines had hurt him heavily. Inability to fulfil contracts had damaged him. He might be a millionaire in ordinary times, but millionaires were dropping on every hand, the bigger they were the heavier their fall. The financial world had buttoned up its pockets, hidden its gold under the bed. The old peasant instinct had come back. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

IT was a few days before Christmas. The storm of rumor had swelled and died away, to burst out again with redoubled energy.

"I guess your man is going the way of the rest," said Campbell to Mary one dreary morning. "His was a short day. People fancied he was too big to be downed, but I tell you there never was a man so mighty that he couldn't be humbled. Things may turn out to prove that you were a wise woman. You have your money, fast and tight. Nobody can touch it, no matter what happens to him. The house is yours and all in it, and you have just yourself, neither chick nor child to carry his name."

"What has happened to Hugh?" she asked, knowing little of the tales that had been widespread.

"Getting pounded from every side, the men out on strike, his contracts cancelled on all sides, his lumber and pulp interests choked in their costly beginnings. He's a rich man—but property poor. They say it's only a short time off when he'll have to walk the plank," said Campbell almost exultantly.

"Is it true, mother?" asked Mary when her father had left the room.

"That's the general report," answered Mrs. Campbell. "It's said that his interests are so involved that he's embarrassed. Much of his outside business is only in the beginning stage in which money has to be outlaid heavily. Then there is this wretched strike, and, I understand he has had losses owing to the collapse of other firms. I sincerely hope he'll be able to weather the storm."

Mary went up to her room and called Hugh on the telephone. After some time one of the watchmen replied and told her that Mr. Lyttleton had gone away and would not be back until the following day. The call had been a sudden one and he had left by car at almost a moment's notice. Mary felt a little depressed. It was the first time he had gone away without calling her up to tell her of his intention. Little by little the gap was widening, and all her philosophy did not make the contemplation of it any more agreeable. The day passed away drearily, one of those grey, lowering days when the dark, massed clouds seemed to lean their weight on one's spirits.

SHE went to bed early to relieve a weariness that neither book nor music nor the affairs of the house could dispel. She woke soon after midnight. The night was bitter cold following an evening's snowfall, the stars burning frostily, a keen wind blowing from the West. She switched on a lamp near the bed and took up a book. One o'clock boomed from the great grandfather clock in the hall, its note throbbing on the heavy stillness and echoing through the hall and long corridors. The world outside slept its heavy, winter sleep. She shuddered at the whimpering of the wind—its occasional little shrill shrieks sounded like the dream troubles of the slumberer. Now and again the trees snapped and crackled in the keen frosty air, as if the sleeper had turned impatiently on his bed. The following silence was the more impressive. It had unfathomable profundity that was crowded with the spectral things of the night, felt rather than visible or heard. Then the heavy air shook, the house trembled as if shaken by an earthquake, a dish fell from the shelves in the kitchen below, and the dull crash of a deep thunderous roar rolled over the valley—a second and third—then a deeper silence, broken presently by the sound of a runner speeding along the road. Mary turned off the light, and a faint red glare showed through the windows. She sprang from bed and ran to pull the curtains aside. The sky eastward was filled with red flame, its tongues leaping high into the frost-shot blackness.

"They've blown up and fired the mill," she heard her father exclaim. "It has been long enough threatened, and they've done it."

He dressed hurriedly, took horse and sleigh from the stable and was driving furiously along the road within five minutes.

Helpless, the two women sat through the night and watched the fire extend until the whole block of Lyttleton's mills, save the offices, were a roaring geyser of fire. They saw through glasses the buildings dissolve, the roofs crash downward, the clouds of sparks and flying embers spread over the land, the walls fall in, and the whole place, Lyttleton's pride, a heap of glowing, smoking ruins.

WHEN day broke the tall white mill and storehouses were a black, smoking offense upon the face of the snow-white landscape. It was nine o'clock when Campbell returned with the story. An attack had been made on the buildings by the foreign strikers at midnight. The two guards had been seized, the dynamite stores raided, the derricks smashed and thrown into the pits, the engine house dynamited, the mill with its costly machinery blown up and fired. The establishment—the finest in that part of the land—had been made a useless scrap heap. Aid had come too late. By the time the police had arrived from their distant quarters, the evil work had been done. Before the greatness of the catastrophe even Campbell was awed.

"A quarter of a million won't make good the loss this night's work has caused," he said. "Not half covered by insurance. It will be the finishing punch for Lyttleton. Even if the men were to go back to-morrow, it would be late spring before he could get going, and if he was money pinched before, what will he be now?"

IT was late in the evening when Mary received word that Hugh was back. She called the stable boy, bade him get out her sleigh and drive her into town. The nine o'clock convent bell was ringing as she went again, on foot, up the lonely steep and turned into the dismal lane, its snow blackened by smoke and dead embers from the fire. She stood for some moments to look upon the piled up ruin, a gaunt skeleton of vanished greatness. The edges of the pit were bare and more ominous-looking than ever, the derricks gone, the bats swept away, and nothing left of the multitude of buildings and appliances but the offices. The big main office was in darkness, but there was a light in the private room.

She glanced through the window. Hugh was there, seated at his desk, a sheet of calculations before him. As she looked, he sat up, leaned back, deep in thought. She was proud of him with a new pride.

Whatever he had done was forgotten, banished, forgiven. The fault was hers. If he had wandered away because of her coldness, she would win him back. Not for an instant did she doubt her power. She would ask no question of him, accept all that was past, take the blame on her own shoulders, but he was hers and none should ever take him away from her again. Had he shown signs of brokenness she would have pitied him, but on his face was no sign of despair, no trace of wincing before the blows that had been rained upon him. He was still the fighting man—his back hard against the wall and fighting with all the mighty power of him. Then what mattered loss, wreckage, black ruin? The man was infinitely bigger than the calamity. If he was being driven back, it was a retreat more glorious than victory, for it had in it the promise that he would come again. He fell back that he might launch his smashing drive at the over-confident foe the more irresistibly.

Continued on page 73

SALVAGE—A CANADIAN IDEA

By LACEY AMY

MOTORING in France along a road close enough to the fighting front to be broken by shell holes and at the moment under intermittent fire I was held up in the traffic by an empty lorry that recklessly bumped its way along the narrow strip of roadway left for the outgoing line by the ingoing loads of battle supplies.

It was not quite empty. From the dusk beneath the cover there peered out at me the wizened, leathery face of an ancient French peasant woman, a refugee from the strife she had dared for four long years. And under her derelict visage on the back board of the lorry stared a query I had read many times before without interest: "What have you saved to-day?"

Even my driver laughed—that youthful veteran of stony indifference to everything in war but meal hours and engine trouble. My eyes were opened to a story I had been reading without understanding. So quietly and unobtrusively had it been weaving its plot into the great theme of war that few noticed it, fewer spoke of it, and none gave it the credit it deserved as an essential factor in victory.

WHEN RETURNING
FROM LINE ALWAYS
BRING SALVAGE
EVERY LITTLE HELPS
DO

Upper—Ammunition boxes in a village captured by the Canadians. Lower—The hard part of Salvage

It Was Canada's Invention

IF it is the last gun and man that wins a war, Salvage will bob up at the end with that gun. For Salvage is to the material forces of the army what hospitals are to the men. It has made the bottomless pit of war fathomable. It was the life-line of millions of dollars worth of the raw materials of war—leather, steel, iron, brass, powder, cloth. It despatched the breeches buoy to brigades of guns of all sizes, to squadrons of saddles, to corps of rifles and boots and haversacks and uniforms. It fought the submarine menace with the most effective of weapons. It partially solved the transportation problem, the production problem, the man-power problem. It helped magnificently to defeat an enemy more independent of it because of years of preparation. It held down the colossal taxes of a world struggle and enabled the belligerent countries to step into peace with their wind good and their equipment fit enough.

Incidentally, but vital to this article, it was the product of Canadian brains, as were the trench raid, the tump line, the canthook as a war weapon, light railway construction, army farming, and a host of other members of the great family of victory. So proud a product was it that the British Army copied it entire. Which was no new sensation for the Canadians.

Economy is a fetich of the French. Among the peasants, as we discovered through that wonderful country, it supplanted the progress of invention and innovation. The flail repudiated the threshing machine. Conservation, economy's modern cousin, was never more at home than in the Canadian heart and mind. And conservation developed, through the exigencies of the case, into that powerful arm of military service known as Salvage.

Conservation is an instinct of some Canadians. Now and then one came across it at the front in its extreme form. During the heavy fighting of 1918, after four years of ceaseless war had strewn France with its marks, a Canadian newspaper friend visiting the front for a few days entered the mess one evening with all the dignity of virtue. Solemnly holding aloft one of those little cartridge clips that will for years be earth of the very earth of France he informed us that he had found it. Where, he enquired, should he hand it in? And not one of us even smiled.

An Invitation to Save

UP at Ablain St. Nazaire I noticed conservation first in organized form. There in the semi-shelter of Vimy Ridge was a welter of ruin unrivalled along the four hundred miles of battle line. Whole villages had been so completely levelled that in early 1918 one rode through them without suspecting they had ever existed. For years the Germans had been lobbing over destruction into that corner. So that the jagged remains of the church are perhaps more famous—in art, at least—than the Cloth Hall at Ypres or the Rheims Cathedral. It was while returning from the ruined church with a Canadian artist that I came on Conservation, the forerunner of Salvage.

Before an extensive area covered with engineers' supplies was a huge sign which he who ran might read. Behind it a battery of big guns was lazily awakening to the afternoon strafe. The walls of the church stood dull white against the hills to the west. A mere trickle of water, dignified by the name of the Souchez River, meandered as a ditch beside the road. And only two or three miles away, around the curve of the hollow, lay Lens and its shattered suburbs, that town of evil but wondrous fame to Canada.

"Think," commanded the sign in a whole line to itself, and then, "before drawing R. E. stores, of the following prices:

	£	s.	d.
1 sandbag costs	0	0	8
1 large steel shelter	17	6	3
1 small steel shelter	5	18	9
1 coil wire netting	1	4	9
1 sheet corrugated iron	0	3	3
1 pick	0	2	3
1 shovel	0	1	6

ECONOMIZE—

1. By not indenting for more than you need and can use at once.
2. By bringing back all tools taken out on working parties.
3. By salving all the material you can and using where you can instead of new.
4. *By remembering that everything has yet to be paid for.*"

The official photographer has made a record of that sign for posterity as the idea behind Canada's Salvage scheme.

Canadian Bravery and Salvage

SALVAGE entered again into my experience when the Canadian Corps was resting at Pernes to block the victorious path of the enemy in early 1918—or to be ready for one of those famous attacks which placed the Canadians by themselves in the eyes of the German Army.

Bethune had moved up so close to the front that its future was uncertain. Its citizens had been gone for months and the soldiers who moved amidst its strafed ruins looked into houses and stores that had been left as they stood when the sudden terror of capture drove their owners to flee without the family penates. Life in Bethune was as uncertain as a feather in the wind. One felt it keenly when drifting through the deserted streets a whining shell dropped in the next block and altered the skyline before one's eyes.

Back at Pernes, short ten miles away, an old barn had become an auction room where French officials sold to the highest bidder stoves and grain and hay, the unorganized salvage of Bethune. Then the Canadians took it in hand. Lorries made daily trips. They backed up to the empty houses and stores of Bethune, loaded with everything portable, and rumbled back to Pernes, where every available space was requisitioned for storage. From ugly lorries there passed into these barns beautiful mirrors of past centuries, ornate chandeliers, tables and chairs, stoves, anvils, paintings—the most intimate possessions of a people who love their country so passionately that they have never become emigrants. And everything was tagged with the number of the street from which it was taken. Dangerous work it was. To-day the lorries would plan their duties for to-morrow—only to find, when to-morrow came, that the street they were to work on had vanished. But with dents in their sides and holes in their covers they emerged from the shelled towns each night with another day's record of Salvage.

The Wonderful Fruits of Salvage

BUT Salvage, with a capital S, I became acquainted with first at Boves, an uninhabited one-streeted village of ancient usage down there south of Amiens. In that fight Salvage almost wearied. Its muscles ached. It so nigh to over-reached itself that it threatened to hamper transportation instead of relieving it. For the unexpected appearance of the Canadians was successful beyond the power of any organization of Salvage to cope with it adequately. Hitherto booty had been a mere incident of success. But when it takes the form of a couple of hundred big guns, among them a half dozen of the hated long range, high velocity five-point-nines, of equipment enough to outfit an army, of weapons of offence and defence never before met—then it ceases to be an addenda and becomes part of the text.

When the Corps wiped the dust of Amiens from its feet there remained in its wake such a hoard of Salvage as had never before rewarded an attack on such a width of front. A whole field was covered with it—stacked and piled. It might have been an exhibition of the necessities of war. The big guns were off some miles nearer Amiens, for they merited separate mention and, technically speaking, are not included in the sphere of Salvage—though Salvage reserves them as it does the other equipment.

In the field of Salvage were great groups of machine guns and heaps of rifles, bayonets and swords, unexploded grenades and cartridges in boxes piled higher than a man's head, shells of every calibre, helmets of both armies, stacks of khaki and field grey, clothing, leather in its multitude of shapes as used in saddles, straps, machine carriers, German haversacks, boots and bayonet scabbards.

Amidst the litter men were producing order. Every item was in its own pile. Live German shells and grenades were being "dehorned" by delicate but assumingly useless hands. Novelties were set aside for future study.

At this stage of the year's operation I came personally within the broad horizon of Salvage and learned something of its ramifications. In the hurry of moving from Dury, the Headquarters town, back to the Arras sector a careless batman neglected a haversack of mine. By the time I could return for it, it had disappeared with the troops that followed us. "See the Salvage officer," advised everyone. I did. And the machinery he immediately set in motion made me feel like a joy-ride clergyman visiting the front for the first time. I never recovered my haversack—but I have copies of a month of correspondence that continued long after I had ceased to care, and extended back and forward from corps to army in that interminable way of military efficiency. It ceased only when, oppressed with the necessity of getting on with the war, I insisted that I had found the lost detail of equipment.

Saving Ran Into Millions

SALVAGE emerged from the experience in my eyes a tremendous machine of bewildering efficiency, a great rolling of wheels that had long since passed from human control. One got those impressions sometimes at the front.

Salvage came into official existence only in March 1917. Before that it had been merely Divisional effort, independent in its various units but ambitious enough to reveal its possibilities. The one exception to the detachment of its early history was during the Somme offensive of 1916. In those two months of August and September more than $2,000,000 worth of ammunition alone was salved, and $2,500,000 in ordnance. Six million dollars was the record of that short period of organized Salvage in the Canadian Corps.

Accordingly only a few months intervened before the system was permanently adopted as a recognized part of the military machine. Since then there are official figures that prove its value beyond cavil. From March 14th, 1917, to the end of that year the Canadian Corps was better off by $6,200,000 through the benefits of Salvage. For the next year I have returns only up to the end of August, including therefore only the Amiens battle of the tremendous scene of fighting. After that time the Canadian Corps was advancing so steadily through a welter of German booty and the surviving possessions of French refugees that estimate is impossible. But in those eight months of the year, with only one battle, Salvage turned in $4,500,000 in material. And it must be understood that the value of German and French materials was never included.

It might not be clear how such an amount could be represented by British Salvage alone. The explanation is the revelation of the true sphere of Salvage. Salvage, concerned as it was with German booty and the recovery of French property, was primarily the salvation of British equipment discarded or lost in the ordinary course of war. It followed close on the heels of a reequipping army of a moving unit. When a battalion changed its location it left behind bits of outfit deliberately or carelessly. Salvage picked it up. When an advance was made it often happened that whole units dropped their equipment to facilitate the operation. Salvage came along and saved it all. In the trenches remained stores of bombs, iron rations, blankets, ground sheets, ammunition, when the soldiers had departed. Salvage neglected none of it. The battlefield was a store of equipment discarded by the wounded or dropped by the dead, by the attackers and attacked. Salvage pushed out in the fringe of the shelling and rescued it.

Salvage missed little. It closed its hand on things that seemed the antithesis of the needs of war. But one never knows. For instance, the army to which the Canadian Corps was attached at the time developed one of those unaccountable cravings that come once to the soldier. It wanted two chaff cutters. Well—the Canadian Corps Salvage Company produced them immediately.

Salvage in Small Things

SALVAGE turned up its nose at nothing. The ubiquitous petrol tin seemed to the soldier worth nothing save in its varied capacities for adding to the comfort of dugouts and tents. It was his wash basin, his waterpail, his brazier, his chair, his protection from wind and shell. War would have been a better hell without the petrol tin. But why Salvage should bother with it was apparent to no one but Salvage in all that petrol tinned France. But the army suddenly called for 1,800 one day, and Salvage had a thousand on hand blocking the landscape.

But there is no intention of implying that the soldiers did not co-operate in salvaging. There were established dumps all along the Canadian front. There were too sufficient signs and appeals to remind the men of those dumps. And the Canadians responded by bringing back with them from the Advance areas enough rescued material and equipment and tools to make their co-operation a worthy addition to Canadian assistance in the war.

The system of Salvage was well organized for its work. Each Division as well as the unit known as Corps Troops (that body of men required around the Corps distinct from the battalions), had its own organization for salvage. It followed its own forces, established its own dumps, received credit for its own salvage. The First Division salvaged $950,000 worth of recaptured British material at Amiens alone. The Third estimated its savings up to the week before the Amiens fight at $555,784. There was a profitable rivalry induced by such a system.

When the Corps arrived at a new area it was the duty of the Corps Salvage Officer to furnish each of the Division Salvage officers with maps showing the location of dumps. Small sub-dumps were formed under the Division aegis, and their contents were transferred back to the main Division dump as transportation became available. Here was undertaken the great task of sorting and classifying. Sorting was according to kind, classification to serviceability. This completed, everything was despatched to the Corps Salvage dump. Here what was serviceable and fit for immediate use was turned over to Ordnance; serviceable, but requiring repair was returned to the Base repair shops and the unserviceable was sent to the Base for breaking up. There unserviceable clothing became rags, and broken rifles were examined for serviceable parts.

In the collection of the salvage care was taken to confine the initial work to perishable material. After that the field was more deliberately combed.

How Souvenirs Were Secured

THE sub-dumps were located where possible near a light railway or frequented road. The Divisional dumps had to be convenient to a light railway. The Corps dump was beside a standard gauge railway for transportation to the Base. Light railway trains that went up with ammunition or troops returned with salvage. Lorries were requisitioned on the return journey. Salvage had no transportation of its own but it had considerable powers of requisitioning.

Salvage collected the material left at casualty clearing stations. Rest camps were cleaned up by camp commandants and town majors and when the accumulation grew to sufficient proportions Salvage carried it away to the dumps. If the Corps moved too quickly for Salvage to complete its job the Salvage Officer left behind him a map of the area not cleared.

An incidental feature of Salvage operations was its contribution to the War Museum to be built at Ottawa. Scores of packing boxes were despatched direct to Canada—and scores more would have gone had Salvage had the authority it should have had. In that case it might have prevented the peculiar situation that developed of Great Britain taking the choice of everything captured by the Canadians for the Museum to be constructed in London, England—where very few Canadians will ever see some of the finest trophies of the war, captured by their own sons.

The personnel of Salvage was drawn from the Area Employment Companies, consisting mostly of B2 men. The objection to this was that the men trained in salvaging were subject to recall by the Employment Companies at any time. Towards the end of the war it was proposed to form a permanent staff, as the duties justified.

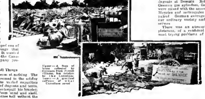
Salvage recalls to my mind several scenes during the later stages of the fighting. Out before Arras a wide place was largely filled with heaps of the trophies of war, much of it equipment, shells and even guns recaptured from the Germans after they had captured them from the British during their early successes of the year. Such an abundance of material did the Germans lay their hands on in their drive that they had not had time or means of removing it. Now hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth returned unharmed to the original owners to be used as first intended. There were thousands of British shell boxes to help to solve the shortage of wood and labor, and there were shell casings in piles that needed only to be touched up to be ready for use again.

Corps Salvage dump was during those days a hive of industry and a centre of deepest interest. It was necessarily some distance in the rear because of the destruction of railway further forward. There it had settled down to show just what Salvage can do with the broken, dented, rusted, muddied stuff that accumulates on every battle front.

A GREAT heap of empty oil drums represented a distinct operation. It started when the Salvage Officer happened one time to see an empty drum overturned. The little bit of oil that dripped from it gave him an idea. And ever since the drippings have averaged 500 gallons a month of clean gain. In one shed two men were hammering at pieces of bent tin rescued from damaged petrol and oil receptacles. And in a corner of the shed a third man illustrated their use. Signs—the multitude of painted signs necessary through the areas of the armies—were growing under his hand. No more valuable wood or tin for the signs of the Canadian Corps! Another shed was devoted to the cleaning of British rifles. A heap of 150 lay ready to go back to the trenches, polished and bright, their action perfect, in as good condition as ever they were. Knapsacks, cartridge belts, haversacks and trenching tool carriers and even clothing were being cleaned for immediate re-issue. A home-made furnace was struggling to extract the solder from the heaps of tins necessary to the life of an army.

There were German cookers—better than our own—awaiting disposal. Two had been captured at Amiens that belonged once to the British Army and had been improved in German hands. German field kitchens and hot water heaters. German tip-carts—one fitted with British wheels—German camouflage—and the German pre-dated us in camouflage and always excelled in it—German folding and bicycle stretchers were in the dump. A furnace seemed to offer no service. The casings of the shells that had once fired on St. Pol had been captured at Vis-en-Artois thirty miles away, and were welcome souvenirs. German shaft blowers had already been utilized by the Corps in the Headquarters' dugouts at Demuin. Rolls of German barbed wire, German gas cylinders, German wagons and limbers were mixed with the accoutrements of our own armies. Bicycles and motorcycles were in condition to be repaired. German corrugated iron was stronger than our ordinary variety and would be quickly put into service.

There was an atmosphere of efficiency, of completeness, of a confident solution of many of the most trying problems of war about that collection. Canadian Salvage had handed on its lesson to the rest of the British Army. It had revealed its story to those best fitted to estimate its value. Thereafter it was content to work silently in its own way, replacing production in part by conservation, preventing the strain and perils of shortage, recovering what would mean the difference between exhaustion and mere weariness, shortening the war every day it was in operation.



Upper—A heap of brass collected by Germans from French villages, but retaken by the Canadians. Lower—A practical evidence of what Canadians saved.

WHY DID WE LET TROTZKY GO?

Canada Lost an Opportunity to Shorten the War

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. B. MACLEAN

THE way things look at the moment some Canadian politicians or officials were chiefly responsible for the prolongation of the war, for the great loss of life, the wounds and sufferings of the winter of 1917 and the great drives of 1918. And they are doing their very best to prevent Parliament and the country from getting at the facts. While our splendid armies were hanging on in France and our loyal leaders at Ottawa and throughout the country were straining every nerve to support them with more men, someone was betraying them at Ottawa and down at Halifax. When General Sir Sam Hughes asked some questions in the House of Commons, Hon. Mr. Burrell, Secretary of State, simply said there was no information on the subject, which was untrue. There is a lot of information obtainable, but the persons who know seem to be using every effort to hide the disgraceful part they may have played and prevent any effort to trace the episode to the persons higher up.

OFFICIAL reports such as Sir Douglas Haig's review of the war and many speeches and other utterances of men who knew show that but for the Russian breakdown the war would have been over a year earlier.

The man chiefly responsible for the defection of Russia was Trotzky. Trotzky—the real man now directing Russian affairs, acting under German instructions—was arrested and held in the internment camp at Amherst, N.S., on the very definite instructions of the British Secret Service, who knew exactly who he was and what he was proceeding to do. They protested strongly against our releasing him. Yet our authorities released him at the request of someone at the British Embassy, Washington, acting they say on the request of someone in Washington.

Let us look at the evidence as uncovered by the British Secret Service in Russia, and by the equally excellent U.S. Secret Service and passed to the British. Originally the British found through Russian associates that Kerensky, Lenine and some lesser leaders were practically in German pay as early as 1915 and they uncovered in 1916 the connections with Trotzky, then living in New York. From that time he was closely watched by the clever section of the Police Department known as the "Bomb Squad." In the early part of 1916 a German official sailed for New York. British Intelligence officials accompanied him. He was held up at Halifax, but on their instruction he was passed on with profuse apologies for the necessary delay. After much manoeuvring he arrived in a dirty little newspaper office in the slums and there found Trotzky, to whom he bore important instructions. From June 1916 until they passed him on to the British, the N.Y. Bomb Squad never lost touch with Trotzky. They discovered that his real name was Braunstein and that he was a German, not a Russian.

The Career of Trotzky

A RUSSIAN acquaintance who recently passed through Toronto told me he knew him very well, suspected him and once as a pretext asked him to translate, carefully, a document into German and Russian. Trotzky failed on the Russian, but his German was perfect.

The U.S. Intelligence Department further found that he had for years been in the German Secret Service in Russia. In August 1914 he had ostentatiously been expelled from Berlin. He went to Paris, where he was soon identified as a German. He had to get out. Then he went to Spain. The Allies protested and he moved to the States, where he became active in Russian circles there and in Canada. Russians in Western Canada say he was instrumental in getting over 5,000 foreigners to sail from Vancouver and other ports for Russia who were trained and instructed for propaganda purposes. They were largely Germans and Austrians traveling as Russians.

He organized those who remained behind into groups and by this time enough was known to take him very seriously. Long before the Russian Revolution occurred he had announced it in New York. He was closely watched and all his speeches were recorded. He was identified and at a meeting on February 2, 1917, he was introduced as Mr. Bernstein. Just when the U.S. was severing relations with Germany and war was certain he started the campaign against militarism and the doing away with the U.S. Government once and forever. A typewritten copy of the speech was given to Colonel Biddle of the U.S. army, who that night read it over the phone to Colonel Van Deman in Washington. Another copy went to the British Secret Service.

On March 26, the night before he sailed, Trotzky addressed a large meeting organized by the German Federation to say farewell. The Bomb Squad took every word down through a dictaphone, and made a list of those present. In all 120 of them were to sail. Emma Goldman, who used to visit friends in Toronto, was on the platform. Trotzky explained quite frankly and clearly that "they were going to Russia to push the Revolution as it ought to be pushed."

"You who stay here," he said, "must work hand in hand with the revolution in Russia, for only in that way can you accomplish revolution in the United States."

ON the S.S. Christiania, on which he sailed, were several British Secret Service officers. On arrival at Halifax, on April 3, they reported Trotzky and four associates to Captain Making, R.N. These men were taken off the ship under the direction of Lieut. Jones, R.N.

It is an extraordinary fact, the police officials tell me, that these agitators who are so bold and courageous on the platform when stirring up a mob to rebel against authority to seize anything they want, are the most arrant cowards when they themselves have to face authority. Trotzky was no exception. He crouched and whined and cried in abject terror. When he found he was not to be shot his bluff returned and he protested violently. Later he assumed a religious air when he objected to the house in which, by choice, he was temporarily held. He was eventually turned over under armed guard to the Canadian authorities who placed him in the internment camp at Amherst, where several hundred enemy aliens were in confinement, and are still there.

The British Secret Service handed over full details to the authorities at Halifax, including a copy of Trotzky's speech. They knew he was a German, not a Russian. With his four companions he was held for some time. His wife and other persons plentifully supplied with money—which the records show came from German sources in New York—were in communication with Washington and New York. The British Secret Service people knowing they had a very important German prisoner fought bitterly against the release. The minor Canadian officials, knowing the facts, were amazed when they were ordered to discharge the crew with honors.

GENERALLY the explanation is given that the release was done at the request of Kerensky, but months before this British officers and one Canadian serving in Russia, who could speak the Russian language, reported to London and Washington that Kerensky was in German service. Finally it is said it was done at the request of the British Embassy at Washington over the head of the British and American Intelligence Departments, and that the Embassy acted on the request of the U.S. State Department, who were acting for someone else. This is not the view of the U.S. Intelligence Department, for they were so astonished that they sent one of their trusted officials to Ottawa to investigate. He visited among others the Secretary of State's Department.

That the request came from the British Embassy at Washington is an explanation, but no excuse for the release of Trotzky by Canadian authorities who knew the importance of their prisoner. The utter incompetence and helplessness of our Embassy was well known. It was a joke in the U.S. until Lord Reading took charge. That the lesson of what the Empire has suffered in this war—because of its mistaken diplomatic and secular ideas several times exposed in these columns—has not been learned is evident from a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror*, London, which favors the appointment of Sir J. W. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, as Ambassador at Washington because "it would give great satisfaction to the American people, for Lowther possesses in an eminent degree all the qualities required to make a great ambassador—intellectual distinction, diplomatic experience, and the gift of cultivated oratory."

Yet Hon. Mr. Burrell tells Parliament that there are no records. Who are they trying to protect or hide?

Trotzky Estranges British Labor

TROTZKY is very noisy and talkative and unprincipled and to this is due the very important change of attitude on the part of British Labor. Whether by prearrangement or not is unknown, but Trotzky, when waiting at Stockholm on his way to Russia, met certain British Socialists and Labor Leaders who were then in entire sympathy with the Russian revolution. Trotzky's pictures of the opportunities Bolshevism opened for its leaders—wealth untold and lavish luxuries to be enjoyed, the making of maidens a public property—disgusted the steady British workmen and they told him so. Finding he had made a mistake Trotzky sought to get them out of the way. Stockholm was full of German agents. One British Labor leader was given a cup of coffee. Being suspicious he, unnoticed, exchanged it with his companion, a German. The latter died in twenty minutes. The British Unionist was arrested but it was proved that the dead man was a German spy, who had put the poison in the Englishman's cup. This man exposed the Bolsheviki plans to British Unionism. Subsequent events confirmed in every detail the truth of his stories.

Finally Peter Wright brought first hand news from Petrograd to a large gathering and British labor changed completely. Peter himself had a narrow escape. Finding the Bolshevki policies did not appeal to him Trotzky's agents sought him. Warned by friends he escaped in a coffin brought to the hotel for a man who had died. He was being buried when he was released and got away in disguise by friendly members of the Russian Sailors Union. His arrival in England was most timely. Inspired by the misrepresentation of men like Henderson, Labor had, by a majority of over 30,000, adopted a Revolutionary policy. After hearing from Mr. Wright—himself a life long labor agitator—the policy was reversed by a larger majority the other way. One of the great Scotch leaders who was a hot Revolutionist before the war is now saying that the fearful experiences of Russia under Trotzky had caused him to drop the first letter of his watchword. He is now an "Evolutionist" and has been using his great influence successfully on the British workers to resist German Bolshevik propaganda and on the British employers to grant without pressure every reasonable demand from their employees.

At another time our officials were instructed to inform the press that Trotzky was an American citizen traveling on an American passport; that his release was specially demanded by the Washington State Department; that in view of the precarious international relations existing at that time it was necessary for Canada to release him. But Canadians knew enough of Trotzky's history from American British sources to make a fight against his release, by at least making the facts public. If this had been done no doubt the Americans would have insisted upon uncovering the influences working for Trotzky.

If the matter had ended in Canada with the release of Trotzky there would perhaps now be nothing but regret for the lack of backbone in our officialdom; nothing but another example of a case where politicians brought appalling losses upon us by refusing to be guided by our military experts, and this time confirmed by those of our Allies.

But it did not end there. On the other hand it began to show itself particularly in Toronto, where flourished one of the most important groups of Anarchists organized by Trotzky to prepare for the Canadian Revolution. At one time there were over 1,500 members in this group and they did some substantial work with the local press and on the unsuspecting returned soldiers. When the leaders advocated the raid of stores and private homes the police took some of them in and they are now working in smaller groups.

At Ottawa Trotzky had, and continues to have, strong underground influence. There his power was so great that orders were issued that he must be given

Continued on page 66A

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Are Peace Terms Too Harsh? Canadian Newspapers Unanimously Answer: "No!"

"GERMANY," says the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, "carefully inspecting the Allies peace terms must imagine she is in the position of the guest in the Manitoba hotel thirty years ago. The waiter leaned on the table and breathing heavily, asked:

"'What'll yr have, pie or puddon?'

"'Pie,' said the guest.

"'You'll have to take puddon',' replied the waiter, 'we have no pie.'"

The London *Free Press* expresses the same opinion when commenting on the German remark that they "cannot and will not sign the terms." "It would not be wide of the mark," says the *Free Press*, "to ask: What can and what will they do?"

The great majority of Canadian newspapers confidently inform their readers that Germany will sign the peace terms—and sign them just as they are now. Several dailies ask the question "Will Germany sign?" and then proceed to answer their own query with an emphatic affirmative. The Quebec *Telegraph* headed its "peace terms" editorial: "Will Germany sign?" and proceeds:

"What is the alternative?

"Either the Allies will occupy the country and surround it with an economic blockade, or Germany will turn Bolshevist, allying herself with Russia and Hungary.

"In either case the situation would be serious. Were Germany to go Bolshevist she would probably get completely out of hand and the Allies would be faced by a Nihilistic condition disastrous to the peace.

"Probably, however, when their bluff is over, the Huns will come and sign rather than suffer either allied pressure or Bolshevist terror. The question will then be one of making Germany carry out the terms of a treaty to which the population as a whole is manifestly so hostile."

Quebec *L'Evénement* also asks: "And if Germany refuses to sign? . . ." and answers that to refuse signature is a "physical impossibility": their sole resistance consists of a certain force of inertia which amid famine and anarchy will not long endure."

The Victoria (B.C.) *Daily Times* says: "She may seek to escape some of the conditions by negotiation and by the submission of counter-proposals. Eventually, however, she will sign, for actually she has no other alternative."

Repudiation after signing is regarded by the St. Thomas *Times-Journal* as in consonance with German standards of morality. This paper says:

"Will Germany accept the treaty is now the question of absorbing interest, or, accepting it, will the Germans do this under reservation and with the design of ultimate repudiation? That is the question of real importance and concern, and the answer cannot long be delayed."

A Just Peace

WHAT of the terms? Are they too harsh? No!

This is the emphatic statement made in Canadian newspapers from P.E.I. to B.C. The Saskatoon *Star* says:

"It is a just peace and a generous peace and, therefore ought to be an enduring peace."

"It was worth fighting and waiting for this Treaty of Peace which the Entente Allies have dictated to the Huns," says the Kingston *Standard*.

The Vancouver *Province* believes the Germans were let off very easily and that the sentence of the allied powers "is a mild and humane punishment in view of the offence which has been committed."

"A just peace that will make for enduring peace," the Nelson, B.C., *News* heads its editorial May 9, and goes on to say:

"Any fears that the Peace Congress would sacrifice to sentimental considerations the victory which the allied people won on the field of battle by their endurance and sufferings are removed by the knowledge of the peace terms announced yesterday."

The St. John, N.B., *Standard* sees cause for rejoicing that "There has been no weakening, no mushy sentiment tending to relaxation of demands on a defeated and dishonorable foe."

Germany is really lucky after all, thinks the London *Free Press* which says:

"Germany is fortunate that she is permitted to escape with the acceptance of terms which are summed up in two words, namely, justice and mercy,' and later:

"Germany had already shorn herself of national honor. The peace terms take away prestige, provinces, colonies, navy, merchant marine, army, land defences, cables, enormous sums in indemnity, and her former Kaiser. The cup of retribution must seem to Germany to be indeed filled to overflowing. No other or lesser terms were possible."

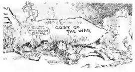
The Stratford *Beacon* expresses the belief that "The majority of people in Canada think that sufficient punishment was not meted out to the Germans before the armistice was signed, but they would have been at their old tricks crying "Kamerad" and then ready to fight again as soon as they had opportunity."

"Hard but not harsh," summarizes the viewpoint of the Montreal *Gazette* which asserts:

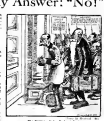
"If the terms are hard they are not harsh, and assuredly do not outrun the deserts of the case. Germany must be made pay for her wanton atrocities, and if her Empire is dismembered, if her people bear the burden of their rulers' crimes through more than one generation, they may in time come to realize that their punishment is less than their iniquities deserve."

The Halifax *Chronicle* thinks that the terms are adequate, remarking:

"So the punishment to be inflicted, however inadequate it may look at present to those still smarting from their wounds, will really be exemplary, and such as has hardly ever before been inflicted on a sovereign nation. From a first-class and supposedly paramount Power, Germany, when she signs the peace terms, will have been reduced to military impotence for generations to come, and to third rank standing among the nations."



All Unfal In— Chicago "News"



Ivey in Montreal "Star"

The Germans Enter Paris at Last.

What Germany Would Have Imposed

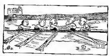
MANY newspapers draw a comparison between the terms which the Germans are to sign, and those terms which the Allies would have had to sign had the Germans won. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* gives a column summary of Herr Erzberger's (former German Chancellor's) terms, from which the following extract may be quoted:

"Germany, in the first place, cannot tolerate the presence on her frontiers of so-called neutral states insufficiently strong to preserve their neutrality, or which do not want to remain neutral," said Erzberger. "Her second aim must be to free herself from the insupportable leading strings of England on all questions of world policy. In the third place she must break up the Russian colossus. Consequently Germany must have sovereignty not only over Belgium but the French coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne, and possession of the Channel Islands. She must also take the mines in French Lorraine and create an African German Empire by annexing the Belgian and French Congos, British Nigeria, Dahomey and the French West Coast.

"In fixing indemnities, the actual capacity of a state at the moment should not be considered. Besides a large immediate payment, annual instalments spread over a long period could be arranged. France would be helped in making them by decreasing her budget of naval and military appropriations, the reduction to be imposed in the peace treaty being such as would enable her to send substantial sums to Germany. Indemnities should provide for the repayment of the full costs of the war and the damages of war, notably in East Prussia, the redemption of all of Germany's public debt and the creation of a vast fund for incapacitated soldiers.'

The Belleville *Intelligencer* speaks with contempt of the Germans as "rotten losers" and adds:

"If the Hun terms had been reversed by the Allies and imposed upon the defeated nations there might have been some ground for the howls now going up. The Huns are as rotten losers as they were winners and from first to last have inspired nothing but contempt. Even in their great hour of defeat there is no one to sympathize with a nation which knows not sympathy."



—From the "Daily Express," London

He "Wood-row" the Wrong Way

The same point is also emphasized by the St. John, N.B., *Globe*:

"The treaty which Germany will be compelled to sign—or suffer the consequences—is severe, but it is mild indeed compared with what Germany would have imposed on Great Britain and her Allies had she won."

The Victoria, B.C. *Times* looks upon Germany as essentially unrepentant still, asserting that:

"Germany is not entitled to any relaxation of the terms submitted to her and she should receive none. She has not shown any real signs of regret or repentance for what she has done. She has not punished a solitary member of the criminal crowd which controlled her policy up to recent months."

The German people should receive with warm favor the peace the Allies have laid down, several newspapers believe. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* points out that: "The treaty delivers the German people from the intolerable burden of the war machine, and practically guarantees them immunity from attack as long as they live up to the peace terms."

The Toronto *Star* feels that one section of the treaty will be a welcome relief, hoping that "by a large element of the population the limitation of the army to 100,000 men and the forbidding of conscription may be regarded as a measure of relief rather than as a punishment. Instead of being forced to go into the army they will be forced to keep out of it."

The *Mail and Empire* points out later, however, that to believe the Germans will accept the terms in any permanently meek fashion is a mistaken notion:

"Apart from the outcries of professional politicians, there is no answering cry of protest from Germany. The masses in Germany seem to be too distracted by immediate cares—by shortage of food, by chaos in industry and a great weariness of turmoil—to care what the terms are. It would be folly, of course, to believe that this is more than a passing condition. When the Germans recover from their depression and have an opportunity to think of the future, they will feel in their hearts what they now feel in their stomachs.'

Wanted the Kaiser Indicted

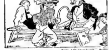
THE majority of Canadian newspapers, rather strangely it may seem, ignore the section referring to Mr. Hohenzollern's trial. The few newspapers commenting on this express complete accord. The Lethbridge *Herald* says:

"The solemn arraignment of the ex-Kaiser will constitute memorable exemplification of the truth that wrong doing, however it may appear to triumph, is bound by the laws of God and man to suffer. There will be no thought of personal or national vengeance in relation to the trial of the ex-Kaiser."

The Vancouver *Province* rather questions the wisdom of the section which calls for Austria's perpetual independence:

"The treaty imposed on Germany calls for the independence of German Austria. Whether this is intended to prohibit a merger for all time to come is not clear. There seems to be no substantial reason for keeping the countries apart. As a separate nation Germany has owned Austria-Hungary. It might be better to have them united and then there will be no concealing the responsibility."

Le Devoir, *La Presse* and other French-Canadian papers with manifest feelings of pleasure contrast the scene at Versailles almost half a century ago, when the Hun was "top dog," with that historic meeting on Wednesday, May 7, 1919. *Le Devoir* does not believe, however, that Germany's power is irretrievably broken. The French Canadian press agree that the terms do not err on the side of severity.



—From "Kladderadatsch," Berlin

COMPARING FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Operators: "Now, Michael, the amputations are necessary in order to make it possible for you to dance with us at the fête of the League of Nations."

The *Statesman*, a national weekly published in Toronto and edited by Lindsey Crawford, takes a very pessimistic view of the peace terms, and asserts that "nowhere has the final result of the Versailles Conference met with enthusiasm." This journal says:

"The long delay in formulating these terms, and the hopes so lightly raised and so grievously shattered, have combined to disillusion the allied peoples and to sow the seeds of mutual distrust and suspicion. So long as the enemy was in the field the Allied nations were in closest accord and the friendliest relations prevailed. But once the tension of war was removed and the real aims of the warring nations were revealed at the Peace Conference the high ideals for which the world had made such heavy sacrifices vanished as in a dream. The permanent peace which the nations had sought in so appalling war was found to be visionary.

"It may be that the world expected too much as the result of its outpouring of blood and treasure, but the blame must rest with those who promised so much. Even in the matter of indemnity to be paid—a minor consideration as compared with the establishment of a lasting peace—the world is still in the dark as to the total amount to be exacted from the enemy. The delay of several months, with the accumulating war charges for the maintenance of Allied armies and the dislocation of trade, would be regarded with little concern had Allied statesmen really succeeded in redeeming their pledge, that this was to be a war to end war. For what is the result of the five months' deliberations? It is humiliating to reflect that the only nation apparently, which now stands by Wilson's fourteen points is Germany. In due time we shall, no doubt, learn why Mr. Wilson failed to secure the adoption of his original charter of peace."

The *Statesman* also regards the League of Nations with acute disappointment, saying:

"Of greater moment at the present juncture, however, is the attitude of the Allied nations. Significant of their failure to reach the goal set before a world in arms was the announcement, simultaneously with the publication of the covenant of the League of Nations, of a treaty that binds Great Britain and the United States to go to the aid of France if attacked by Germany. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the failure of the Allies to establish peace through a League of Nations. Alongside this new Balance of Power disquieting symptoms are observable of a realignment of military forces and the establishment of counter-leagues which serve to remind the world how far removed is the millennium of world peace."

And, in conclusion, the *Statesman* bewails the fact that we're pretty much where we were in the days of the Holy Alliance:

"The statesmanship of the Versailles Conference has left the world much as it was when the Holy Alliance, with its vain pretensions of religious and cultured unity, sought to constitute a Concert of Europe pledged to the preservation of public peace, the tranquility of states, the inviolability of possessions and the faith of treaties."

The Victoria, B.C., *Times* answers some criticism made by United States dailies, of the reparation section, saying:

"The principal criticism recorded against the Treaty of Versailles in the Allied countries concerns the reparation provisions. A little reflection, however, must disclose the impossibility of any final determination of the matter at this stage. Nobody knows what is going to take place in Germany in the next few years. She may have a revolution, mock or real, with the organization of a Government which might repudiate the Treaty of Versailles altogether.

"It undoubtedly is this possibility which has prompted the Conference to provide for the creation of a reparation commission over a term of years which will fix the terms and conditions in accordance with the circumstances that may develop from time to time. Certainly it is impossible to place any reliance upon bonds issued by the present Government in Germany."

The Toronto *World* counsels moderation in treating Germany as an outcast as the pariah of nations:

"Germany is being sent to Coventry by the civilized powers. Here we have not a question of the justice of the policy, but of its ultimate effect upon ourselves. Granted we have caged the tiger, but do we desire to maintain a caged tiger as a component part of international economy?

"But Germany's isolation is not voluntary—very much the reverse.

"We have caged the tiger, but we are taking no steps to denature the beast. It is characteristic of our civilization that there is nothing in the treaty that would make for the exercise of any chastening or purifying or calming influence upon the German people. That is left to the German people themselves.

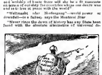
"Intercourse with other free and enlightened nations will be the best antidote for the poison of the Hohenzollern regime which still remains."

The Toronto *Globe* puts the situation somewhat differently:

"Not until Germany, by the labor and suffering of her people, has cleansed her soul of lustful belief in and worship of brute force will she be a fit associate on terms of equality for countries whose one desire was and is to live at peace with the world."

"Weltmacht oder Niedergang"—world power or downfall—is a fallacy, says the Montreal *Star*:

"Never since the dawn of history has any State been faced with the absolute alternative of universal dominion or national eclipse. Germany is to-day going under the yoke, broken, ruined, 'under no illusions as to the extent of our defeat and the degree of our want of power,' in the words of her chief spokesman at Versailles, but she does not face 'Niedergang,' final downfall and eventual obliteration as one of the great nations of the earth."



Racey in Toronto "World"

Doing the Last Lap on Three Legs.

Germany may eventually rejoin the family of nations adds the *Star*, for:

". . . 'the future lies in Germany's hands. Provision is made for the remission of some economic penalties if they are found too exacting. The Allies have no desire to ruin Germany, neither is it their will to perpetuate a wrong.' The German people, said Brockdorff Rantzau, are ready in their hearts to take upon themselves their heavy lot, if the bases of peace which have been established are not any more shaken. That is all that is required. It will be a bitter road which Germany must travel, bitter but not impossible."

"Are we ready for the next struggle?" is the rather startling headline over a *Mail and Empire* editorial. But the "next struggle" is a "trade war," and the *Mail and Empire* says:

"Peace is not simply the negation of war. It is but a different way of struggling. And to a considerable extent it means struggling with the same competitors as those from whom we wrested victory on the fields of battle. Germany will again be our rival in trade as she was before she became our antagonist in war. She will be as resourceful and determined in the one sphere as she was in the other. When she has put her name to the treaty she will be as free to push her wares in the markets of the world as she was before she turned her war machine upon her neighbors in the summer of 1914. Of course she is heavily handicapped."

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Would Armies Have Been Wiped Out?

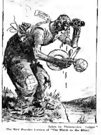
Deadly Poison Gas Was Being Manufactured—Has Been Dumped Into Ocean

A RATHER sensational story is told in the New York *Times Magazine* to the effect that a factory at Cleveland had been making a new and deadly poison gas—a substance that would kill almost instantly and that could not be detected in the air! It had just been perfected when the armistice was signed. The plant had a capacity of ten tons a day—and ten tons would suffice to kill every soul in the city of New York!

The story is told seriously and it can be accepted certainly as containing a measure of truth. Unquestionably terrible poison gases were being evolved and the war in 1919—had it continued—would have been a struggle of materials rather than of men. Whether the secret has really been found by which the whole population of the earth could be wiped out—for that is what it amounts to if this "methyl" is what the article claims—is a matter that most people will doubt. However, let the article speak for itself:

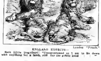
It had the fragrance of geranium blossoms. It was an oily amber liquid, highly explosive and bursting into flame with water. It was the American super poison gas, deadly by contact or by inhalation of the smallest detectable portion. A drop on the hand would cause intolerable agony and death after a few hours. It was called methyl (partly because that name did not describe it) and it was the climax of this country's achievement in the lethal arts.

The signing of the armistice spared the enemy any first-hand acquaintance with the terrors of methyl.



Sykes in Philadelphia "Ledger."

The Most Popular Version of "The Watch on the Rhine"



London "Punch."

ENGLAND EXPECTS—

Both Lions (together): "Unaccustomed as I am to lie down with anything but a lamb, still for the public good . . . . ."

Major Gen. W. L. Sibert, in command of the Chemical Warfare Service, had directed that 3,000 tons of it, in shell and drums, be in readiness on the battlefield March 1, 1919. Ten tons a day were being produced in an eleven-acre plant near Cleveland, Ohio, and the plant was two months ahead of its schedule when Foch crossed No Man's Land to offer terms to a beaten foe. It is estimated that ten tons of methyl is over ten more than enough to depopulate Manhattan Island, and so it is not difficult to guess what would have happened had Hindenburg and his cohorts persisted until spring.

Two days after the armistice was signed workmen began dismantling the big plant. They scrapped the complicated and expensive apparatus, every piece of which had been specially planned and manufactured for the production of the most terrible instrument of man-slaughter ever conceived. On Feb. 1 the work of demolition was complete. There remained no trace of that scattering array of barracks and laboratories which had been a cradle of death. But the formulae, processes and records were painstakingly set down for the records at Washington against the contingency of another war.

There did remain, however, tons and tons of methyl. What was to be done with it, now that there was no longer any active occasion for exterminating Germans? Cleveland did not want the deadly stuff dumped into Lake Erie and there seemed no practicable method of neutralizing its deadliness chemically. Almost enough was on hand to destroy the entire people of the United States and some safe way must be found to dispose of it.

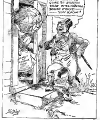
The ocean was selected as its catch-basin. Difficulties were met in transporting the stuff from Cleveland to the ocean. Handling such quantities was perilous. So it was put into big iron containers, for it does not react on iron, and these containers were loaded into freight cars. Then there was assembled the most extraordinary train probably that ever traversed American railroad tracks. It moved under an armed guard and on a special schedule. No railroad employee rode on it except the engine driver. The train moved slowly so that two days were consumed in the journey from Cleveland to the Edgewood Arsenal near Baltimore. And then the iron containers were stowed gently in a ship and taken fifty miles to sea, where they were lowered over the side into water three miles deep.

Rust will eat pinholes into those containers and there will be a mixing and gradual intermixture of water with their fatal contents. In such circumstances there is no flame but a slow chemical reaction which produces two harmless compounds. Experts do not believe even that fish will perish from the presence on the ocean bed of this vast quantity of poison. When the salt water of the Atlantic embraced the last of these iron tanks, finis was written to a chapter in American war effort which still now has been a secret scrupulously guarded.

Compare this secret new compound with "mustard" which the chemists dubbed "king of poison gases." Mustard was first used by the Germans with terrific effect at Ypres July 20, 1917. Thereafter its use became general and afforded such marked tactical advantage to the enemy that retaliation by the Allies became imperative as a matter of self-preservation. American chemists devised a formula one-fourth more toxic than that used by the Germans. The gas, known to chemists as dichlorethyl sulphide, is now the common property of the combatant nations. The processes by which it is made are generally known. It is a sweetish liquid, both in taste and smell, about as volatile as turpentine. In contact with the skin its presence is at first not noted. Then there begins the burning and swelling which prompted its nickname among the Tommies. It spreads through the tissues, and on reaching the lungs breaks them down, setting up what is called "chemical pneumonia," usually fatal.

Methyl is somewhat more volatile and is comparable in that regard with benzol. Instead of being inoffensive at first contact, it sets up an acute and almost unendurable pain. It does not spread through the tissues, but poisons the blood and attacks first the kidneys, then the heart and lungs. It hardens the cell tissues of the lungs and causes simultaneously coagulation and a heart affection which speedily produces violent death. If taken into the lungs by inhalation in any perceptible quantity it kills almost instantly. It is estimated to be seventy-two times deadlier than mustard.

The processes of manufacturing the two poisons differ radically. It is not permissible even now to tell what base is used for methyl, but its manufacture from the raw material requires but a short time. The equipment is elaborate. No fear is felt that experimenters will be able to make such a gas. That the United States came to know of such a poison was due, in the first place, to an accident. Years ago a student of chemistry, then living in another country, happened upon a combination which almost cost him his life. It was a compound never made before, or at least never recorded. Subsequently he came to this country


NOW — WHEN YE COME TO STARTIN' THAT INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE—— —— YOU KNOW!

Darling in New York "Tribune"

Perhaps Ireland Wants to be Recognized Before It's Too Late

No Heart in the German Revolution

The People of That Land Have Not Changed in Spirit

A SUPREMELY good article appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* from the pen of the novelist, Valentine Williams, dealing with conditions in Germany preceding the collapse and since. He sketches very clearly and convincingly the reasons for the sudden break of the German morale. The most interesting part of his argument is his concluding section in which he deals with the present condition of Germany under the caption heading "The Apathy of Despair." He makes the point that there has been no real change in the spirit of the German people and that there is no heart in the revolution. "The prevailing spirit in Germany is not revolution," he writes, "it is despair." He writes in part:

The zones occupied by the Allies in Germany are shut off from the Empire outside. Therefore I am prepared to believe that impressions gathered on the Rhine may not be representative of the situation elsewhere in Germany. But the Berlin papers still come to Cologne, and I have searched them in vain for indications of such a revolutionary spirit, say, as vibrates through the gazettes and broadsides of the French Revolution. Rather the longing for the restoration of order, the yearning for reconstruction are revealed in the tone of the Berlin press.

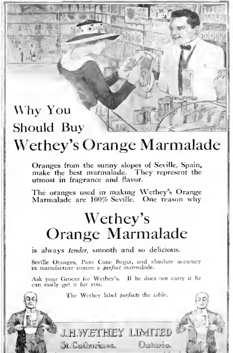
As for the occupied territory, I find it impossible to imagine anything less like a land in the throes of revolution than this fair province of the Rhine. Far from there being any outward signs of Bolshevism, Bolshevism is the universal bogey. The inhabitants in town and country have got over their terrors of "reprisals" by the Allied troops, and appear to be actually enjoying the peace and quiet which the presence of the Allied forces procures them.

As far as I am qualified to judge from a long acquaintance with Germany and the German people, the German revolution is not a living force. If revolt had been in the blood of this, the most docile, the most characterless of peoples, it would have risen up ere this against kings and tyrants. The Emperor's throne was toppled over, and the thrones of his brother monarchs in Federal Germany followed suit, because this was the only means by which the mass of the German population hoped that they might end the war. Matters had reached such an unbearable pitch that the offer of a crust of bread coupled with specious promises about the imminency of revolution in the Allied countries sufficed to sway the mob to any violent act calculated to procure them alleviation.

The seeds of revolt were planted by the above ineptitude of the German Government. The tidal wave which made such a clean sweep of the German princes carried up to their thrones the agitators who had used the blunders of the Emperor and his advisers to compass their own ends. But the prevailing spirit in Germany is not revolution. It is weariness. It takes the form of dull apathy in some, black despair in others.

The character of the German people has not changed. The Lord High Panjandrum has gone, but his mandarins, the *Beamtentum*, remain. Save for occasional acts of violence, principally due to the unimaginable folly of the revolutionary ministers opening the jails in the first rush of Germany's new born liberty, life proceeds on the old lines. Taxes are paid regularly, policemen continue to bully the crowd, long queues of people, exhibiting in their uncomplaining patience, form up in all docility whether it is to buy a stamp at the post-office or book a seat for the opera.

The German was wont to fawn and grovel before the military. In the occupied territory he does so still with the


Why You Should Buy Wethey's Orange Marmalade

Oranges from the sunny slopes of Seville, Spain, make the best marmalade. They represent the utmost in fragrance and flavor.

The oranges used in making Wethey's Orange Marmalade are 100% Seville. One reason why

Wethey's Orange Marmalade

is always *tender*, smooth and so delicious.

Seville Oranges, Pure Cane Sugar, and absolute accuracy in manufacture ensure a *perfect* marmalade.

Ask your Grocer for Wethey's. If he does not carry it he can easily get it for you.

The Wethey label *perfects* the table.

J. H. WETHEY LIMITED
St. Catharines. Ontario.

Doubly Good

TWO things are accomplished for you by making Ivory Soap so pure and so mild. First, it cleans thoroughly. Second, it cleans without injury.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

difference that the soldier now wears khaki instead of field-grey. When in a rural district an officer reported to the Bürgermeister that a man had ignored the British order that German civilian males should take their hats off to British officers that worthy promptly told the complainant that he ought to have knocked the offender's hat off (*den Hut herunterboxen*) (sic)!

That attitude, so wholly representative of the relations between officialdom and people in monarchical Germany does not encourage the belief that any great change has taken place in the national mind.

Take this advertisement, culled from a recent number of the "Vossische Zeitung" published in "revolutionary" Berlin:—

> "For Princes, Counts the highest officials, large landed proprietors, high officers (including those disabled in the war) also for other gentlemen belonging to the most exclusive circles of society, of every age and religion.
>
> "Distinguished Spouses Can Be Obtained through Frau Mertia, 216 Kurfürstendamm."

That advertisement, with its truly Prussian mixture of vulgarity and snobbishness, smacks far too much of the old Germany for me to believe that the German revolution is a real thing. No, the German people are waiting for a lead no matter in what direction so long as it restores to them that peace and prosperity they so recklessly squandered. People may try to make our flesh creep with stories of the secret organization of the German Army, but while no measure of precaution should be neglected by the Allies, I firmly believe there is not an ounce of fight left in the German people.

The note of many of the press comments is one of undisguised despair.

Will Mohammedanism Disappear?

Peace Terms Will Seriously Lessen Power of Moslems

ONE of the most signally important results of the war is the triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism. On reviewing the facts it does not seem impossible that as a result of the new conditions that will arise the creed of Islam will ultimately disappear. This in itself would be a result that would compensate the war-weary world for much that has been endured.

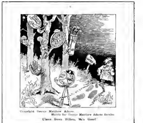
The point is made by Judge Wesley O. Howard writing in the New York *Herald*. He points out that, although the issue was not between Christians on one side and Moslems on the other—for followers of Islam fought on both sides—the outcome is such that Mohammedanism is doomed to a very radical declination of power and influence. For one thing three of the great cities of the Moslems will be transferred to Christian control—Constantinople, Bagdad and Jerusalem. He writes:

"There will, of course, be abundant freedom of religious worship in all the conquered lands of the Turkish territories and the Mussulmans will be as much at liberty to cry out to Allah as ever he was; nevertheless, the dethronement of the Moslem rulers, and the exaltation of Christian governors will exert a deep influence upon the minds of the Mohammedan peoples. And the advantages and security of the Christian civilization will ultimately appeal to the Islamites and will have a tendency, at least, to incline them towards the superior civilization. Moreover, their communities will be invaded by groups of Christian colonists secure now against Turkish outrages and oppression, and there will be intermingling of family and business interests.

"Industrial enterprises, stimulated by Western zeal and money, will spring up in Jerusalem, Tarsus, Damascus, Bagdad and other Mohammedan cities and revolutionize the customs of the people. Commercial houses and manufacturing establishments will be built, railroads will be stretched, mines developed and wells bored, and all these enterprises will be directed and financed by the people of Christian nations.

"But most destructive of all to the power of Mohammedanism is the defeat of the Sultan of Turkey. This Ottoman monarch was head of the Moslem Church. His person was sacred in the eyes of every Mussulman and his debasement and impotence must convulse Mohammedanism to the foundation and shake even the fanatic faith of the Islamites.

"The Mohammedan races of the Turkish Empire will, of course, be protected in all their rights, but no more will the dripping sword of the unspeakable



Copyright George Matthew Adams.
Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

"Come Down, Fellers, He's Gone!"

Made in Canada

Alma Street, St Thomas Ont Constructed with "Tarvia-X" in 1914 Treated with "Tarvia-B" 1918

A Dustless, Mudless Street

THIS attractive residential street in St. Thomas carries considerable automobile traffic. If plain macadam had been used, the abutting residents would have complained of the dust. In wet weather, and especially in spring when the frost is coming out of the ground, they would have been complaining of mud.

The fact is, however, the people who live on this street have forgotten all about dust and mud, for the roadway is smooth and clean dustless and mudless every day in the year. Their thanks are due to the fact that the enlightened city authorities use Tarvia in the road to bind it together and make it automobile-proof. The powerful wheels that used to rip up the surface now merely smooth it down, for the surface instead of being brittle is now slightly plastic and very tenacious.

The difference which Tarvia makes in the character of the surface is illustrated by the fact that if you drive a pick into plain macadam you spoil the surface and throw up dust and broken stones, whereas the same blow on a Tarvia surface will make a round, smooth dent.

Tarvia makes the road frost-proof and when the snow melts away in the spring the surface is clean, smooth, quick-drying and firm. The frost does not have to come out of the road because the frost never gets in. The principal reason for using Tarvia, however, is the fact that it saves money. The maintenance of macadam by the Tarvia method is the least expensive and the most effective of all methods.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Towns that adopt Tarvia enjoy large net economies and at the same time secure better roads.

Illustrated booklets describing the various grades of Tarvia will be sent to any one upon request. Address our nearest office.

Special Service Department

This company has a corps of trained engineers and chemists who have given years of study to modern road problems. The advice of these men may be had for the asking by any one interested.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road problems and conditions in your vicinity, the matter will have prompt attention.

The Barrett Company
LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N. B. HALIFAX, N. S. SYDNEY, N. S.

Drink Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

You smack your lips over it, because you like its taste, its quality, its genuine gratification. It satisfies thirst.

Nobody has ever been able to successfully imitate Coca-Cola, because its quality is indelibly registered in the taste of the American public.

Demand the genuine by full name
—nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA CO
TORONTO WINNIPEG

Coca-Cola
Drink Coca-Cola
D

Sold Everywhere

Turk terrorize the Christian mothers in Armenian homes, and no longer will the abominable harems of the Turkish Sultan be replenished by the maidens of Caucasian blood.

"Unconsciously, so to speak, as a result of the great World War Christianity has achieved the most signal triumph of its nineteen centuries of existence."

Roosevelt Tells of American Mistakes

American Equipment Which Failed to Meet Requirements

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD ROOSEVELT, who commenced training for the world war while at Harvard in 1916 and reached Europe with Pershing's van-guard within three months after the U.S. got into the conflict, writes frankly in *Everybody's Magazine* of the slackness, blindness, and inefficiency which hampered and delayed American participation. He went to Plattsburg a few days after the camp was opened and began his training along principles which were used in wars previous to 1914. He says:

Imagine the dismay, when after about 3 months training at Plattsburg, we heard that a small force of Regulars would be sent immediately to Europe.

Since our earliest days it had been the ambition of my brother and me "to beat our father" as we called it. I remember one moose hunt where we let several moose escape just because they were not quite so big as the moose my father had killed. We could not bear the thought of going home with a smaller specimen than his. At last we did get a bigger head only to have my father shoot one next season so much bigger than ours that we gave up the attempt. And now again it looked as if father would "beat us out." In the Spanish American War he had been among the first to land in Cuba. It seemed that we were doomed to remain home training, while other American soldiers were fighting in Europe.

My brother Kermit, being a student officer, could not be taken, but with rare initiative managed to enroll himself in the British army and later transferred to the A. E. F.

Fortunately, my father had some friends among the higher officers in the Army and was sportsman enough to want us to beat him, so he sent a message to General Pershing asking the General to take us as privates in his first Expeditionary Force. General Pershing refused to take Ted and me as privates, but ordered us overseas in our respective ranks—a major and a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. We were ordered to be assigned to the General Staff, but General Pershing well knew that staff duty is not wanted by active healthy young men who have never been in the line, and at once acceded to our requests to go into an infantry regiment of the line.

I arrived in Paris just in time to be assigned to the Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, Regular Army, of the First Expeditionary Division, and had the good fortune to parade through Paris, July 4, 1917.

The management of gas defense is typical of the confusion engendered by war in the War Department and Army. One division landed in France with no gas-masks. Late in July we were supplied with French gas-masks. We later adopted what was supposed to be an improved British respirator type, manufactured in America. Fortunately the chemical service of the A. E. F. discovered in time that the so-called improvements made the masks leak when subjected to one of the most dangerous German gases—the mustard gas. So General Pershing had to obtain directly from England the British respirators.

Nothing daunted, the swivel-chair experts in the United States produced another child of their mighty intellects. This time built on the same model as the British respirator, it was so encumbered with safety devices that, in spite of minor improvements, the weight of the mask was a serious handicap.

From a young officer in the chemical service I later learned that the staff in the United States had sent over another absolutely safe type of respirator. The safety was obtained by having the face-piece fit so tightly that after fifteen minutes circulation was stopped. As a gas attack often lasts eight hours, a man wearing such a mask was either obliged to remove the mask and die of gas poisoning, or else he was apt to lose consciousness from the effects of the face-piece.

I understand from this same lieutenant that we were eventually going to have an excellent and effective gas-mask, but up to the time I left France twenty months after we had drifted into the war, the new American gas-masks were in the same place as the Liberty airplanes, the Liberty trucks and the Browning machine guns. All were figments of the imagination.

The automatic rifle fiasco is perhaps even more glaring than the airplane because even less excusable.

Capt. Roosevelt says that the U.S. declined to use General Lewis' famous weapon and delayed, almost until Armistice Day, waiting for the Washington D. C. pet product—the Browning.

In grenades, the "Brain Trust" at home (as our doughboys called the General Staff) adopted their usual dilatory experimental methods. While we were fighting with grenades borrowed from the hard-pressed French, the governmental officials were experimenting with the idea of obtaining a perfectly safe grenade. They found it. It was safe both for us and for the Germans. Only a trained mechanic in a large, quiet field could set one off. So up to my departure from France, American troops used only French grenades.

With rifle grenades, our case was more ludicrous. The French V. B. is the most successful rifle grenade because it can be used either as a rifle or a hand grenade. A sort of cup (called by the French a *tromblon*) is attached at will to the muzzle of an ordinary French service rifle. A special and heavy grenade fits into the *tromblon* and is propelled by an ordinary French service cartridge fired from the rifle, the grenade exploding about twelve seconds after being launched from the *tromblon*. With a range of nearly two hundred yards, a curved trajectory and a danger zone of about twenty paces, it is a formidable infantry weapon against machine gun nests.

Of course we had no such weapon in our Army, so the first time we entered the trenches we were forced to disarm eight men per company of their Springfields, and arm them with the antiquated French service rifles fitted for *tromblons*. Eventually modifications were made fitting them to the United States Army rifle. But even then, it was not until late in January, 1918, that the defects were entirely remedied, and a serviceable *tromblon* issued. And at that, up to the time I left for the United States we were still using French rifle grenades.

The French V. B. *tromblon* also fired a signal rocket. But as each of these rockets had attached to it a special cartridge of the French calibre, specially loaded to fire the rockets, up to the time I was wounded we were forced to disarm our eight company runners of their Springfield rifles and arm them with the antiquated and heavy French rifle.

For visual signaling the rocket is perhaps the most simple of all the signal apparatus of a modern infantry company, and is used for illuminating "no man's land" at night, and calling for artillery barrages. The system of calling for barrages and instructing artillery in the wishes of the infantry, depends on the number or the color of the stars shot by the rocket.

But here again we were entirely dependent on the French. And we had several serious times because our doughboys were unable to read the directions written in French on the rockets.

There were several ways of launching these signal rockets. From the V. B. *tromblon* as I have already described, or like a regular Fourth-of-July rocket from a stand, or from the "Very" pistol, a short brass pistol carrying a rocket cartridge of about the diameter of a ten-gauge shot-gun shell, but quite a little longer. And nothing did we know of this signaling before we arrived in France. I remember one of my sergeants (Ross, I think it was) staring at the pistol when we issued it to him and asking "why the Frogs (soldiers' slang for Frenchmen) had wished a three-inch field piece on an infantry company!" I must confess I was at that time just as ignorant of its uses as he was.

Indeed, all signal equipment was French and remained French probably to the end of the war, and certainly until I was invalided home in August 1918.

Lack of equipment and lack of training and organization made it impossible to start our actual training in modern warfare based on the lines developed by the English, French and Germans until July 24, 1917—one month less two days after our arrival in France. And even then we could only "simulate" the varied equipment required by an infantry company in modern warfare. Such vitally necessary articles as gas-masks and steel helmets did not arrive until August, 1917.

Eventually most of our borrowed regalia did come, and in October we were all cheered by the news that we were to go to the trenches. The enthusiasm was somewhat dampened, however, when about two weeks before we started we found all our 1917 rifle ammunition to be defective. It had passed the factory tests and the careless eyes of Government inspectors and had been sent to us overseas, where the difference between perfect and imperfect ammunition meant the difference between life and death to our soldiers. Fortunately, it had been discovered by the troops in time to substitute the 1916 for 1917 ammunition.

I believe it was October 18, 1917, that we moved up for the first time into the firing line. Nearly four months after landing in France, our "splendidly equipped and trained" Regular division was considered by the Allied command only sufficiently trained to be placed in the line with the proportion of one American battalion to one French regiment of three battalions. Nor did the Allied command place American troops in the line at this time for fighting purposes. They were placed there simply for part of their training, and the Allies had to supply us with most of the transportation and all of the higher officers.

Then we had for the first time the experience of employing rolling kitchens. Before entering the war, the United States Army had what in the year 1813 was considered a very modern cooking equipment. But the war had developed kitchen wagons drawn by horses and so constructed that the cooking could be carried on during the march. Never were they officially introduced into our army until after our first division had been over three months in France, and even then we had to borrow from France. The American company was considerably heavier than the French, and in the Accessory service we also had some engineers attached to us. Consequently we had a very hard time cooking enough food for all.

Added to all this, the supply system commanded by officers ignorant of supplying men and units in the field and depending too much on mule teams and light trucks utterly broke down and we were often [illegible] without food.

Though [illegible] ay in the line was short
yet the [illegible] was inestimable. Up
to that [illegible]—th[illegible] an line officers had
receiv[illegible] from the French.
Excel[illegible] nd valiant and
effici[illegible] Allies w[illegible]
yet teaches and [illegible] from them
theoretica[illegible] organiza-
tions. They nee[illegible] tionality-
[illegible]elt and danger[illegible] hi after
takes them into th[illegible] transmit
and Bolshevik ter[illegible] on the
and romantic sect[illegible] in the
[illegible] before
[illegible] were

Copyright B. & B. 1917

Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays most people never suffer corns. Yet tight dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old harsh mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, LIMITED, Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

BIRKS PEACE MEDAL

Front

BIRKS PEACE MEDAL

Reverse

THE BIRKS PEACE MEDAL for presentation by schools, colleges and public institutions. [illegible]

AN IDEAL PRESENTATION TO THE RETURNED SOLDIER AS A MEMENTO OF HIS OVERSEAS SERVICE

WALL PLAQUE [illegible]

Reverse

Obverse

Front

PRICE $1.00

This illustration is an exact reproduction of our BATTLE COLORS PIN. It is enamelled in the correct colors on Sterling Silver and can be made up in colors to any Shoulder Patch worn by our Fighting Forces in France. Its full significance and neat appearance has made it the most popular non official Emblem of the war.

An Ideal Souvenir for friends and relatives of Overseas Men

NEXT-OF-KIN MEDAL [illegible]

Front

BIRKS PATRIOTIC MEDALS [illegible]

ROLL OF HONOUR [illegible]

Birks

Diamond Merchants

Goldsmiths Silversmiths

Vancouver Ottawa Montreal Winnipeg

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Appetizing Wholesome Nourishing

"Spreads Like Butter"

Packages 15c—25c

BABY IS SAFE NOW

KIDDIE-KOOP

[illegible]

LEA-TRIMBLE MFG. CO., [illegible] King St. W., Toronto

That Soft, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

BLEMISHES REMOVED QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY

Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearance

Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

[illegible]

FREE COUPON

PEARL LA SAGE, DEPT. [illegible]

[illegible]

Only by our own experience could we learn, and experience, though an effective, is a costly teacher. We did not learn how to attack in this sector, but we did learn how to organize our units in such a way that the First Division could successfully attack at Cantigny and Soissons.

We discovered the necessity of liaison (the method of correlating separate units so they all act as a whole) and the runner system and we learned a great deal about handling our supplies.

But most important of all the younger officers—I am not so sure about the older—discovered their absolute ignorance of modern warfare.

The Fiercest Foe of Bolshevism

Koltchak the Terrible Tartar Who Believes in the Old Order

A POWERFUL figure has arisen in Siberia to fight the Russian Bolsheviki. Admiral Koltchak has so far succeeded in holding the Red forces back from passing the front he has established at Omsk and thus has definitely established an eastern boundary to the power of the Communists. It is believed that he may ultimately overthrow Lenine and Trotsky.

Koltchak is a Tartar and rather a terrible figure—grim, ruthless and a believer in the old order. A sketch published in *Current Opinion* shows him to be a typical servant of the old Russian regime, but a forceful figure nevertheless. The article reads in part:

Bolshevism has caught a Tartar literally in the person of the famed dictator of Siberia, Alexander Vassilievitch Koltchak. He is of Tartar origin, affirms his friend Count Caraton de Merindol in the London *Post*. An enthusiastic admirer of Koltchak writing in the Paris *Figaro* adds that in the traits and the temper of Koltchak we see incarnated all the qualities of the legendary heroes of Mongolia. In that Asiatic land warriors grow stronger and more pugnacious as they age. Koltchak is now forty-five and for that reason, according to the standards of his country, his career is only beginning. He has the somewhat small physique of the Tartar, with all the Tartar litheness and nervousness in his walk and in the agitated poise of his head that sits tremblingly upon spare shoulders. He shaved off his beard ten years ago and has worn none since, not even the customary chin whisker of his people. The bones of the cheeks sit conspicuously in the front of the sallow visage and suggest the [illegible]. The jaw juts forth awkwardly and the lips are firmly shut unless the habitual explosion of anger sets the lips going tremulously and the loud voice rises. The nose is acutely hawk-like, with the wide nostrils that denote temper. The eyes are the hue of steel. Two of the teeth are exceptionally large. There is a nervous twitching in the countenance which tells its own story. Koltchak clicks his teeth ominously when one of his temperamental explosions impends. He stares very straight into the eyes of anyone with whom he happens to be talking.

Koltchak is described in the Paris *Matin* as the best hater of Bolshevism among all its enemies. His eyes flash, his arms fly, his twitching countenance turns green, red and yellow and his voice snaps whenever he hears the names of Lunacharsky, Tchicherin and the other Bolsheviki. His language becomes unprintable. They stand for all that he loathes, for Koltchak was reared in the sternest traditions of constituted authority and obedience to orders. At an early age he became a pupil at the great naval college maintained by the autocracy for the special purpose of training a breed of grim sea dogs upon the British model. The rank and file were made to obey. The select few were born to command. While men live there will be war. All this is part of the natural order of things and discussion about it reveals the rebel, the traitor, the enemy of society. Such is the gospel according to Koltchak, absorbed early by him at the naval school and put into practice from the moment of his first voyage as a midshipman in the old Russian cruiser *Rurik*. Koltchak did not spare his men in those days, but neither did he spare himself. He had distinguished himself for his mathematics and his aptitude for the science of navigation as a pupil in the academy and he was now to reveal himself as a disciplinarian. He had a touching faith in the knout as a means of maintaining discipline and he would cut off the vodka of the men at the smallest provocation. The rank and file and the men in command belong, as he believes, to two different orders of humanity with nothing in common. He who is born to obey must obey and Koltchak is not the one to shrink from any logical conclusion from these premises.

By the time he had risen to the command of a ship Koltchak was famed for his accomplishments as a martinet, but he was a student of human nature as well and he never went to extremes that brought on open mutiny. Koltchak has faith in food and in vodka as devices for winning the respect of the masses he commands. He is a materialist, a man who has no time for ideals and palaver. A subordinate who questioned an order would be knocked down. Since it is the business of man to fight, Koltchak forces the pace wherever he commands. This propensity was shown at Port Arthur in the Japanese war, where he took risks that shocked his superiors and won him severe scoldings. He was too competent a sailor to be kept off the ships, and many a display of initiative that would have disgraced one less competent was winked at because he did so well against the enemy in the face of odds. Nevertheless promotion was slow for him because his hot temper and his nervousness led to manifestations of a keen recklessness that jeopardized ships and men. It was remarked of Koltchak when still a mere youth by the fearless Admiral Makaroff that if he were better poised and gifted with self control he would prove greater than Nelson. As it is, Koltchak's personal peculiarities grew upon him with the years, but it remains true that never in his career has he been guilty of a dishonest action or a failure in loyalty to Russia as a nation. He is a man of truth who does not understand the art of speaking the truth civilly, a bluff plain-spoken sailor whose rude speech hides a heart that is kind and a heroism that is unostentatious. He saved the life of a drowning sailor at Kamschatka and at once ordered the man in irons for being off his post.

Koltchak has such a well known genius for organization that demoralized fleets were usually turned over to him. When he had flown his flag aboard a battleship as ensign he ordered the men forward to receive his grim admonitions. "Remember," he would say, "that if I catch one of you in a breach of discipline, I will punish you then and there. If I waited a day I would be angry. If I waited two days I would be ferocious. If I waited three days I would kill you on the spot." The words were shot forth between clicking teeth with a significant movement of a hand in which was sure to be a pistol. One day a mutinous crew thought it had Koltchak locked up in his cabin, but he had divined what was afoot and rigged up a man of straw in his uniform while he took refuge for the night near one of the big guns. "We have him!" yelled the leader of the mutiny. "You have me," shouted Koltchak, stepping off the gunwale that hid his uniform, "and you'll keep me." He swung a pair of revolvers and had the mutiny quelled before the sleeping officers realized that it had occurred. When his friend, the late Prince Viasemsky, expressed his sympathy for Koltchak after a thrilling affair in which the sailors had to pursue a band of mutineers around and around the deck of a cruiser until they leaped overboard, the martinet replied: "Your sympathies should be with the men, for I enjoy myself much more than they do." The retort throws a flood of light upon the character of Koltchak, suspects the French daily, for he takes a stern delight in reducing to impotence all revolts against constituted authority. This is the psychology of his attitude to Bolshevism. When a mutiny has reached a desperate stage Koltchak resorts to a simple expedient. "Get them all drunk." He has been known to declare that vodka is the commander's best friend. "But," urged the humanitarian Viasemsky, shocked by the sentiment, "vodka is the sailor's worst enemy." "I know it," answered Koltchak, "but I'm not such a fool as to let the sailor know it."

There is a histrionic element in the constitution of Koltchak which renders him sublime in all crises and reveals, the London *Post* declares, an unexpected insight into the spiritual nature of the man. He becomes like one transfigured and inspires awe. During a mutiny aboard a particularly important unit of a Black Sea squadron then under Koltchak's command, the mutineers were masters of the vessel. The subordinate in charge put a bullet through his head when he realized the worst. The young lieutenant did not have the courage to face Koltchak aboard the flagship with such a confession of failure. The mutineers were more reckless. They went aboard. Koltchak, understanding the spirit of his own rebellious crew, was in his cabin. The mutineers sent one of their number to demand his sword. Coming out of his cabin with the sword of St. George in his hand, as the London paper tells the tale, Koltchak clicked his terrible teeth in the faces of the rebels. "This sword I won at Port Arthur. You are not worthy to lay a finger upon it." He hurled the weapon overboard. He turned on his heel and walked back to his cabin. So tragical was his manner and so bold his bearing that no mutineer dared to follow him. Many of the sailors shed tears. Not another word of mutiny was heard aboard the flagship. Another expedient of Koltchak's is to ask in moments of crisis with hands folded across his breast while he stares an antagonist down, "Do you forget that Russia is holy?" The *Figaro* avers that Russia is to Koltchak the one true religion.

American Greyhounds Cover Europe

Special Couriers Carry Despatches and Items Bearing on Peace Matters

A NEW military branch has been inaugurated in Europe by the American army—the Greyhounds. It is made up of officers who act as couriers to all parts of the continent carrying despatches and news matter bearing on America's part in the peace negotiations. They are performing a most difficult and dangerous part as their work takes them into the strongholds of enemy and Bolshevik territory. It is a unique and romantic service and many stories are told of the men who wear the silver Greyhound. Some of them are recounted by M. K. Wisehart in *Leslie's Weekly*:

These ordinary couriers are fast becoming a legend better known than the "King's messengers." They have carried to a new height of drama that legend of the American postal service: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." They have not—as was reported in Paris a short time ago—been eaten up by wolves in the Balkans, for that story is said to be part of the Napoleonic legend and not an authentic item in the history of the couriers. But

Grape-Nuts
provides the rich nourishment of wheat and barley in delicious form
A "building" food par excellence!
"There's a Reason"

EGG-O
BAKING POWDER

Economy

The difference in cost between an ordinary baking powder and the pure, strong, ***double-acting***

EGG-O Baking Powder

is trivial. It amounts to only a fraction of a cent on each cake you bake. Against this you risk your high priced flour, butter, sugar, eggs and milk and your reputation as a cook.

Spoiled bakings not only cost you money but they waste food. With the heavy Government Standard flours in use to-day the selection of a strong baking powder is absolutely necessary.

The double-acting strength of Egg-O is needed to make a baking of a light cake from a heavy flour. Try a can and watch your bakings improve. You can use sweet milk, sour milk, buttermilk or water with Egg-O—a different and better baking powder.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Sonora
"Troubadour"
$142.50

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

THE Sonora plays all records. The Sonora alone draws forth from each record that wonderful richness and exquisite tear shedding which raises this phonograph above mere mechanism.

The Sonora's tone rings clearly—without a suggestion of [illegible] from the melody. Hear this—the "Highest Class Talking Machine in the World." Prices [illegible] to $1,000.

Sonora dealers in all large towns

I. MONTAGNES & CO.
Wholesale Distributors RYRIE BUILDING TORONTO

Sonora Needles
Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

These new phonograph needles are so superior that you will use them permanently because of their

1. CONVENIENCE—They save constant needle changing.
2. GREATER ECONOMY—They play 50 to 100 times before wearing out.
3. INCREASING LIFE OF RECORDS—The record repeating point does not enlarge as it wears, having the same diameter throughout.
4. IMPROVED TONE—They mellow the tone and eliminate harshness.

40c. per package of 4
AT ALL DEALERS OR WRITE

I. MONTAGNES & CO.
Wholesale Distributors RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO

BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys and girls all over the country are earning lots of money and are acquiring that business experience which comes only by contact with business people. A card will bring full particulars to any boy or his parents.

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited
143-153 University Avenue TORONTO

the Greyhounds have had their close escapes from death—by airplane falls and machine gun bullets. They have had their puzzling altercations with Serbian deserters, they have declined the dinner invitations of charming women at Berne and The Hague and they've checkmated the spies of the Central Empires. Continually covering the map of Europe along routes that total over 44,000 miles they have yet to lose a single piece of mail of any description.

In Paris to-day one is honored indeed who can identify every American officer by the device on his shoulder. Few persons have even seen a flag leaping silver greyhound on a field of blue with a narrow border of gold. It is the insignia of the smallest, the most restrict, the most popular and one of the most important branches of the American army and the American peace machine in Europe. The officer who wears the Greyhound on his shoulder is one of seventy—known technically as "Official Diplomatic Couriers" but to the service whether in Odessa, London, Constantinople or Paris as the Greyhounds.

The Greyhounds have had serious work to do. There is the task of carrying dispatches that have to do with America's part in the great historic readjustments being made in Paris, they bring back the news that determines American policy in many important particulars. Just as in war time they went through the thick of the fighting over dark, foggy, shell torn roads, through crowded cities filled with frightened refugees, now they go through the disordered lands of the enemy and the Bolsheviks, and are compelled to meet with initiative and precision the emergencies that arise from deranged transportation facilities, snake deserters and machine gun marauders.

As constituted to-day the service is composed of seventy officers aside from the one hundred who made the transatlantic courier voyage during the war. The seventy men have been picked for special qualifications, including quick mental adjustability and a command of languages. They include aviators, staff officers, medical officers, engineers, honor men from the front and men who have rendered distinguished service in the Headquarters of the Services of Supply. In private life they represent widely diverse pursuits—law, medicine, banking, business. Besides there is a Greyhound poet and a marine artist.

These officers have opened up Germany under the sullen gaze of the Germans themselves to communication with the Peace Conference in Paris. They go speeding from Paris with dispatches for Bucharest, Belgrade, Constantinople, and go not only into the heart of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-slavia, but also into the troubled fastnesses of Russia.

Two officers of the Greyhound service were the first Americans to go to Belgrade after the armistice, and they traveled on lightless, heatless trains without windows and proceeded without schedule. Serbian deserters who boarded the train proved to be menacing characters. The Americans were compelled to guard their necks constantly with drawn revolvers and to use them deep in watches. When the train reached a town where there was a Serbian military command one of the officers held the deserters by the point of his pistol while the other summoned the military authorities. While the train waited at the station the Serbian commander held a general court martial and sentenced the deserters to imprisonment.

On the return of the officers to Paris after eight heatless lightless nights on trains after two fights with deserters besides the episode that ended in a court-martial—one of them was asked how he liked his job. Weary and dirty, worn out as he was, his shoulders went back and his head went up as he declared: "It's great! There's nothing like it to keep you going!" After a bath and a night's rest that particular officer started the following morning for Berlin.

The Greyhounds have never been 'out of luck.' They have had escapes that were in the nature of special dispensations. Many of the seventy wear stripes on both sleeves. During the war men were killed all around them, but through all their active service, whether in war or the opening era of peace, their records show as yet not a single fatality.

One of the closest escapes from death was the fortune of a Greyhound who recently took the regular daily passage by airplane from Paris to Brussels. He left Paris at noon with a big 300 h.p. Breguet plane and a French pilot. The distance is 235 miles and it is usually done in an hour and fifty minutes.

On this day the courier had traversed almost the entire width of the battlefields and devastated area between Paris and Brussels and was coursing on at an altitude of 2,200 feet when the most dreaded of airplane accidents happened. The controller of the machine snapped off.

Down, down, whirled the heavy plane spinning in a hopeless vrille from 2,000 feet. When within 200 feet of the ground by the chance that is the Greyhound's luck—one in a 1,000—the plane caught the air and the spin changed to a precipitous glide. It was only for an instant, but the moment's glide made all the difference and was enough to check the fall. Arrested for that brief moment, the plane slipped again and crashed to the ground a total wreck.

To the astonishment of three Belgian peasants who rushed to the scene, not only were the courier and his pilot able to pull themselves out from the debris but also the Greyhound—Lieut. Seine B. Egly—scrambled to his feet, and, looking for the nearest road, said in his now broken French:

"Umph! I want an automobile!"

After commandeering the first car that passed, the courier hurried on to Brussels and delivered his dispatches only two hours later than usual, after which he got treatment for a broken nose, dislocated shoulder and sprained wrist.

DIXON'S ELDORADO
the master drawing pencil

Each lead in the Eldorado is responsive, smooth and long-wearing. One of them is *your* lead—the degree just fitted to the work you do and the way you do it. Find this pencil which suits your hand. You will find that you can do better work and faster work, and will be less fatigued after a hard day's work.

Made in 17 LEADS *one for every need or preference*—

Our grade chart will enable you to select your favorite lead. Write for it today.

Get a trial dozen from your dealer or send us 15c for full size samples worth double the money. Please mention your dealer's name and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard, or very hard lead is desired.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Established 1827
Dept. 61-J Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors,
A. R. MacDougall & Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.
There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon, and Eraser for every purpose.

DIXON'S "ELDORADO"—the master drawing pencil—HB

JAEGER
NEGLIGEE SHIRTS
HAVE A DISTINCTIVE STYLE

Made of fine, pure Wool Zephyr and Wool Taffeta in exclusive dainty patterns, Jaeger Shirts have all the "appearance" which the perfect material and skilled workmanship give to Jaeger Goods. Far superior to cotton or linen not only for exercise and outdoor sports but also for year round wear in office or when travelling.

Made in all sizes with single or double cuffs, shirt or coat style.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883"

Farmer Socialists in Control

How State of North Dakota is Being Rebuilt

RECENTLY newspapers and periodicals have been discussing warmly what they call "the North Dakota idea." It is an experiment in socialism that the farmers have forced on that state and consequently the discussion does not lack bitterness. It has been waged with increasing heat, but in the meantime the North Dakota idea has been translated into an actuality. North Dakota is being built over again on distinctly new lines.

To those who have not learned just what this new idea is, an article by Arthur Ruhl in the *Atlantic Monthly* will be well worth reading. He describes it as follows:

The farmers of North Dakota have embarked upon an experiment in public ownership and control more radical than any yet attempted by any American state. Organized as members of the National Non-Partisan League, and controlling the legislative machinery of the state, they have amended their constitution and passed a long programme of bills.

This legislation permits the state to engage in any kind of business. It provides for state-owned terminal elevators and flour-mills, a state bank to finance these and other enterprises, an industrial commission to organize and direct such businesses, consisting of the Governor, the Attorney-General and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor.

The state is to build homes and buy farms, within certain price limits, for groups of citizens who put up twenty per cent. of the cost and engage to pay the remainder at a low rate of interest within a period of twenty years. There is provision for state hail insurance, for reducing discriminatory freight rates, for various revenue measures intended to put the burden of taxation on those best able—in the opinion of the farmers—to bear it. In other words, the citizens of a purely agricultural community—about eighty-five per cent. of the population of North Dakota is "rural"—using political weapons found effective elsewhere, have set about remodelling their neighborhood according to what they fancy is their heart's desire.

It is at this psychological moment, after a lot of smouldering discontent and after the legislators have thrown them down, that A. C. Townley, of Beach, North Dakota, appeared on the scene.

Townley—of whose personality I shall speak more in detail later—is a young man of imagination and great natural ability. With no initial capital except his own energy and a borrowed Ford he started a movement which in four years, has built up a fighting organization controlling the political machinery of our state and reaching out into several others, and the members of which swear by their leader as if he combined all the admirable qualities of Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

The bitter criticisms of Mr. Townley as a leader of farmers, on the ground that he failed, seem rather beside the mark. Each man to his job. There are men who make things for the pleasure of making them and men whose pleasure it is to direct the making of things, and both are needed in a complex world. At the same time in measuring the depth of Mr. Townley's convictions and the soundness of his agitation it is no more than just to recall that he is no North Dakota Cincinnatus, reluctantly called from the plough,—the Non-Partisan Governor Lynn Frazier is more in that line—but a dynamic person more in his element leading an army of farmers than being a farmer himself. In 1911 Townley tried wheat-farming on a large scale near Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, and failed, it is said, with a loss of some $70,000. He next tried flax, near Beach, North Dakota, with the notion, so his opponents say, of winning the title of "Flax King." Frost caught the crop, and the judgments against Townley and his brother are said to have been in the neighborhood of $400,000. In bankruptcy proceedings last year at Bismarck there were liabilities of $79,000 and assets of $479.

Townley's ingenuity in turning even such episodes to his advantage was shown one evening during my stay in Bismarck, when he spoke at a meeting called primarily to discuss the new State Bank. It was the first time, I believe, that he had spoken in Bismarck, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Looking down at the crowd, nearly every one of whom had probably at some time in his life had a mortgage hanging over him, he drawled out an ironical: "Yes, I'm famous as the only man who ever went broke in North Dakota and had recourse to the same laws which rich men made to protect themselves." The soundness of this comment on bankruptcy laws might be open to argument, but the crowd applauded.

Well, Townley started out with his Ford and his idea. A substantial farmer, F. B. Wood, of Deering, North Dakota, who had been active for years in the Farmers' Equity Society, joined Townley and became the League's first vice-president. The idea caught on; new recruits themselves became organizers, each taking along with him into a strange neighborhood, some farmer known in the locality to back him up.

The original volunteers soon grew into an organization which could hire canvassers on a commission basis. A state paper was started in the fall of 1915, and in 1916 a full state ticket was nominated. At the election that fall all the state officials but one were elected, as were a majority of the House members and eighteen out of the twenty-five men sent that year to the Senate. In 1918 the League won a majority in both houses and elected its candidates

Of Interest To You Who Want A Greenhouse

HERE is a snug little house for a snug little price. Don't think, however, that because the price is what it is, the house is not our best type.

From start to finish it is made with our standard materials, in the best possible way.

Our price covers everything complete, with work room, heating system, benches and ventilating apparatus.

The greenhouse is 18 feet wide and 25 long.

Send for further particulars and price.

Lord & Burnham Co. Limited of Canada
Builders of Greenhouses and Conservatories

TORONTO
Royal Bank Building

Factory:
ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA

MONTREAL
Transportation Building

What is Pelmanism?

Of Interest to the Ambitious

Name
Address

The Pelman Institute in the last 20 years has trained nearly half a million men and women in Great Britain. During the War it especially proved its value to tens of thousands, over 5,000 officers and men alone following the course. The work has been extended to every part of the British Empire and in Canada it met with instant success.

PELMANISM is an all round personal course of mental training—giving you keener observation, better memory, stronger will power and initiative and originality.

Everyone who entertains a desire to improve his or her business or intellectual standing, to increase his or her efficiency and earning power should get full particulars.

Send your name and address on this ad.—ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL—and we will send our free booklet on "Mind and Memory," [illegible] the Principles and Methods of Pelmanism, [illegible] famous report on the Pelman System, with a special offer of a reduced amount [illegible]

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE
(Canadian Branch)
723 Temple Bldg. Toronto, Ont.

Gillette
Safety Razor

The Shaving Service for Every Man—*Everywhere*

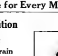
The Pocket Edition
Gillette
Bound in Seal-Grain Leather

"If I was buying another Gillette Safety Razor," said one enthusiast when he saw the new Kit Set, pictured here, "I would certainly want that one.

"It not only preserves all the good points of my old morning friend, but it is as compact as any razor set I have ever seen, and takes the least room in the travelling bag.

"And then the black, seal-grain case is so dignified—so appealing to any man who is particular in his appointments. I suppose you are asking a pretty price for that set."

No; merely $5.00 the set.



The New Kit Set
No. 20

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Look for this MADE IN Gillette CANADA KNOWN THE WORLD OVER *Trade Mark*

BUY and READ
THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
The best value of any Magazine Published for Canadian Women
CANADIAN from COVER to COVER
FORTY LOVE The best story of the year appears in the June issue
Free sample copies sent to readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
71-81 Richmond Street West - Toronto

for Governor, Attorney-General, Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture—the present Industrial Commission—and the Supreme Court.

The story of this fight—the adventures of motor-car canvassers, the big picnics, the building up of a chain of newspapers, the mob attacks on League organizers last summer on charges of disloyalty, especially in Minnesota—all this is too long to go into here. The essential point, the difference between this and most other former organizations, was that it started out toward the definite goal of a fighting political machine, with money, newspapers, and brains behind it.

Money was one essential. It was needed to work with, and it was needed to help make the farmers—notorious individualists—"stick." Men who had paid real money would want to follow it up. The dues, first set at $2.50, were raised to $16 for fixed two year periods. That is to say, whether you join in the first or in the last month of the twenty-four, you pay your $16 just the same. If the figures for League memberships are accurate here, right away is more than $3,036,000 to work with.

Another essential was a machine which the enemy could not smash or creep into unawares, and up to the present, the Non-Partisan League has been air tight. At the top as President and Chairman of the National Executive Committee is Townley himself. The three members of the Executive Committee hold office in such a way that the term of only one expires every two years, and the other two nominate his successor. Townley's term expired this year, and although millions of fiery words have been written against him, and he has been called everything from autocrat to traitor, he was returned as president by a vote of more than a hundred to one.

Tennis With Beatty

American Ensign Says Admiral Plays as Successfully as He Fights

AN American naval officer, Ensign Hunter, had the good fortune to play with Sir David Beatty as his tennis partner during several of those long months of 'watching and waiting' for the Hun navy to come out. In *World's Work* he writes interestingly of his first encounter. The British Admiral apparently has heard of Hunter's tennis prowess, and sends to his ship for him—Hunter being with Vice Admiral Sims' fleet. The story the U.S. ensign tells follows:

Silence and respect followed Sir David as we mounted the gangway of the King's pontoon and stepped into his waiting limousine. We were off in a jiffy. By this time, let me admit, I began to feel a bit inflated and rather like a royal prodigal. But the Admiral gave little chance for reflection. As we passed along the waterfront he told me the story of the great dockyard and its attendant "tin city of the war" which mushroom-like sprang into existence almost overnight. And he expressed grave doubts as to the future of it all, holding that "what little money may be left after the war will be spent about as freely as blood." We then took to talking tennis, on which ground I felt more solid in spite of my striving to conceal it. Thus we arrived at Aberdour.

Right here my sense of humor served me, for I was chuckling inside as I followed Sir David into the lounging room, to the guests. The Grand Admiral toting along a lowly Ensign! I shall never forget the expression I caught as Admiral Rodman recognized me. He had lunched that day with Lady Beatty and a party of guests who were, of course, still gathered about the fire. I think he knew that I was expected, but hardly that I should come with the Great One himself. I was presented to Lady Beatty and eventually reached around the circle to Rodman. He passed a witty remark which pleased me and sent a ripple over the room, and the agony was over. After chatting awhile Commodore Bentinck arrived with Lieut. Cleather, a King's Messenger. We left to prepare for the double which had been planned. Nothing would do but that Lady Beatty should see the game. She is quite as keen on it as Sir David.

We were soon ready for the court. (Peter, aged eleven, the second son, had escorted me to change in his room.) My surprise as we started to play was well founded, for considering his age and the life my partner had led (I was paired with the Admiral) I looked for little real tennis. Few games were played, however, before I realized that it was real play and that my partner was doing all the scoring for us. In the confusion of gold lace I lost the first set for our side. Perhaps it was well, for if all had gone smoothly I should have missed a lot. Beatty at once became a bulldog. He is the same fighter on the courts as on the sea, and the seriousness of his "do or die" remarks brought me up all standing. In that second set I let go everything. We won it and after losing the next rather narrowly captured the two following for the match. I have seldom seen a man more pleased over a tennis game. He cheered, slapped me on the back, guyed our opponents and thoroughly enjoyed it. To lose doesn't enter his thoughts. I remember him saying over and over while we were behind, "Here! We can't let it stand like this, it will never become us to be beaten." "No, Sir," I would agree, "We're not going to lose." The result was that toward the end I was literally knocking the cover off the ball and going fairly well. But the study of the Admiral proved quite as absorbing as the game.

After tea (you know the English always have tea during their afternoon sport) I had a glimpse of another side. In talking to David Junior, the thirteen-year-old son and heir of the Admiral, he told me of the stunts he is doing with mechanical toys. He took me to his playroom where he showed me a model "Sub" that really dived, a miniature *Tiger* whose turrets actually train, a baby 'tank' quite complete in detail, perfect little steel dock cranes which revolve and lift weights precisely as the big ones. The lad is an admiral in the making. He already knows as much of the Grand Fleet organization as I do and speaks several languages. We had not been there long when in came the Admiral, quite tickled to death. He insisted that I must see everything and, indeed, seemed as pleased with the toys as his young son. I don't blame him. He put all sorts of questions to the kid, who seldom failed in his reply. When he did the Admiral became very stern. His whole attitude was a sort of constructive devotion. Neither his duties nor his gold lace have made him any the less chummy with the boy.

A Close Picture of Foch

American Painter Describes His Experiences With Great Marshal

AN unusual opportunity to study Foch at close range was vouchsafed to Joseph Cummings Chase, the American portrait painter. He was in France with a commission to paint the great generals of the war and, after some delays, he was able to arrange a sitting with the supreme commander. He tells of this very interestingly in *World's Work*:

Not to lose any time, I immediately put on my painter's smock, arranged my paints, and with mahl stick and brushes stuck bristlingly through the thumb hole of the palette, awaited the Marshal's arrival in the private passageway just outside his office. I was all ready to "go over the top" at a moment's notice. Soon a small sized man, with a quick nervous step, came down the passage way. The thing that first attracted my attention was the Marshal's smile. I saw this long before I took in the rest of his figure; it degenerated almost into a grin as he gave me a nod in passing, for my state of preparedness had evidently aroused his sense of humor. Yet this delightful smile was exceedingly reassuring, showing that my apparent neglect of the morning had not offended the Marshal's dignity.

In a few minutes I was ushered in and formally presented. The Marshal jumped up quickly, thrust out his hand rapidly and gave me a grip that reminded me of Theodore Roosevelt. His smile of greeting also disclosed his teeth—though with these details the resemblance to Mr. Roosevelt ended.

"Do you speak French?" was his first question.

"I have a little French," I answered, "but it is mostly the argot of the Latin Quarter."

This made the Marshal laugh outright. In a spirit of boyish mischief he tried a few slangy Latin Quarter phrases on me, evidently to see if I could "get" them. Happily I was able to answer in kind and this gave Marshal Foch very evident pleasure.

"May I work or do you wish that I should give attention to you?" he asked.

I did not wish to be unreasonable but still I could get better results if I had at least a measure of his attention. I started to explain this somewhat hesitatingly to the Marshal, who cut short the explanation.

"Anything you Americans want from me you can have," he said.

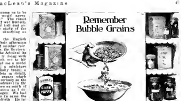
In a few moments, however, he made another request.

"May I smoke?"

The extent to which the Supreme Commander of seven or eight million men was subjecting himself to my orders was almost embarrassing. I gave him permission to smoke and the painting began.

Frankly had I known what the Marshal meant by "smoking," I would not have accorded so readily. The result was that I painted the great French general sitting behind what was practically a dense smoke screen. I have never seen such a smoker and I had never imagined that there could ever be one like him. A huge brown pipe lay on the table; as soon as he had gained the artist's acquiescence, the long, thin, nervous fingers of the Marshal's hand seized it, filled it in a twinkling, inserted it firmly between his lips and instantly the volcano erupted. In a second the Marshal himself was all but lost to view; now and then I could get a glimpse of an ear, a portion of the head, the nose, and other lineaments, which I had to jot down on my sketch as opportunity offered. It was veritably a case of 'low visibility.' All the time I could hear the sharp staccato sounds of the Marshal's lips, tightly pursed about the pipe stem, as, with characteristic rapidity, he puffed away. At times I paused, waiting until he had finished the pipe. But as it was, it took the Marshal only about three minutes to do this, and then I busily set to work, for I had a full unrestricted view. Then I saw the delicate fingers again surreptitiously inch toward the pipe; again he seized his tobacco, pressed it rapidly in the bowl and, in another second, the General's face again became the merest outline behind mighty clouds of smoke. In about three minutes this relay of tobacco was also consumed; the Marshal knocked the ashes out of the pipe, laid it again resignedly on the desk and once more turned his face smiling to the artist. Hardly had I got fairly going again when the fingers reached for the pipe and Vesuvius was in full operation once more. I have regretted that I didn't keep exact count, for this exhibition of the smoker's art was the most startling I have ever beheld. I am confident that in the hour and a half of the sitting the Marshal filled his pipe at least twenty times.

I attempted to keep up the conversation, but my French frequently failed me, and once in particular I became



A Pantry Sign
For Summer

We wish that Puffed Grain lovers could in summer have a pantry sign like this. For all day long one should remember these supreme delights.

One is whole wheat with every food cell broken. Bubble grains, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

One is whole rice steam exploded—flimsy, airy morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

The Ideal Foods For Children

These are the reasons for serving Puffed Grains in abundance.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals with every food cell blasted for easy, quick digestion.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible. They supply whole grain nutrition.

They are food confections, enticing in their taste and texture. So children revel in them.

They make breakfast a joy. They give the berry dish a multiplied delight.

No other grain food makes the milk so attractive.

They take the place of sweetmeats.

Mix with Berries

Float in Every Bowl of Milk

Crisp and Butter for Playtime Confections

Use Like Nut Meats on Ice Cream

Use in Candy

Thin Toasted Wafers for Your Soups

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Bubble Grains
Each 15c
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

Quebec Bridge Protected by Jamieson's Paint

Where Protection is of Vital Importance, You'll Find

JAMIESON'S PAINT

After the most exhaustive tests had been made which were spread over a period of four years the Board of Engineers finally selected Jamieson's Paint exclusively for the final coat.

USE JAMIESON'S PAINT WHEREVER PAINT IS NEEDED. ITS QUALITY MEANS AN ATTRACTIVE AND DURABLE PROTECTION. THE PRICE IS MODERATE.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us, and we'll tell you who can.

R. C. JAMIESON & COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL, P.Q.
ESTABLISHED 1858
Owning and Operating P. D. Dods & Co., Ltd.

hopelessly entangled. While I was struggling with my sentences, trying vigorously to make my meaning clear, Foch astonished me by breaking into perfect English, telling me in my own tongue what I was trying to say.

"But they told me that you spoke no English!" I said, in accents that showed my surprise.

He smiled and said in perfect English again:

"Sometimes—for my friends!"

In the course of the sitting I referred to the trouble I was having with my passport.

The Marshal's aide asked to see it, glanced through it, and disappeared with it. In half an hour he returned and handed me the passport viséd. If any one wants quick action in Paris, I would advise him to get into immediate personal touch with Marshal Foch!

Despite the smoky atmosphere I did obtain a complete view of the Marshal's remarkable face. It has more lines than any other face I have ever seen. His head is large; its most striking characteristics are the heavy-lidded eyes—heavy-lidded though keen—the eyes of a student, a reader, a thinker, and the lines of expression that radiate from those eyes are so numerous that they register a remarkable variety of expressions. He has not much hair, though he is not bald. It is simply thin and gray. His photographs usually show him with his cap, and this makes the man look years younger. Despite the lines of his face the expression is so keen and so tremendously alive and alert that were it not for his thin, gray, almost white hair, one would give him the benefit of ten years. His nose is what I might call rugged; there is an abrupt change of angle on the sides as observed from the front, and his chin is swung well to the right. The Marshal has a way of thrusting the chin forward a bit and at the same time pushing forward his under lip. His lips are rather thin and close tightly. The mouth is one sided, corresponding to the swing of the chin, so that his mustache, which is quite gray, seems to be off centre, and to be much higher on the right side of his face than on the left. The cheek bones are strongly modeled but not at all sharp and the jawbones show distinctly under his ears—his ears, by the way, being rather heavy in size and form.

The French language has been used as the language of diplomacy because it has so many adjectives which enable it to express clearly anything. In just this way the hundreds of lines sharply cut in Marshal Foch's face seem to have been cut there to express all emotions and all their varying nuances. Any picture which shows these lines gives the effect of a man ten years older than Foch in real life seems to be. Foch is a nervous man, but he has his nerves entirely under control; there is no tremor, no unsteadiness, but everywhere a look of exuberant health. The skin has good color, not a bright flush but a full-blooded appearance. The eyelids close and open smartly when he winks, and his gaze is as steady as that of a young man.

I was a little puzzled at first about the color of his eyes.

"What color do you think they are?" asked the Marshal.

He jumped from his chair, walked swiftly over to where I was sitting and thrust his face into mine so that it was only a few inches away.

"See for yourself!" he said.

The great affection and respect in which everybody around him holds Marshal Foch were constantly manifest. He has such natural dignity that he is able to exchange laugh and joke with his aides and treat them on a basis of easy familiarity, yet never does he forget that he is a Marshal of France and never do his subordinates fail to observe the respect due to his rank—and, above all, to the man himself. He is a man without a pose, the sort to whom his aids could easily relate an amusing incident, knowing beforehand that the story would be appreciated. In fact, twice during the afternoon one of his staff approached and leaning forward spoke to the General, who on both occasions burst into a hearty laugh. I have known few men who laugh so well. His simplicity and dignity were reflected in his clothes. His uniform was the type which I understand he likes best to wear. It is so unostentatious that it resembles the poilu costume. The Marshal wore no decorations, the only insignia of his rank being the tiny stars of the Marshal that are on both sleeves.

I found that the painting made the Marshal look too old, and asked him if he thought so. He looked at it quietly and said—the reply has always seemed to me to sum up his character:

"No. I am old. And you must be true."

SNOWFLAKE PURITY
SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING

The purity and goodness of SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING insures pies, cakes, pastries, etc.—firm but light in texture, delicate in flavor, delicious, to say the least. Use

SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING

In all your bakings—results will prove to you that there is none better.

Sold in convenient 1 lb. cartons, and 3, 5, 12 and 20 lb. pails.

Matthews-Blackwell, Limited

Established 1852

Canada Food Board License [illegible]

33

So Good—and So Easy!

With "Prepared Junket" you don't have to add a thing but the milk. There are six pure, natural flavors for variety. It is made in a jiffy, and it looks good, it tastes good and it is good.

Junket
MADE with MILK

A dainty dessert and a wholesome food for children and grown-ups.

Use a Junket Tablet when making ice cream. Note how smooth, velvety, delicious it is! It will make the cream more wholesome because more easily digested.

Get a package of Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets as you prefer and delight your family with dainty dishes of wholesome Junket.

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c stamp. A full package for 12c.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory, Toronto, Canada

Muzzling the Truth in Paris

How the French Censors Work—Must Get Back to Truth

THE world agrees on one point, with reference to the peace negotiations—that they have been characterized by too much old-fashioned see-sawing and too little straightforward handling of subjects in the open. Mark Sullivan, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, goes farther and says that the world needs to get back to truth. It is quite apparent that the official habit of regulating everything to be published that grew up with the war is still strongly ingrained in the official mind and, as Mr. Sullivan declares, the time has come for a change. His explanation of some of the things that are being done in Paris are both astonishing and amazing. He says:

When, among the agitated peace doctors at Paris, or in the comparative detachment of America, when I reflect on the troubles of a sick and sorely wounded world, I receive, as everybody else does, a diagnosis that is many-sided and intricate. But of one thing I never cease to be confident. If a really big doctor were called in, there is one thing he would do first—he would throw open the windows and let in the air and sun; thereafter he might make a very complex diagnosis, or he might make a simple one; he might recommend one treatment or another, or he might say there is no cure except time and rest; or he might give the case up as beyond his powers. But the disinfecting quality of air and the clarifying effect of the sun I am sure he would insist upon. And I think they would do a great deal toward at least setting the world on its way to recovery.

By light and air I mean truth. And truth is not in Paris. Truth is not in Europe and has not been for nearly five years. Truth has ceased to function. With the beginning of the war, truth went the way of everything else—it was "taken over by the Government." It was rationed. As with bread and wool and butter and cheese and gooseberry jam, the Government took over the sources of supply and the machinery of distribution, and the public was allowed to have as much as the Government thought was good for it. But the case is worse with truth than with jam: the Governments may seize the other commodities and only let them out in driblets, but at least no Government adulterates them.

When one says the truth has not come out of Europe for five years, it sounds like a loose and easy generalization. But when you reflect upon it that is literally the case. If you start with Germany and her allies, everybody will admit that on the 1st day of August, 1914, truth ceased to function, ceased to flow out spontaneously to the rest of the world. The case of France, England, and the rest of Europe differs from Germany only in degree. During war time all truth is divided into two kinds: there is agreeable truth (agreeable, that is, to the Government)—that kind is put out as propaganda; and there is every other kind of truth—all of that kind is censored. The Governments built up elaborate mechanisms to handle both kinds; they built them up, not only at home but in the countries of their allies. There were and still are elaborate mechanisms for propaganda and elaborate mechanisms for censorship. During the five years of war all the Governments have dealt with truth through one or the other of these two agencies. The system came into being as an incident of war, but now the point of view has been held by Government officials so long and so continuously that it has become their normal way of looking at things. They aren't able to stop and don't want to stop. The hardest thing to demobilize is the official mind; and that is precisely the thing most necessary to demobilize before the world can get back to normal. Probably it won't be done until either there is an explosion or some man comes along who appreciates the disinfecting and aerating and healing qualities of truth and frankness—some one who will root out all the organizations of Government paid censors and Government paid propagandists for the manipulation of truth. There is one such man at the Peace Conference.

Among the newsmen who used to talk about the personnel of the various delegations one was struck by the frequency with which people told you that the biggest man at the Conference was Venizelos the Greek. (President Wilson is among those who hold that opinion.) It made you curious to learn more about Venizelos, and when I asked a person who knew him well just what was the quality that distinguished him, the reply was: "Well, for one thing, Venizelos never says publicly what he doesn't say privately." And a man of that simplicity and candor is a rare, a very rare bird among the statesmen who are con-

Our One Great
INTERNATIONAL
Summer Tour

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

British Columbia, Washington and Oregon

THE FINEST RAIL TRIP IN THE WORLD
MOST GORGEOUS SCENERY
FORTY EVERGREEN GOLF LINKS

See America Now
THE COOLEST SUMMER CLIMATE on the CONTINENT

A wonderful trip in a wonderful country. New western scenes; interesting, modern, growing cities; mountain ranges and peaks as big as forty Switzerlands; 2,000 miles of inland seas; thousands of lakes, some of them 100 miles long; finest salmon and trout fishing in the world; sea beaches for bathing, yachting, canoeing, and all aquatic, field and outdoor sports, and—the climate.

Bright sunny days, temperature rarely over 81 degrees, and a sound restful sleep every night.

A tour to the Pacific Northwest is a perfectly satisfactory holiday and it is a sound investment.

Write for free illustrated booklet to any commercial organization in Oregon, Washington or British Columbia, or to Herbert Cuthbert, Secretary, Pacific Northwest Tourist Association, maintained by government funds to give free information, L. C. Smith Bldg., Seattle

MADE IN CANADA
"Daddy Dear Don't Forget COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS I just love them"
COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS
Dainty Milk Chocolate

ning the world to-day. Statesmen make their public utterances not with the idea of throwing all the facts on the table, but with the purpose of affecting public opinion in a certain way, whatever way will serve the statesman's ends at that particular moment of expediency. Five years of war psychology have given them the propagandist point of view. Public opinion is a thing to be manipulated. To make a speech which has no purpose other than to clarify the situation, to address the public with simple candor, is a thing never dreamed of. In the present condition of the world a statesman who will talk publicly as he talks privately, who will rid himself of pose and affectation, who will shake off the taint of self-consciousness and look at the world objectively, and deal with the world in simple candor, such a man in the present state of things can go a long way.

Mr. Sullivan goes on to show some of the trying and at the same time humorous handicaps under which the correspondents at Paris work. The French censors pass on all copy sent out for the United States and do it by methods all their own. The French censorship is very frank and the newspapers simply leave blanks where the blue pencil is at work. Here is a typical story on the front page of a French daily:

AROUND THE GREEN TABLE

Transactions of the Peace Conference Yesterday

Then the reporter starts off:

"No one knows exactly what was decided yesterday. The delegates were reticent. We believe, however, that the Russian question"

At that point the report breaks off in the middle of the sentence and there comes a long blank space in which the only words are:

"32 lignes censurées" (32 lines cut out by the censor).

The truthful reporter resumes:

"Perhaps the censor will permit us to say that at the conference yesterday afternoon"

But the censor didn't, and there follows another blank space marked as before—"32 lignes censurées"—and the net total of the entire remaining consisted of the concluding words: "The preliminary conference is expected to finish its work to-morrow morning."

At that the French editor was better off than the American correspondents. The French editor wrote his stuff and put it in the paper, and when his paper appeared the next day he knew exactly what had happened to it. At least the thing was off his mind. But the American correspondent never knew. The American correspondent wrote his dispatch and took it to the Bourse Building where the French telegraph company and the French and American censors have their combined offices, and stuck it in a little wicket—and thereafter he had no means of knowing what had been its fate. He would not be able to see his paper for four or five weeks. His editors across the Atlantic could not know whether or not any particular dispatch had been censored. It might happen that ten days or two weeks after the filing of the cablegram the correspondent would get a formal notice. This formal notice came not from the censor—the censor was much too busy to bother with letting you know that he had thrown your dispatch in the wastebasket. The notice came from the telegraph company to tell you that the dispatch hadn't been sent, and that you could come around and get your money back.

Our Trade Mark CERES Goddess of Agriculture

Rural Canada

Farmers Object To Being Herded Like A Flock of Sheep

A FARMER—a *Rural Canada* subscriber from Locust Hill, York Co., Ontario—whose name is given in *Rural Canada* May issue, is typical of the solid thinking farmers who are coming in to see us, and writing us daily, saying in effect:

"I don't know how to tell you what I want to say, as I am not much good at writing, or speaking, but I can think, and I can feel, and I just want to tell you to keep right on, for I appreciate what you are doing for me and lots more think as I do.

"I object to being herded like a *flock of sheep* with a few farmers, say just one or two men laying all the say for us. Our man will get up and talk a lot or write a letter to a paper and then people call that public opinion. It's nonsense as we all know right well.

I am for the United Farmers and organization, but we cannot afford to lose our heads, and we do not want any to be farmers."

You will want to read the rest of this deep true testimonial, as given on page 8 of *Rural Canada* for May.

* * *

Rural Canada has established itself as the welcomed guest—a personality—and different. It has gotten into the very hearts of the solid thinking rural people who are the salt of the earth and the backbone of Canada.

* * *

Rural Canada specializes on *Farming With Power*, the Farming business, and the farm home.

It is here to serve its readers, to make farm life happier and better and to make farming and farm home life easier and more attractive through the labor-saving power to do the work heretofore done by sweat and brawn.

* * *

A new day has dawned in Canadian farming. The tide has turned. Watch it rise.

You will need to read and follow *Rural Canada* in this new movement as it is leading the way.

Editor and General Manager
CANADA FARMERS PUBLISHING SYNDICATE
Suites 1206-2 Temple Bldg., Toronto, Ontario

Subscriptions are taken for Rural Canada only through the mails, as we do not employ solicitors or agents, save local enthusiastic subscribers who get many of their friends and neighbors for Rural Canada because they like Rural Canada. Subscriptions are $1 a year in advance. Ten cents per sample copy. No free copies! Club raisers on Rural Canada subscriptions send us $2 for three new or renewal subscriptions and keep $1 in commission for the time spent. On clubs of five they send us $3 and keep $2. In clubs of ten they send us $5 and keep $5 for time and commission.

[illegible]

World Owes 200 Billions

Gross Indebtedness Has Mounted During War Period From 27 Billions

THE gross indebtedness of the nations of the world has arisen in four years from 27 to more than 200 billion dollars according to a statement prepared by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York. According to this statement, the indebtedness of the seven nations which were chiefly engaged in carrying forward the Great War amounted to 194 billion dollars on Jan. 1, 1919, Great Britain and Germany having the largest debts of any of the belligerents, France being third after those countries, while next in turn were Austria-Hungary, Russia, the United States and Italy. The United States came into the war after the other nations and that fact set it apart from the common trend notwithstanding that war expenditures here from 1917 forward were more than those of any other single belligerent.

According to the statement:

The indebtedness of Great Britain which in the middle of 1914 represented a mortgage equal to 4 per cent. of the nation's wealth now represents a mortgage equal to more than 44 per cent. of that wealth. The indebtedness of Germany, which in 1914 represented a mortgage of 9 per cent. of Germany's national wealth, now represents a mortgage of nearly 50 per cent of that wealth. For Austria-Hungary the increase has been to 60 per cent of the nation's wealth, for France and Russia to 45 per cent and for the United States 9 per cent.

Comparison of the Jan. 1, 1919 figures with the national debt figures as they stood at the outbreak of the war on August 1, 1914, is given as follows:

Gross Debt of	Aug. 1, 1914	Jan. 1, 1919
United States	$ 1,000,000,000	$ [illegible]
Great Britain	[illegible]	[illegible]
France	[illegible]	[illegible]
Russia	[illegible]	[illegible]
Italy	[illegible]	[illegible]
Entente Nations	$19,[illegible]	$[illegible]
German Empire and States	$ 5,000,000,000	$ 40,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	[illegible]	[illegible]
Teutonic Nations	$ [illegible]	$ [illegible]
Gross Debt, All	$27,[illegible]	$[illegible]

Vast as the above figures are, the debt obligations of the nations will not end even here, says the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* commenting in a recent issue on these figures.

A gross total of 194 billion dollars for the countries given acknowledges only the war indebtedness as added to the indebtedness of 1914. It makes no allowance for obligations to be incurred for further military purposes, for the demobilizing of armies, and for pensioning them. Nor does it allow for the restoration and replenishment expenditures that will impose upon the nations the duty to incur further loans. There will be beside the expense of demobilizing the armies, the work of rebuilding and restoring of housing on an unparalleled scale and of roadmaking. There will be the imperative need of agricultural development, shipbuilding and the improvement of transportation, to say nothing of schemes of economic and social reform that are regarded as absolutely essential to future national efficiency.

The bank concludes with a few cheering thoughts on the ability of the world to wipe out its debts if business develops along sound lines.

The determining factor of the whole matter in the future will, after all, be not so much in the bulk of indebtedness as in the productive power of the people who support the indebtedness. Depending upon the wealth production of the people, the support of war debts will be governed accordingly, and debts will be wiped out not by any repudiation or conscription, but by encouraging industry, trade, commerce and economic activity of every kind.

Grinding the Danes

How Germany Tried to Prussianize the Conquered Slesvig

UNDER the terms of the Peace Treaty the people of Slesvig-Holstein will have an opportunity to decide whether they will stay under German rule or go back to Denmark. There may be some doubt as to the decision of the Holsteiners, who are largely German, but the decision of Slesvig is beyond any question. Slesvig has always remained Danish in heart despite the grim and thoroughly Prussian methods of stamping out the spirit of the people. According to Karl Larsen in *The Nation* the Germans tried to Prussianize Slesvig but failed completely. Of their methods, he writes:

Foremost was the effort to suppress the Danish language. War was waged on it in the press and the church, in meetings and associations, through the courts and the administration, and most of all the common schools. In fact, the common schools soon became the chief tool of Germanization. First a reasonable amount of instruction in German was required, then German was made the vehicle of instruction in many classes, and finally, Danish was almost completely forced out of the schools. Nothing remained but a few periods of optional religious instruction in the mother tongue. Sometimes even this instruction was given at a time when the other children were on the playground; or requests for it were denied, and Danish children were intimidated by abusive language. There were many other examples of petty persecution of school children. They were punished for speaking Danish on the playground, and were forced to sing hated songs such as "I am a Prussian Lad." Not content with this Prussian officials forbade all private instruction in the Danish language and made every effort to hinder parents from sending their children to schools in Denmark.

Repeatedly the Danes complained of these abuses and called attention to the disastrous effect on the schools as a whole. In vain they made the modest request that two hours a week be allowed for instruction in the Danish language. Most of all they hated the political purpose back of the language regulations. "I see in this arrangement of the school system," said Lassen in the Reichstag, "a war on Danish nationality as a whole. I see in it efforts directed to the uprooting of Danism as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. But our nationality we neither can nor will ever resign."

When appeals failed, the Slesvigers organized to preserve their mother tongue. When Danish was driven out of the public schools, they organized private schools; when these were closed they sent their children to Denmark to school; that too was prohibited and returning to the methods of their primitive days they employed itinerant school masters. Finally Danish instruction in the homes was also forbidden, and still the children learned to use the tabooed speech. The Association for Promoting the Danish Language is active in establishing Danish libraries and distributing Danish books, and as a result the young Slesvigers speak excellent Danish.

In the church the first step was to put in pastors whose Danish was so wretched that the whole service became a farce. Later German services were introduced as rapidly as possible. Many were the complaints of the pastors who had to preach German sermons to empty pews. Thus one pastor found on a Sunday an audience of one servant girl and she understood no German. She had been sent by the family who wished to be properly represented at divine services. The language situation led to the organization of free congregations that have flourished in the face of police regulations. But if a man after much delay and red tape succeeded in getting out of the State church and into an independent congregation, his troubles were not at an end. Persecutions followed him even to the grave. "No tolling of bells, no prayer, no hymns must be

CREX
GRASS RUGS
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Ideal Floor Covering

What could be more appropriate for summer than CREX grass rugs?

Their well known sanitary qualities, durability, attractiveness and low cost stamp them at once as ideal for the Hall, Living Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, Sun Parlor and Porch.

CREX rugs do not absorb the dust and dirt which even screened windows and doors invite. Easily cleaned with damp cloth and light shaking.

The natural grass blending with soft neutral color-designs lends to virtually limitless indoors and outdoors use.

Three weaves: DeLuxe, Herringbone and Regular in wide variety of patterns and colorings to choose from.

All grass rugs are not CREX. Don't be deceived by imitations. Insist on the genuine.

Free Color Catalog
Write for beautiful color reproductions of all CREX patterns. Room treatments and rug sizes also shown.

WHEN BUYING GRASS RUGS BE SURE THE NAME
CREX
IS WOVEN IN THE SIDE BINDING
ITS YOUR PROTECTION AND GUARANTEE

CREX CARPET COMPANY
212 Fifth Avenue New York

Your Dealer
If your dealer hasn't in stock the pattern, size and color you want, notify us giving full particulars.

STRATFORD LAWN FURNITURE
ONTARIO

Dominion Textile Co.,
LIMITED

Notice of Dividend

A dividend of two percent (2%) on the Common Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED has been declared for the quarter ending 30th June 1919, payable July 2nd to shareholders of record June 16th 1919.

By Order of the Board
JAS. H. WEBB
Montreal, 14th May 1919 Secretary-Treasurer

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE
MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING McGILL UNIVERSITY

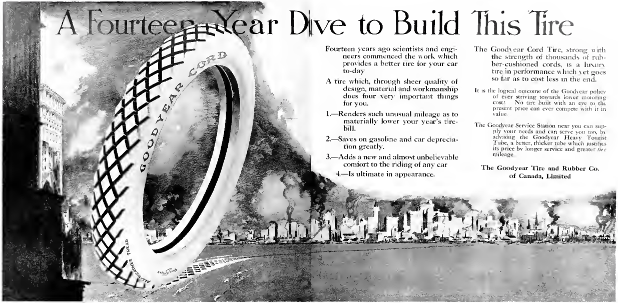
(Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal)

Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions, and to degrees in music.

Applications for residence should be made early, as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to The Warden.

A Fourteen-Year Drive to Build This Tire



Fourteen years ago scientists and engineers commenced the work which provides a better tire for your car to-day

A tire which, through sheer quality of design, material and workmanship does four very important things for you.

1.—Renders such unusual mileage as to materially lower your year's tire-bill.

2.—Saves on gasoline and car depreciation greatly.

3.—Adds a new and almost unbelievable comfort to the riding of any car

4.—Is ultimate in appearance.

The Goodyear Cord Tire, strong with the strength of thousands of rubber-cushioned cords, is a luxury tire in performance which yet goes so far as to cost less in the end.

It is the logical outcome of the Goodyear policy of ever striving towards lower motoring cost: No tire built with an eye to the present price can ever compete with it in value.

The Goodyear Service Station near you can supply your needs and can serve you too, by advising the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube, a better, thicker tube which justifies its price by longer service and greater *tire* mileage.

**The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.
of Canada, Limited**

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

CORD TIRES

LIMO-
LEMON

A Fine Summer Drink

Dispensed through our Limo-Lemon Cooler. Ask for it at the Soda Fountains

Write for our
SPECIAL COOLER OFFER

One Limo-Lemon Cooler with 3-gallon Globe or 5-gallon Bottle, Four gallons Limo-Lemon with Advertising Matter, complete for $22.50 net F.O.B. Toronto.

J. Hungerford Smith Co.
LIMITED
19-25 Alice Street
TORONTO - ONTARIO

Save Forty Per Cent. on the Cost of Your New Building

WE have been in the building business fifty years. We have been making Brantford Sectional Buildings of every conceivable kind and variety for fifteen years.

We have been building contractors on a large scale all this time. This is why we can build Sectional Buildings at least 40% cheaper than individual contractors can build a similar house to order.

They are completed ready for occupation. Doors and windows are in place. Hardware, screens, screen doors and shutters supplied. These buildings are not nailed together but bolted and jointed to withstand the rigors of wind and storm.

The only tools you need to erect them are a screw driver, wrench, spirit level and mallet.

BRANTFORD
SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

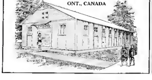
are adapted for such uses as

WORKMEN'S HOMES
SUMMER COTTAGES
MISSION BUILDINGS
BOAT HOUSES
IMPLEMENT SHEDS
BANK BUILDINGS
EXHIBITION BOOTHS
SCHOOLS
CHURCHES
FRESH AIR COTTAGES
GARAGES
ASSEMBLY HALLS
STORES
RESIDENCES

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

We have just had printed a beautifully illustrated catalogue showing the various classes of buildings we make, giving floor plans and such other information valuable to anyone thinking of building. Write for it, specifying your needs, and we will write you fully on what we can do for you.

SCHULTZ BROS. CO., LIMITED
BRANTFORD
ONT., CANADA



housed on the burial ground when members of the free congregations are laid at rest, and permission to have separate burial grounds was denied.

The establishment of German as the sole official language and its exclusive use in the lower courts and the local assemblies also caused many annoyance to the Danish population. Often competent interpreters were not provided and many a North Slesviger suffered when his only offence was his inability to use the German language. Bills written in a non-German language were not collectible. In no case were methods of the Prussian gendarmes and other officials more high handed and unbearable than in their persecution of Danish meetings and [illegible]. Countless instances of the flagrant abuse of the police power in this respect occurred. Of late years the many "Turnvereine" have been special objects of persecution.

But nothing roused the police to action quite so quickly as the singing of Danish songs. According to an order now fifty years old, Danish songs that might stir up opposition to Prussia were forbidden and the decision in individual cases was left entirely to the discretion of the police. Therefore no Scandinavian song was secure from the wrath of the gendarmes. As the interruption of Danish gatherings became a veritable obsession with them, songs that had been permitted for the last thirty or forty years were suddenly classed as dangerous. Fines and imprisonment were repeatedly imposed for the singing of old Danish folk songs, student songs and even religious songs—all of them most innocent and void of political significance. The Danes begged for a list of the tabooed songs, but as usual the Government was unwilling to limit the power of the police. As the war approached the regulations controlling meetings were enforced with greater and greater stringency. Among the many instances the best known is that Roald Amundsen was forbidden to lecture in his own language on his discovery of the South Pole because—and this was the only official reason given—the Norwegian language resembles the Danish too closely.

The determined efforts of Germany to merge this pitifully small people into an all-pervading Germanism furnishes an eloquent example of the stupidity of any attempt to attain uniformity by force. The persecuted people have developed a virile national consciousness and the fervor of martyrdom. Their rather indifferent adherence of half a century ago to the Danish language and institutions has been transformed into an ardent love for their mother tongue and a determined resistance to Germanization.

The Human Side of Ferdinand

Ex-Czar of Bulgaria Had Some Unusual Personal Traits

THE world has accepted a very low estimate of Ferdinand, the ex-Czar of Bulgaria. He is called "the Fox of the Balkans" and is generally depicted as thoroughly unscrupulous, cunning and debased. His record proves all that, but it seems that after all he has some humanly decent traits. A young Frenchman, Frank L. Schoell, accepted a position as a private secretary to Ferdinand in 1910, which was just shortly after Ferdinand had boldly announced the complete independence of Bulgaria and his own assumption of the title of Tsar. Schoell is now publishing in the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles based on his diary and he depicts Ferdinand as a man intensely interested in all things mechanical, a good father and a possessor of some rather unusual traits. The young princes do not appear as favorably as the father: they are selfish and snobbish young puppies, with most of the faults that are usually attributed to those born in the purple.

Space allows for only a few extracts from the diary:

Thereupon he took me into a small adjoining salon and went in quest of the Tsar, who made his appearance a few minutes later, walking with a heavy step. When one is king and half a Bourbon, one is entitled to have the gout betimes!

Simply, with a very charming smile, he gave me his hand, which is slender and heavily beringed, asking me abruptly: 'So you, a Frenchman, and I presume a republican, are willing to enter the service of a king who, by definition and profession, can be nothing of the sort. Are you not ashamed to associate with me?'

I replied that I did not feel ashamed; that my conscience would, without apprehension, adapt itself to my temporary employment, and that I was not an anarchist. A few minutes' conversation, which was briefly a profession of friendship and high esteem for M. Lavisse, and our interview came to an end with a 'Till we meet at Brussels' from Ferdinand.

The truth is Ferdinand seems gifted with an extraordinary memory. He furnished new and striking proofs of this in the pavilion of the jewelers of rue de la Paix. Precious stones seem to have no secrets for him. He knows all the methods of cutting every variety of jewel, all the details of the process of setting, as if he were a professional jeweler, and the surprise shown by all the experts, who vied with each other in laying before him their most beautiful pieces, reached its climax when he exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, were I not a king, I should be a jeweler!"

His endurance is extraordinary. Despite the difficulty which walking, or even standing, causes him, he stopped long before each show case and gave to each exhibitor the impression that, were his time his own, he would stop even longer. How many times a day he flatters somebody's self-esteem! And how cleverly he puts in practice the maxims of La Rochefoucauld!

Tuesday, July 12.—I accompanied the Tsar to Antwerp. We traveled in the beautiful car which brought Ferdinand from Sofia to Paris. During the journey His Majesty had me read to him in the salon articles from Belgian and German newspapers, interrupting me from time to time to point out, now the cathedral of Malines rising from the heart of the old city, and again, the first fortresses of the intrenched camp at Antwerp, with which he seems to be very well acquainted.

We had hardly arrived when we made a spurt for the zoological garden—literally a spurt, for Ferdinand recovers the agility of youth when it comes to visiting a zoo. We spent at least two hours with the animals. His Majesty is a terror for exact ethnological knowledge: he knows the Latin names of every species without looking at the signs, and never makes a mistake as to their habitat.

Dined to-night with the princes. Their idea of politeness differs from mine: being probably well aware that I know absolutely no Bulgarian, they talked nothing but Bulgarian during the whole meal to Weich, an Austrian of the suite, when they might easily have spoken French or German. Their father would have acted differently.

Vienna, Wednesday, July 27.—I traveled alone from Paris to Vienna. Ferdinand had excused me from traveling aside with him to Coburg, where he went with his sons to celebrate some anniversary or other. M. de Bourboulon had warned me of Ferdinand's cult for anniversaries. Every day he turns over the records of his own life and of those of his parents and kindred. There is not a day in the year when something sad or merry has not happened—birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, accession

USE
Made in Canada
Goods
CANADIAN MADE
MADE IN CANADA

Is There a Foreign Watermark on your Stationery?

Use
Canadian-Made
Papers

Canadian-made papers for
Stationery
Booklets
Circulars
Ledgers etc
Stock Certificates
Wrapping Papers
are second to none in quality and value

You receive a convincing letter appealing to you to buy certain goods, because they are MADE IN CANADA. You hold the letter up to the light. The watermark shows the stationery to be of foreign make. What is your natural mental attitude?

Your correspondent has no chance to explain why he uses foreign paper—and, indeed no explanation is valid, for he could have bought equally good paper of Canadian make without spending any more money.

You see the importance of using "Made in Canada" stationery?

Bond papers of all qualities are made right here in Canada—papers for every purpose. Make it a personal matter to see, hereafter, that your stationery is not only of such a quality as represents your house, but that it is genuinely MADE IN CANADA.

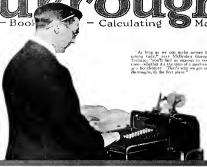
Write for booklet "Some Facts About the Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

CANADIAN PULP AND PAPER ASSOCIATION
304 Shaughnessy Building, Montreal

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines



"As long as we can make money by saving time," says McBride's Garage, Toronto, "you'll find us anxious to save time—whether it's the time of a mechanic or a bookkeeper. That's why we got our Burroughs, in the first place."

Repair Pits and Dollar Marks

The repair pits (like the one in the picture on the next page) in McBride's Garage, at Toronto, are there because each one enables a man to save a full day in overhauling a car.

And in the office of McBride's there's a Burroughs Adding Machine which is just as big a time-saver in that end of the work.

"Minutes," says Mr. McBride, "mean dollars." When we save minutes for our customers we save dollars for them—and when we save minutes for ourselves we save dollars for us. We don't overlook any chances to use time-saving and labor-saving machines in the shop, why should we in the office? Our Burroughs saves us time every day—the minutes wear dollar marks when you come to count up the cost of the extra salaries, and the errors we would have if it weren't for the Burroughs."

The A B C of Business

The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit into any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the saving of a few months.

Burroughs offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. Johns, Nfld.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B., Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., Regina and Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta., Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

It Just Happens to be Toronto

This instance of money saved and work bettered is furnished by a Toronto business—but there are just such instances all over the Dominion, and practically everywhere.

To get a quick idea of how much time and work a Burroughs can save, look at the way McBride's Garage handles its customers' statements.

The books are closed at 6 o'clock in the evening of the last day of the month—and at 8 o'clock the statements (some 800 of them) are in the mail. Items are posted from day to day, so all that is left is the totaling and mailing, but before the Burroughs Machine was put in, that work used to take until 3 or 4 o'clock on the morning of the first.

Then, to get the total for the trial balance, all that's necessary is to run the amounts through the Burroughs—and a full day is saved there.

So, in those two days the Burroughs saves some *twenty-man-hours* of valuable time—to say nothing of its everyday routine work in preparing, totaling and checking figures on the hundreds of jobs that go through the office.

"I'm sorry we didn't have the machine sooner," says Mr. McBride, "it would have saved us a lot of money."

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines to the throne—a fine shot, extreme courtesy—to some one of his life. And he remembers the said event on the said day. He arranges his trips carefully so as to be at a given place at a given hour. In short, Ferdinand is both superstitious and sentimental, and to such a degree that he doesn't like to part with flowers which he has picked or which have been given him. He likes to take his bouquets with him on his journeys, until they are reduced to dust, and even then I am not sure that he doesn't preserve their ashes in a priceless urn.

Saturday, July 30.—I have discovered a new quality in Ferdinand: he is the best of teachers for his sons. He knows how to interest without over-tiring them. He instructs them almost without their knowing it. It surely will not be his fault if they grow up dunces, for he takes infinite pains to explain everything he shows them. Moreover, the princes are just as good pupils as their father is a teacher.

Arctic Versus Tropical Travel

A Comparison of Methods and the Results Obtained

WHY is it that the world lends so rapt an attention to the exploits of the arctic explorers and hears so little of the work of the men who break new ground through the tropics? Such is the plaint of Theodore De Booy in the *Scientific Monthly*. He contends that the tropical explorer has infinitely greater hardships to contend with and moreover achieves results of infinitely greater value. It must be confessed that there is a great deal of truth in what he says and that on the face of things there is no reason why the work of the arctic traveler should have been glorified beyond the work of the brave and audacious men who have plunged into the jungle fastnesses.

The comparison that the writer gives, while somewhat biased, is worth consideration:

Does not the jungle provide all that is necessary towards a happy existence? Else why the breadfruit and the banana? And does not the coco palm provide the material for the building of houses, the making of hats, the manufacturing of mats and clothing and at the same time provide food in varied form? The tropical explorer asks for funds only in order to spend more time in the hotel verandas and, once in the bush, needs nought beyond the abundant resources of nature." As a result, with but few exceptions the tropical expedition is all too scantily furnished with funds. Why trouble with clothing? The natives dispense with it. Why carry instruments or medicines? The tropical climate makes the latter unnecessary and, as for the instruments, why trouble to take observations when ever so the tropical explorer is discredited before even leaving his native shores?

And now let us see what happens when the field of exploration is actually reached. I am not qualified to speak of arctic conditions from personal experience, but any reader of arctic literature will agree with me that the situation as I shall show it is more or less in accord with general experiences. As a parallel I shall show what the tropical explorers are and leave the reader to decide upon the verdict.

The arctic explorer leaves his base. He is generally accompanied by a goodly party which makes traveling all the jollier. The provisions, be they ample or be they scant, are packed on sleds drawn by trusty dogs. Generally the trusty dogs are too trusting, as they not infrequently wind up their useful career as meat aliment for the explorers. For greater part the ice is fairly rough and at times easy, especially when the explorers are sliding on the sleds. One can see in all directions. There are no hostile inhabitants to contest the right to visit the region. It is cold, but the special clothes that are worn go far towards alleviating this hardship. Camp is made at night after covering perhaps as much as twenty or more miles, a satisfactory day's progress. No time is lost in setting up the small tents and in preparing the food with liquid fuel. Outside of the cold one is quite content.

The tropical explorer leaves his base. He usually travels alone or at the best with but one companion. No matter who the chief of the party is he will usually quarrel with his associates before the expedition has progressed very far. This is due not to a mean streak in his make-up but to the irritating effect of the climate and the mosquitoes. None but two saints—and these are scarce upon the earth—would travel a hundred miles through the tropical bush without having at least one violent quarrel. On leaving the base certain provisions have to be taken along. The tropical forest is not nearly so generous with its gifts as one hears mentioned. The provisions that are taken weigh a great deal and have to be transported on the backs of the carriers. One is lucky to obtain sufficient carriers. Generally the demand is far greater than the supply, so that in the end, the amount of food that goes with the explorers is pitifully small. However, the tropical explorer is by nature optimistic and generally risks the chance of being unable to obtain game during his stay in the jungle. Of the food carried at least fifty per cent. will spoil on the trip. This is mostly due to the intense humidity that is experienced. The daily progress made depends entirely upon the nature of the country. Sometimes it is as much as ten miles per day and often it is as little as four miles per day. Under the most unfavorable circumstances it means a slow, laborious cutting through the dense underbrush which is fatiguing and trying on the nerves. The thorns, with which so many bushes are plentifully endowed, do not fail to exact a bloody toll from the explorer. The thousand and one insect varieties lose no time to apply for their quota of the traveler's blood. Again, hostile Indians may be met with, and these may carry out what the insects tried to do and put a final stop to progress in the desired direction. It is at last decided to make camp at eight. Some leaves are cut and a temporary shelter is hastily erected. The more hastily this is done, the surer it is to rain that very night. By dusk one begins to consider cooking a meal. Despite all the fallen giants of the forest, there is nothing harder to find than dry firewood in the tropics. At last a smouldering fire with much smoke has been created. Just about then the mosquito outposts have spread the news to their far-off brethren that a newcomer is in the forest.

The arctic explorer travels on. One day's progress is not much different from another. Sometimes it snows and sometimes it is clear. Always he can see the road ahead. His provisions get low after a while but he is still able to press on with comparatively little fatigue. At last the goal is fairly near. If it is reached and he returns in safety, a new discovery is hailed by press and public. If he fails the return voyage provides him with ample leisure to explain ingeniously wherein the failure lay and how it was caused. The return of the arctic explorer is hailed with joy and he has even less difficulty than before in obtaining funds for a new expedition. Should failure mean death, his widow is feted, honored and made to publish reminiscences of her husband. As for the lonely corpse upon the ice floe, it is generally discovered in later years.

The tropical explorer travels on. There is a startling variety in the experiences of each day. Sometimes he travels through the dense underbrush combating with nature at every step, cutting down the very effective barriers of jungle which seem to defy his attempts at exploring the mysteries that lie beyond. Again the trail leads over forbidding mountains. On the summits of these a cold is experienced that eclipses any cold suffered in the arctic. The explorer lacks all means to protect himself against these climatic changes. After a while he strikes a swampy region where the dreaded miasma covers the landscape with a mantle of death. Wild animals, wild Indians and all the insects conspire against the traveler's happiness and peace of mind. Provisions get low. The tortured explorer, racked by fever, covered with insect bites and sores, enfeebled from lack of food, continues only because he knows that he is nearer to his goal than to his base. And if he reaches his goal? The few that hear of his success must needs consult a map to learn of his achievement. His friends regard his claims to recognition with scant concern and are too much inclined to dwell upon the delights of the tropics to take the narrative of his hardships seriously. The explorer is forgotten before he was ever remembered. He is forced to return to his tropics where nature at least does not belittle his attempts at solving the mysteries of the Beyond, but appears to feel that the great obstacles she places in his way serve but to heighten his achievement. And if the explorer fails to reach his goal? It would not be well to dwell upon the nature of his death. Maybe some kindly Indian arrow made it short. May be he lingered long, deserted by his carriers, tortured by insects, with fever virus that accentuated his agony, helpless to proceed, helpless even to do more than wish for a speedy ending. So have the tropics taken toll century after century.

And now for the results. The arctic is practically all explored, and we have arrived at the realization that while the scientific results of the expeditions are beyond price, the practical results have yet to be demonstrated. The tropics, partially explored, and the world has been enriched with new lands, new minerals, new drugs and a wider outlook. The pioneer, the explorer, has been forgotten, but the settled areas that resulted directly from his labors and his sufferings are monuments more impressive than those an ungrateful public failed to erect.

4 Cost Items
go into every letter

Save on one and you ruin the effect of the whole

Into every letter you write there goes such thought as will result in that letter creating the desired impression on the man who receives it.

You dictate it with care to a stenographer, then you affix several cents' worth of postage.

The paper on which the letter is written is the fourth item of cost. By using a cheap paper you cannot save more than a small fraction of the total cost.

SUPERFINE
LINEN RECORD
(Look for the Watermark)

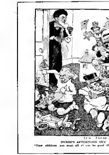
is Canada's standard high grade Bond Paper. The famous R. Shield Watermark insures that strength, texture and bright surface which enables a printer or lithographer to do his best work. Sample sheets on request.

The Rolland Paper Company, Limited
High Grade Paper Makers
MONTREAL

[illegible]

Piccadilly
LONDON
SMOKING MIXTURE
Highest Grade Smoking Tobacco
PICCADILLY
LONDON
Smoking Mixture
30¢
PER
PACKAGE

The art of blending tobacco has reached the zenith of perfection in Piccadilly Smoking Mixture.


NURSERY AFTERNOON OUT

"Now children, you must all sit here be good till I come back."

HARTT
De Luxe Footwear
for Ladies and Gentlemen

An exceptionally stylish Oxford in Black Vici Kid. Gold Medal grade, model 1750, No. 14 last.

Smart serviceable gentleman's Oxford, C. S. Pattern on ... last.

BUILT along fashion's latest contours of the finest and most durable leathers, the grace and elegance of Hartt Shoes are fully matched by their wonderful comfort and long-wearing qualities.

There is a wide variety of shapes and styles for both ladies and gentlemen to choose from. If you do not know the name of a dealer who handles Hartt Shoes, write to

THE HARTT BOOT & SHOE CO. LIMITED
FREDERICTON, N.B.

DAINTY ELEGANCE

[illegible]

"KEYSTONE"
FRENCH IVORY OR EBONY
BRUSHES

[illegible]

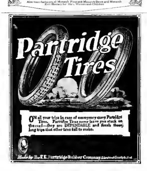
STEVENS-HEPNER CO. Ltd.
PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO

Keystone
TRADE MARK

MONARCH · KNIT SWEATER · COATS

Black and white illustration but faintly suggests the soft rich hues, the exquisite harmony of colors, and the silky texture of long fibre Australian yarns which make the new Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats so irresistible. Besides its wide variety, the new spring range is notable for its fresh and exclusive styles, as well as for certain refinements of finish and design hitherto lacking in garments of this kind. Such things really have to be seen to be appreciated.

The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada
Also manufacturers of Monarch Floss and Monarch Down and Monarch Knit Hosiery for Men, Women and Children



ON all your trips in case of emergency carry Partridge Tires. Partridge Tires never leave you stuck on the road—they are DEPENDABLE and finish those long trips that other tires fail to make.

Made by The F.E. Partridge Rubber Company Limited Guelph, Ont.

A New Country Created as a Result of the Great War

Small Mohammedan State Becomes a Kingdom

IN looking over the names of the countries allied against Germany when the Peace terms are presented, the average reader probably met two or three at least with which he was not very familiar. The "Kingdom of the Hejaz" has but recently received head lines in the papers—but it had as many representatives at the Peace Conference as Canada. In the *Independent* Lewis R. Gannett writes interestingly of the romance of the country and of its Anglo-Arabian Major-General.

After the principal Allies had been allotted their quotas at the Peace Conference, there was a belated announcement that the Kingdom of the Hejaz would be given two seats. That little Arab kingdom, recognized by France and England as a belligerent Ally in 1916, had been left out, but Faisal, third son of the King of the Hejaz (or as the King prefers to be called, Cherif of Mecca) and a young English colonel named Lawrence who had been adopted into the family of the descendants of the prophet Mohammed and was a major general in Faisal's Arab army, made a few spirited remarks about the share of the Arab army in the liberation of Syria and the feelings which those Arabs might entertain if omitted from the Peace Conference, and the Kingdom of Hejaz secured its two seats.

The Hejaz itself is a small strip on the west coast of Arabia, but it includes the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, and its ruler is the Cherif of Mecca, descendant of the Prophet himself, head of a family with a venerable history of nine hundred years as guardian of the holy relics. Houssein the Cherif was Governor under the Turks; his sons were brought up in exile at Constantinople. Even before the war Arab secret societies had been working towards independence; the Cherif's second son, Abdul, had been active in one of these societies in Mesopotamia. The Turks, on entering the war, discovered records of others in Syria and hanged some hundreds of their chiefs, deporting thousands more to Asia Minor. (Arabs speak one language from the Euphrates to the seacoast and from Suez to the mountain ranges of Asia Minor. To the Arab Syria is simply a region where Arabs, a few of whom are Christians, live more settled industrial lives; there is no word for 'Syria' in the Arab tongue.)

Late in 1915 the Cherif of Mecca sent a letter to the Governor of Egypt stating that he wanted to revolt against the Turks, but that without arms and supplies it was impossible. So, when the Cherif took Jedda, the port of Mecca, in January, 1916, British guns and ammunition and food met him there in charge of a group of British officers. Among them was Lawrence, an Oxford man who had spent some years studying about the Near East, digging up Hittite cities, studying the military architecture of the Crusaders, once on occasion doing engineering work on the Bagdad railway, and in the course of it all learning Arabic and a great deal about the Arabs. He is a blue-eyed, fair-haired man still in his twenties; on his Paris work-table lie volumes of Samuel Butler and Joseph Conrad, Epictetus, Wordsworth, and Walter de la Mare; but he is the romantic hero of the Arab rebellion.

Slowly the revolt spread, moving northward along the coast. Mecca was taken. Medina remained in the hands of a Turkish garrison because the Turks stored Mohammed's tomb with explosives and made known their intention of destroying it in case the town was attacked, thus effectively protecting it against Moslem troops. In a year the Hejaz was free from Turks (except for Medina, which did not surrender until after the armistice). In July, 1917, Akaba, on the shoulder of the Sinai peninsula, was taken and a junction effected with General Allenby's army from Egypt. As the Arab army moved on, its constitution changed. Bedouins do not like to wander far from their home deserts and oases; as new districts were liberated, the southern troops drifted homeward and more northern tribes came under Faisal's flag. With them went the Cherif Lawrence, clad as an Arab, speaking the Arab tongue, an officer of both British and Arab armies. Wherever the army went, all the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, local Arabs rose and drove out the Turks, so that the Syrians have reason to feel that they shared in their own liberation, and are proud of it. The British War Office invested £10,000,000 in the venture and found it well spent.

Faisul, son of the Cherif of Mecca and King of the Hejaz, represents his father's Kingdom at the Peace Conference. In this capacity he asks only that the Great Powers aid him to collect the stolen treasures belonging to the Hejaz, which are now somewhere in Turkey, and then leave the Hejaz alone. But he also represents a belligerent army of Syrian Arabs. That is why the French at first opposed his presence at the Peace Conference, for as representative of the army he stands in the way of the French claim to Syria. He too wants a unified Syria, but he wants an independent Syria placed merely temporarily under a mandatory of the League of Nations.

The United States is his preferred mandatory, partly because he realizes that British control would increase French jealousy and partly because he believes that the United States would be more disinterested. If the United States will not accept the mandate—the request has been made unofficially and the unofficial reply has intimated a refusal—the second choice is England. The last choice is France. France, Faisul declares, has maintained order in Algeria and made it materially prosperous, but Algeria under French control has not produced a native who can write good Arabic or a single real Arabic scholar. "First-class sham Frenchmen" have been produced, not first-class Arabs. Faisul believes in Arabic culture. He wants railways and electrical power-stations and drainage and agricultural machinery and schools in Syria, but he wants a sympathetic mandatory by his side to see that the railways and the industrial developments are not used to hold down his fellow countrymen, and he wants the schools to be Arab schools, with a reverence and respect for a great tradition. Colonel Lawrence speaks with enthusiasm of modern Arabian poetry, which, he says, is untranslatable, of revolutionary songs which cannot be rendered into English because of their peculiarly Oriental beauty and their peculiar Oriental indecency, of a silkweaving art and glass-work which the West cannot even imitate, and of an Arabic adaptability which makes even the modern buildings of Aleppo, obviously built on Western models, somehow wholly Eastern and beautiful.

According to Colonel Lawrence, interpreting the thought of Faisul, Egypt and India have cost the British Empire nothing, and the Soudan will soon pay; why would it not be possible to raise a loan for the infinitely more fertile Syria and guarantee it by the customs? In fifteen years, he believes, Syria could stand on its own feet. In the meantime the assistance it needs should be disinterested, and come from a nation responsible to the League of Nations rather than from one seeking a colonial empire.

When Eisner Was Shot

Journalist Tells How Landtag Heard the News

CONDITIONS in Munich during the revolutionary days of February, when Kurt Eisner, the journalist who rose from obscurity to the head of the democratic Government in a few weeks, was murdered, are graphically described in the *Nation* by an American newspaperman. He was in Munich the day of the killing, and even had intruded into the Landtag press gallery the hour that Eisner's murder was announced to the Assembly. He writes first of his room in the "quietest street," and then tells how he heard the news.

"You will find," said my friend, "that the Bayrischer Hof is the quietest hotel in the quietest street in Munich—but it is very convenient." Just at this moment, as I sit in my room in the aforesaid Bayrischer Hof, the machine guns in the quietest street in Munich are rumbling, and the crack of rifles is incessant. I dare not open my window to look out, for every time I have tried it someone calls "Head in, or I'll shoot"—and the head comes in. But I can see out of my window. The firing party is just beyond my vision, but I can see the flashes. Civilians come running by for cover. A street light shines right down upon as picturesque a group of reserve soldiery as ever a De Neuville painted. The quietest street in Munich, and not two hundred yards away men are being killed by their brothers!

The day began well. My impudence in calmly walking in and demanding a seat in the journalists' gallery of the Landtag met its just reward. A representative of the American press at this historic opening session of the first democratic Landtag in Bavaria—'Well, easily, mein Herr!" The session was just about to begin, the journalists' box was already more than filled—and what paper had mein Herr with which to identify himself? "Here is my American passport, here my Paris pass as a Peace Conference correspondent, here my visiting card." "But what is there to show that you are connected with the *Nation*?" I try to explain a rather intimate connection; suddenly it is unnecessary. Something about the name on the passport attracts. Is it possible that I am my father's son? Yes, indeed. "Well then, of course," he says, "here is a ticket to the box and good luck. I used to live in the Pfalz in Paris where your father did."

The gentlemen in charge of the box are equally amazed. A colleague from America? Well, he will have to be content with standing room. He was well content with standing-room and in a minute was in the journalists' box directly opposite the "tribune" or dais upon which the officials sit looking down upon the gathering representatives. The correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* kindly pointed out the various dignitaries. That Minister there on the right was a locksmith's apprentice only a little while ago. Timm, the Minister of Education, on the left, is a tailor's son and was long a public school teacher. There is Auer, the Minister about whose head the storm is raging. He is the son of a sewing woman—and left school at eleven to be a herdsman for eleven years. Yet this is aristocratic Bavaria. Then there is Rosshaupter, Minister of Military Affairs, to whom the Independent Socialists and Bolshevists are as much opposed as to Auer; he is charged with having been too kind to the officers of the old army. Several women delegates come in. "Think of that in Prussia," adds my coach, "woman suffrage in hidebound, priest-ridden, old Bavaria. Then there is Professor Quidde, the chief of the Bavarian pacifists, of whose efforts to stop the war you must have heard in America. Now they are all here except the President, Kurt Eisner."

A moment later a very young man as pale as a sheet walked quite feebly to the platform. "That," said the voice by my side, "is Fechenbach, Eisner's secretary. What is wrong? Something must have happened to Eisner." At that moment a soldier dashed into the journalists' box. "Kurt Eisner is murdered," he called in a voice that startled the whole house. "Kurt Eisner has been shot," and to prove it he held up the bloody eyeglasses of the Liberator of Bavaria.

I cannot exaggerate the shock to the Landtag. Everybody calls out "Shame!" The galleries are more excited than the Landtag. Even the journalists join in. "Adjourn, adjourn," they cry. Then comes the news that the assassin is the young Count Arco-Valley. The temporary President calls the meeting to order, and in a cool, calm voice announces the assassination of the President, and declares the meeting adjourned for an hour. Everybody goes out. The gravity of the situation is recognized at once. Eisner had intended to resign that morning as soon as the Landtag should be organized from the office he had held ever since leading the revolution in November. Now the bitter hatred of him cherished by the middle classes, the aristocracy, and the officials, big and little, and carefully fanned by the capitalistic press, had vented itself. That the murderer was a Count only made it worse. More than one declared that there would be bloodshed that night, and that Bolshevism would come to Bavaria. "I pity the Anti-Eisner press to-night," said one. "There will not be a stone left in the building of the *Muenchener-Augsburger Zeitung*." "You had better get away," declared my Frankfort friend to his wife, "things are likely to happen here."

Just at this point my newspaper instinct failed me. Remembering a noon engagement, I went out to telephone that I could not keep it. When I came back in five minutes the way was blockaded. Journalists' passes were no longer of any avail, as others besides myself learned. We stood out disconsolate. But a representative from Vienna thought we should miss nothing, and went off advising us all to stay indoors that night. 'To-night blood will flow.' I was left wondering what would happen next. Only two days ago, on my arrival in Munich, I ran right into the attempt of six hundred sailors to take the city by surprise in the interest of the reaction, and saw some of the fighting around the railway station. From what I witnessed at that time it was clear enough that four years of warfare had not been without their effect in accustoming all classes to the method of attaining their ends by violence; and now with the hero of the people shot down by a member of the hated old ruling class, I could not help asking myself what was to be the result of this dastardly crime on the relations between Bavaria's rulers and her hungry and embittered population. What next in quiet Munich?

The answer came quickly enough. An officer dashed out of the Landtag crying out, "Auer is assassinated. Auer is assassinated—and Osel!" The news spread like wildfire. What happened my friend of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* described later. "You may thank your lucky stars that you were not there. The Landtag had hardly assembled again and listened to a couple of tributes to Eisner, including one by Auer, when a man walked in and fired point blank at Auer. An officer dashed at him, but was shot down. Then they began shooting from the galleries all around us. Osel was killed outright, and a clerk as well. Auer is not dead, but wounded. We journalists crawled out of that box on our hands and knees. I have seen terrible things and witnessed two attempts to assassinate kings, but never saw anything like the panic and terror and flight and the general promiscuous shooting. I myself could add a little to the tale, for as I stood at the door there came out a man with staring eyes and pale face, who gathered the soldiers at the doors about him. I moved nearer to hear what he said. He hurriedly remarked as he saw me: 'There's another chap we ought to get.' Two

The dainty little watch that can be worn in whichever style that fashion may dictate
WALTHAM
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM Convertible Bracelet Watch

WITH all the accuracy for which Waltham has become world-famous, this dainty little watch possesses unique beauty and distinction.

It is pre-eminently the watch for women.

At the bottom of the case is a small eye to which, when open, one end of the bracelet is attached.

But if you desire to wear the watch in some other way—on a chain or brooch, or as a ribbon wrist watch, for example—a slight pressure of the finger folds the eye back flush with case leaving no indication of its use as a Bracelet Watch.

This versatility of wear is very useful because the watch can be worn in whatever manner fashion may dictate.

As a gift for a bride or a girl graduate, or as a birthday gift or a present for any like occasion, the Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch enjoys wonderful vogue.

Ask your jeweler to show you this popular model.

Waltham Watch Copmany, Limited, Montreal
Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada
Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

Cut Down Your Office Overhead

You owe it to yourself to know all about the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Systems which cut office expense to an absolute minimum. Loose leaf systems are adapted for the small as well as the large offices. Hundreds of firms in every line of business in Canada are using "Kalamazoo" systems every day, and in every case with the greatest satisfaction.

We Help You Solve Your Problems

As a user of "Kalamazoo" Systems you are entitled to our Consulting Service—a free service which helps you solve your office problems. [illegible] Write us fully regarding your requirements. [illegible] Loose Leaf system.

Easy to Install—Present System Not Disturbed

[illegible]

We Sell Direct to You

You deal direct with the manufacturers of "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Devices. [illegible]

Write for Free Booklet

It will pay you to write at once for our Booklet describing the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Devices. Sign your name and address in the coupon to the right and mail it today. You will not be obligated in any way.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
King & Spadina Toronto, Ont

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Ltd.,
King and Spadina, Toronto
I am interested in a Loose Leaf System for
Ledger Retail System
Cash Book Catalogue Holders
Machine Accounting
Name
Address

Victory Bonds
(all issues)
1922-1923-1927 1933-1937
Bought—Sold—Quoted
GREENSHIELDS & CO.
Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Dealers in Canadian Bond Issues
17 St. John Street Montreal
Central Chambers, Ottawa

soldiers urged us away. "Better go home. Something might happen to you here." The man walked off quietly with four soldiers. As he did so another came to me excitedly and said: "See that man? He's the fellow who just shot Auer and the others, and they are letting him run away!"

The news of Eisner's death went through the city as if it had wings. The effect was instantaneous. No one needed to be told that trouble was to come. The street cars stopped running, disappearing as if by magic. The restaurants on the main streets hastily closed and the shops one and all pulled down their heavy roll shutters. As I went out to lunch I met long processions of workmen—pale and gaunt and lean—so overworked, starved and hungry looking as to move any heart. They had laid down their work and declared simultaneously without consultation a three-day general strike. To every well-dressed man they cried out, "We'll get square with the aristocrat who killed our Eisner!" In less than three hours the stage was all set for civil war. It was in the air.

Proclamations came thick and fast. First one from the Council of Workmen, Soldiers and Peasants declaring that the revolution was in danger and that a three day strike was ordered. By four o'clock aeroplanes were flying over the city dropping proclamations: bits of white paper proclaimed that everybody must be indoors by seven o'clock; bits of blood-red paper declared a state of siege; anybody found on the street after seven o'clock would be arrested. Still another proclamation declared that anybody who stole or pillaged would be shot on sight. Troops were soon moving in every direction. There were no laggards in getting home when seven o'clock came. By seven thirty there was firing under our windows, and now they are at it again.

Austria Will Become Third Rate Power

Peace Arrangements Will Cause an Immediate Decline

THE fate of Austria threatens to be the most dire of any of the belligerent countries. Under the peace arrangements Austria is certain to shrink from a first-class power to third class poverty. Its wealth will be torn from it and Vienna will in time dwindle to the status of a provincial town. The reasons for this prospective decline are shown by a writer signing himself Politicus in *The Fortnightly*. He says:

In consequence of the war the wealth of Vienna has disappeared. The German Austrian landlords who derived their wealth from Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian estates will probably be expropriated by the Poles, Czechs, and Magyars. The aristocratic idlers of Vienna will have to turn to work. The wealthy financiers, bankers, and investors of Vienna, to whom the whole Empire was in debt, will be compelled to sell the bulk of their investments situated in non-German Austria, partly owing to the pressure which will be probably exercised upon them by the non-German peoples who will decline to continue paying tribute to Vienna, partly owing to the ruin which the war will undoubtedly inflict upon them. The Czecho-Slovaks, Poles, Serbians, etc., will create capitals of their own and will shun Vienna. With the disappearance of the Court and the wealthy aristocracy the glamor of Vienna will go. Vienna, which was the capital of a great empire, will become the principal town of a small State of 6,000,000 inhabitants. It stands to reason that a little nation of 6,000,000 people cannot maintain a capital inhabited by 2,000,000. Vienna's luxury industries will decline and decay. Prague, Bucharest, Warsaw and Belgrade may put Vienna in the shade.

The Austro-Germans will suffer through the war in a two fold manner. Their income, which was principally drawn from the non-German districts, will be vastly reduced by the loss of these principal wealth creating resources. In addition they will be weighed down by the burden of the war-debt and of the indemnities which they will have to pay to the countries which the Austrian armies have devastated. During the war the Government of the Dual Monarchy has raised an enormous debt which was taken up chiefly by the financiers, bankers, and wealthy investors of Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The non-German portions of the Austrian Empire will of course refuse to take over their share. Consequently the 6,000,000 Austro-Germans will have to assume a financial burden which would have been unbearably heavy to the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the Austrian Empire. The Austrian Government will therefore be compelled to repudiate the larger part or the whole of the national debt. The Austro-German bankers, financiers and investors will consequently be ruined.

The new Austria will be an exceedingly small and poor country. German Austria will of course not be able to support a capital of 2,000,000 people. Vienna will in course of time become an insignificant provincial town with a rapidly declining population, and house property should be exceedingly cheap. Having lost its agricultural, mineral and industrial resources and the bulk of its paper wealth, German Austria may become one of the poorest countries in the world. Possibly its population will decline very quickly. It is of course conceivable that misfortune should cause the Austrian people to pull themselves together to make a new start. Agriculture and forestry in German Austria may be improved. Lack of coal may cause the Austro-Germans to convert their water-power into electricity. New resources may be discovered in the country. However, the greatest probability seems to be that German Austria will decline and decay, for the population lacks energy and enterprise. The Austrian manufacturers, bankers and business men will probably go to Bohemia, Poland and other countries where conditions are more favorable for the exercise of their abilities, and the Austrian workers will emigrate by the hundred thousand from their ruined country to the more prosperous lands around them and to countries overseas. The position of Magyar Hungary is very similar to that of German Austria. Buda-Pesth may share the fate of Vienna. On the other hand, the Magyars have an advantage over Austria in the possession of the exceedingly fruitful Hungarian plain, the productivity of which can be enormously increased.

If German Austria should unite with Germany, Germany's population would be augmented not by 12,000,000, as is often asserted, but by only 6,000,000, and that number may rapidly shrink if economic pressure and distress should lead to the reduction of the Austrian population. A German-Austrian union may take place, but it need not be a lasting and permanent union. It seems questionable whether the Germans and the Austrians will care to combine. The accession of an utterly impoverished and exhausted Austria might appear to the Germans rather a loss than a gain. Besides, the Austro-Germans themselves may no longer wish to become citizens of Germany. Their desire to enter the German Federation was exceedingly strong as long as the German Empire enjoyed its great prestige. At that time the Austro-Germans were anxious to become members of a State which was rapidly progressing, immensely wealthy and powerful, reputed invincible, and believed destined to achieve the dominion of the world. The glamor which surrounded Imperial Germany has disappeared. Austria has been disillusioned by the war. Many Austrians see in the Germans the cause of their downfall and of their sufferings, and they curse the day on which they went to war at the bidding of Berlin. During the course of the war the Germans have treated the Austrians not as allies, but as underlings, with deliberate insolence and contempt. Vienna starved while Berlin feasted.

Austrian admiration of the Germans may give way to resentment and to bitter hatred. The Austro-Germans may endeavor to forget that they were once a great and conquering nation. They will probably seek peace and rest, and they may strive to live their own life in humble and isolated insignificance. Possibly the Alpine portions of Austria which incline toward Switzerland may try to find security in joining that country. Vorarlberg may be the first province to undertake this step. I think those are mistaken who believe that the Austro-Germans desire to join the Germans of Germany with the object of embarking at Germany's command upon a war of revenge at the earliest opportunity. Very possibly the great war has led not only to the downfall of Austria but to its final extinction. It seems not inconceivable that in a few decades the stationary or shrinking population of Austria will have been absorbed by the surrounding Swiss, Italians, Czechs, Magyars and Poles. Austria's military and economic strength, as that of Magyar Hungary, was derived from its subject nations. The war has knocked away the props on which both these States were erected. To-day Austria is only a shadow of its former self. In a century the State which at one time dominated the world may be but a remembrance, or its history may seem a romance, a fable to those who read it.

The NORDHEIMER
"Human Touch" Player Piano
Means Much to Your Home

THE value of anything is its value to life. Does it bring happiness? Is it uplifting, ennobling? Is it broadening and educational? Herein lies the power of the Nordheimer Player Piano. It is a tremendous force as an educational element in music. It is a prolific source of pleasure in the home—BECAUSE IT MAKES MUSIC AVAILABLE to you, who cannot play a note. The whole world of music is opened to you through the marvellous mechanism and tonal perfections of this superb instrument.

The fine tonal quality of the Nordheimer Piano itself is the fundamental feature in the success of this instrument.

Played by hand, the Nordheimer "Human Touch" Player Piano reveals the same tonal qualities that are achieved only by a few instruments of world renown.

Played as a Player, the "Human Touch" feature removes all suggestion of the mechanical. It gives to the automatic playing a light, deft touch, closely resembling the actual finger playing of an artist.

The Nordheimer Player Piano is made in two styles and two sizes.

The smaller is known as the Nordheimer Apartment Player. It is a little jewel of an instrument, dainty, artistic and with most astonishing tone and sensitive musical from so compact an instrument.

The Player Piano is an important investment. Do not make your selection a "speculation" when you can be sure of that satisfaction which the name Nordheimer ensures. First write for our literature; but before choosing be sure to hear the Nordheimer played.

Write for design Book "M" containing all particulars

Nordheimer Piano & Music Company
LIMITED
Corner Albert and Yonge Streets, Toronto

MORE POWER
LESS UPKEEP
—with the
Northern
Timer Elevator
For FORD CARS

The moment you install a Northern Timer Elevator you give your Ford new life.
The quick "pull up" start—rapid acceleration—smooth get away—overrunning torque—a cracker-jack on hills—down to the "tick-a-tocks" idle turnover—are some of the immediate results.
If you want one set of wiring to last indefinitely—giving satisfaction all the while—invest in a Northern Timer Elevator right now.
Thirty minutes puts one on—no drilling, no fuss—and that thirty minutes saves you hours of time, money and indifferent performance.
Dealers everywhere sell the Northern Timer Elevator.
PRICE $7.50. Worth its weight in "Pep"

"PASCO"
Wire Wheels
For ALL Cars

Not for appearance sake only, but for added tire mileage and easy riding qualities should you equip your car with Pasco Wire Wheels.
Quick-demountable—interchangeable—simple yet positive locking device is but a mention of Pasco Service Features.
Beauty of form—exceptional resiliency—serviceable to a degree makes Pasco the Wire Wheel pre-eminent.
You can see Pasco Wire Wheels everywhere—and your dealer stocks the size you need.

■ ■ ■

For further information on these or other Automobile Accessories—Write our nearest house.

Northern Electric Company
LIMITED
Montreal Halifax Ottawa
Toronto London Winnipeg
Regina Calgary Vancouver

IN JULY MACLEAN'S

"Owners Up" another Bulldog Carney story—the best horse race story ever written.
"Bankrupt," a humorous and very pleasing story by Allen C. Shore, combining the elements of love, business and golf.
"The Three Tommies," a stirring new poem by Robert W. Service.
The fourth instalment of Mr. Stefansson's remarkable Arctic narrative.

AND THE START OF A NEW SERIAL

An important new serial has been secured to begin in this issue. Everyone has read that remarkably fine romance "The Scarlet Pimpernel" by Baroness Orczy. Her latest novel, "His Majesty's Well Beloved," which will not appear in book form until Christmas, has been sold exclusively to MACLEAN'S *for serial purposes. It is a delightful romance of the time of King Charles II.*

"Delights the Bride"

IN buying a wedding present, the appropriateness and utility of the gift should be the prime consideration.

The Silverplate of William Rogers and his Son is bound to please the newly-married couple; it is a gift they will always esteem for its beauty, its enduring quality and its high craftsmanship.

When buying a wedding gift of Silverplate be sure to purchase
"The Silverplate of"
William Rogers
and his Son
which is
"The Best at the Price"

Made and Guaranteed by
WM. ROGERS MFG. CO. LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Save the surface and you save all!
Paint & Varnish

The Message of Home Preservation and Building Protection

Every surface within and without your home needs the protection which Paint and Varnish alone can give.

"100% Pure" Paint
The Paint for wear and weather

Senour's Floor Paint
The old reliable—it wears, and wears, and wears.

"Neu-Tone"
The sanitary washable Flat Oil Paint for Interior Decorations.

"Wood-Lac" Stains
Improves the new—renews the old

"Marble-ite"
The one perfect floor finish—will not mar or scratch white, under hardest wear

"Varnoleum"
Beautifies and preserves Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

Wear, decay, rust, start from the surface. Protect the surface and you protect all.

MARTIN-SENOUR
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

are the most effective material protectors you can use for every surface—wood, iron, steel, stucco, cement.

When you choose a Martin-Senour product, you are sure of getting the paint or varnish best suited to your purpose. Because of its high quality and superior durability, it will prove the most economical for you to use.

134

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co.
LIMITED
GREENSHIELDS AVENUE, . . MONTREAL.

To Old Subscribers

Special Renewal Offer

3 Years for 5 Dollars

Renew your Subscription on this offer and save $1.00

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-153 University Avenue - Toronto, Ontario

Most Notorious Spy of the Age

Double-dealings of Azev, Head of Russian Terrorists

THE amazing story of a Russian spy, Evno Azev, is told in *The Twentieth Century* by C. E. Bechhofer, and never before perhaps has a recital of such colossal duplicity been laid bare. Azev was at one time the acknowledged leader of the Terrorists in Russia. He had planned and carried out two of the most successful assassinations of the period and was recognized as the most dangerous man in anarchistic circles. And all the time he was a police spy.

The story of Azev is told as follows:

If the official world was startled, what is to be said of the Terrorists themselves, and their fellow revolutionaries? If Sir Douglas Haig had suddenly in the middle of the war been discovered to be in the pay of the Kaiser, this could not have created more incredulity at first and horror and confusion afterwards than did the unmasking of Azev among the Russian revolutionaries. The tried and trusted leader of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, the slayer of Plehve and the Grand Duke Serge, the initiator of a hundred other acts of terrorism and revolutionary propaganda, proved to be an *agent provocateur*! This, then, explained the party's baffling non-success, the arrest and execution of its leaders and bravest members, and the persistent failure of all their plans. And this was the explanation of Azev's admired fearlessness: the intrepid and elusive revolutionary had preserved himself from the clutches of the police by the continued betrayal to them of his comrades. For no less than sixteen years had Azev carried on his career of duplicity—an unprecedented period in the history of *agents provocateurs*—and during half this time he had been the chief initiator of all the most daring actions of the Party. No wonder that the revolutionary movement in Russia felt that by his unmasking its whole fabric had been torn across. No wonder too that the outside world saw with amazement that the Czar's own paid agent had been immediately responsible for the death of the Czar's Home Minister and of the Czar's uncle. Azev was the Rasputin of the revolutionary movement; through him was to be seen the full degradation of Russian political life under the old *regime*. But if Rasputin hastened the coming of the Revolution, Azev's treachery certainly postponed the actual course of events; the revolutionary movement was delayed until, as we have seen, it at last came upon a Russia almost exhausted by two and a half years of war and blockade. Not a little of the misfortune that has overtaken Free Russia must be set down to the activity of Azev.

Evno Azev was born in 1869 at Rostov-on-the-Don, the son of a poor Jewish tailor. In about his twentieth year he became a reporter on the staff of a local paper and at the same time entered a business firm, which shortly afterwards he left under suspicion of theft. He now had sufficient money to go abroad, and in 1892 he went to Karlsruhe to study at its Polytechnical Institute, whence he later moved to Darmstadt in order to qualify as an electrical engineer. He passed his examinations brilliantly at the latter place in 1897, and was in consequence able to obtain a post in an electrical company at Berlin and afterwards at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is significant that, after having lived in poverty the first four or five years abroad, he suddenly became richer; he put down this change in his circumstances to the kindness of a distant and as later appeared mythical benefactor. It is to be noted that in 1895 he had joined the revolutionary group which was later on to be the nucleus of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, and thus his value to the police had increased. At first, as a new comer, he could not take an important part in the revolutionary work, and the reputation he had brought from Darmstadt was not of the most savoury; however, we learn that he was energetic in managing revolutionary circles, collecting money and distributing "illegal" literature among the Russian students' colonies in Germany and Switzerland.* By the end of the nineties he had already made himself widely known among the revolutionaries abroad as a capable person who was sympathetic with their aims, and on his return to Russia he earned recommendations to the active revolutionaries there. This was a crucial moment for the Russian revolutionary movement; the dawn of the new century was marked by the fusion of separate groups and the creation of a new and important organization, the Socialistic Revolutionary Party, which in opposition to the ultra-scientific Marxism of the Social Democratic Party, was to include those revolutionaries who relied rather on their own efforts than on the fatalistic march of economic events to change the face of Russian society. The outlook of the Socialistic Revolutionary Party was summed up in its motto, "In battle thou shalt obtain thy rights." The chief weapon of the Party, at least in the eyes of its leaders, was the Terror, which, bad and terrible as it must seem to us, was nevertheless the only argument which had any effect upon the Russian autocracy. If bullies are also cowards, the old regime was no exception to the rule. The new party was founded early in 1902, by which time Azev had at last succeeded in getting into close touch with some of the revolutionary leaders. Gershuni, the great Jewish leader of the Terrorists, became his intimate friend, and this friendship was one of the chief causes of Azev's rise to importance in the Party; a man who had Gershuni's confidence could not but be a revolutionary of the highest worth and ability. When the Party was formed, Gershuni gathered round himself a Fighting Organization of a dozen or so members, whose task was the actual carrying out of the Terror. In 1903 Gershuni, so much was he impressed by Azev's spirit and ability, appointed the latter, who was already a member of the Central Committee of the Party, to be his successor as head of the Fighting Organization, should death or arrest cut short his own career. And sure enough in the same year Gershuni was arrested—though apparently not Azev but a less prominent informer was responsible for this—and Azev, the police spy, took his place. The new leader of the Terrorists promptly went ahead to reconstitute the Fighting Organization and to prepare the assassination of Plehve, the brutal and reactionary Home Minister.

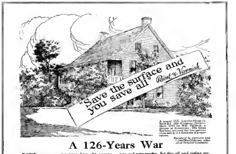
It is interesting to consider by what means Azev gained his influence over such men as Gershuni. First, his success may be ascribed to his remarkable energy; where the vast majority of the members of the Party were [illegible], strung, emotional men and women, Azev was a strong-willed and imperturbable man of action. "Formerly," said one famous Revolutionary, Michael Gotz, "we had a romantic at one head—that was Gershuni; now we have a realist—Azev. He does not care to talk; he scarcely opens his lips, but he carries out his intention with iron energy and no one can prevent him."

His very appearance proved how little doubt or remorse would be able to deflect him from his task. Two descriptions out of many may serve to show the first impression his appearance made upon people.

"It was in the Autumn of 1903 (writes one). The door was thrown open before me and through it plunged Ivan Nikolaevich (Azev), an obese man with pendent lips like a negro's, and a dull inexpressive face; he stood sideways to me and without looking me in the face he held out a puffy hand like a mechanic; he spoke with a kind of broken, uneven voice.

---

*A full account of Azev's early career, as indeed of his whole activity, is given in the *Zakliuchenie sudebno-sledstvennoi komissii po delu Azeva*, the report of the revolutionary commission of inquiry into the Azev affair, published by the Socialist Revolutionary Party in 1911.


Save the surface and you save all!
Paint & Varnish

A quaint U.E. Loyalist House on Bath Rd. near Kingston, Ontario. Built 1792 by Wm. Fairfield, a pioneer of Kingstown. The house has been occupied by four generations and is in a fine state of preservation.

Reproduced by permission from J. John Ross Robertson collection of Historical Landmarks.

A 126-Years War

HOW many successive times have the warring elements beaten upon this house in the 126 years since it was built?

No one can say, but everyone can see the wonderful preservation of this house through surface protection despite all it has gone through in well over one hundred years.

If equally well protected, our modern houses should last as well. So will property of almost any kind—from a city garage to a country barn—from an office desk to a library table, or the metal trim of buildings to your front hall floor.

Some surfaces may need *one* kind of surface protection, and some another, *but they all need surface protection.*

It is at the surface that trouble begins, rust that attacks iron—decay that attacks wood—wear that attacks surfaces subject to friction. All these allies of destruction hunt for an opening at the *surface*. Surface is the frontier—the point of attack.

It is when we once picture all the agents of property deterioration as an ever ready enemy waiting to spring at any opening offered, that we appreciate the significance of the expression:

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT *is issued by the Canadian Save the Surface Campaign Committee, for the purpose of educating the public in the Preservative and Protective value of Paint, Varnish and Allied Products for the Conservation of Property, and has received the approval of the Canadian Trade Commission in the following words:*

"The realization of the above objects will lead to employment during the Reconstruction Period and bears our entire approval."

THE CANADIAN TRADE
COMMISSION

Commissioner

9

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL" *Paint & Varnish*

WOOD | PLASTER | CONCRETE | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS | METAL | BRICK

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FIVE CENTS PER WORD PER MONTH

BOOKS

1,000,000 VOLUMES ON EVERY subject. Second-hand and new. Books bought. Catalogues post free. W. & G. Foyle, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England. (6-20)

8 GAMES: CHESS, CHECKERS, Dominoes, Authors, Prism, Flirtation, Fox, Mens, and 20 fine post cards, $0.50. 100 silk remnants assorted, $0.50. 25 Velvet remnants assorted, $0.50. All postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. (7-20)

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN OXY-Acetylene Welding. A trade of opportunities and big wages; we teach you by mail in your spare time. Write to-day. Pioneer Correspondence Schools, Box 98, New Westminster, B.C. (6-19)

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-TERING AND STAMMERing cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 61 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. (1-21)

SAVE BIG MONEY ON LUMBER. Write to-day for our "Mill-Direct-to-User" prices before ordering elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Shipped anywhere. Devine Construction Company, Vancouver, B.C. (Oct.-20)

PATENT YOUR INVENTIONS—SEND sketch for free patentability report direct from Ottawa. Booklet "Patent Protection" mailed without charge. Clients' patents advertised in "Patent Review," the Canadian Patent Magazine. Harold C. Shipman & Co., Patent Attorneys, Central Chambers, Ottawa, Canada. (tf)

LACE BOBBINS

BOBBINS FOR LACEMAKING, IN wood and bone; from 50c per dozen. Send 25c for samples. "N" 310-18th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

STAMPS — PACKAGE FREE TO COLLectors for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign. Catalogue. Hinges, all five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada. (tf)

PATENTS AND LEGAL

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., PATENT solicitors. Head Office, Royal Bank Building, Toronto; 5 Elgin Street, Ottawa. Offices in other principal cities. (4-20)

NURSING

TRAINED NURSES EARN $15 TO $30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 40, Toronto, Canada. (1-20)

SHORT STORY MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

EARN $25.00 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME writing for newspapers, magazines; experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 615 St. Louis, Mo. (tf)

SHORT STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 149 Hannibal, Mo. (tf)

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, poems for new magazines. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 614, Washington, D.C.

EDUCATIONAL

ELLIOTT BUSINESS COLLEGE, 734 Yonge Street, Toronto; absolutely superior instruction; graduates in great demand; satisfaction assured; write for illustrated catalogue. (5-10)

INDIVIDUAL TEACHING IN BOOKkeeping, shorthand, civil service, matriculation. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Dominion Business College, 357 College Street, Toronto. J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal. (tf)

THE business that started so courageously in this humble structure in 1847, to-day dominates the stove and furnace business of the British Empire

From the small number of quaint wood stoves made in those early days the output has grown steadily until now—it comprises

Thousands of Furnaces

in many styles and sizes and burning wood, coal or gas.

Cooking and Kitchen Utensils

in infinite variety and in such vast quantities as would alone constitute a great industry and

100,000 Stoves

using every practical form of fuel—electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood.

This success—this healthy growth over such a long period of years—could come only from fair dealing with the people. On any question regarding heating or cooking appliances, what better source of advice could you seek than McClary's.

Any of this list of Booklets on heating or cooking will be sent, if you mention this paper.

- "Service from the Kitchen"—About the Kootenay Steel Range.
- "Magic of the Pandora"—About the Pandora Cast Iron Range.
- "Comfort in the Home"—On heating with the Sunshine Furnace.
- "Satisfaction"—Dealing with McClary's Gas Ranges.
- "McClary's Electrical Appliances"—On cooking with electricity describing McClary's.
- "Household Helper"—Describing Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove.
- "The Story of a Range"—McClary's Simplex Combination Coal and Gas Range.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver,
St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton.

See your local paper for name of McClary's dealer 18

Travel with a GABLE-END TRUNK

Clothes packed in it will arrive without Creases or Wrinkles

The worries of packing, unpacking or calling a tailor when your destination is reached are eliminated.

All compartments in Gable End Wardrobe Trunks are made under proper measurements. Everything that is needed upon a trip has been considered and a place made for it. The most [illegible] can pack a Gable-End Trunk in fifteen minutes [illegible] good dealers. [illegible] complete information [illegible] card will bring it. These trunks made subject to [illegible] specifications.

Lamontagne Limited

[illegible] Gable-End Trunks
[illegible] Montreal
[illegible] Quebec, 32 Crown St.
[illegible]

DEL-A-TONE
DEL-A-TONE
FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.

Fashion says the use of
DEL-A-TONE

is necessary so long as sheer fabrics and short sleeves are worn. It assures freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That's why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. KM., 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

And Dr. David Soskice, in what was by far the best account of Azev's past that appeared at the time of his unmasking, gave an account of his first meeting with the Terrorist leader:

"I could find in Ivan Nicolaevich not the slightest trace of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-fed figure, short neck, and broad round face with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose and carefully cropped hair, was of that international type of professional financier you can meet upon every Stock Exchange in Europe."

Dual and brutish in appearance, but a dissimulator and intriguer of the first water, silent in words but violent in plots, imperturbable as a rule but at times distraught and hysterical, at home a tender husband and father but in secret a shameless debauchee, one day successfully arranging the assassination of a Minister, the next betraying a poor tool of his own to the gendarmerie, the ruler of the Terrorists and the slave of the Okhrana—Azev was a sinister and monstrous dual personality.

There is no mystery about Azev's attitude throughout his career. He was neither a revolutionist who had sought to help the cause by entering the hostile camp of the police, nor an adherent of the old regime who had allied himself with the revolutionaries in order to bring their plots to naught; he was a self-centred intriguer whose only conscious aims were money and debauchery.

After his flight from Paris Azev succeeded in shaking the Party, dazed by the revelation of his treachery, off his track. Rumors passed current about him, sometimes to the effect that he had been caught by the revolutionaries and had committed suicide, sometimes that he was occupying a safe and well paid post in the *Okhrana*. In 1910, according to M. Bourtseff, the Russian Embassy at Brussels sought to betray Azev to the party, but he escaped. In August, 1912, he wrote to M. Bourtseff and had an interview with him at Frankfort; he told him that his own aim as a Terrorist had been Tsaricide and (as was indeed true) that he had almost succeeded in this. At the outbreak of the War he is said to have been thrown into prison in Berlin by the German Government as a suspicious character. What has since happened to this sinister personality is known to few, but it is supposed that he has for some time past been editing the Bolshevik newspaper which the German Government, past and present, has produced for the edification of the Russian prisoners in Germany.

How Poland Was Saved

Musician and Socialist General Buried Hatchet For Country's Good

PADEREWSKI—Pilsudski—Poland!

The story of these three P's—how Paderewski and Pilsudski sank their differences for the sake of another P—patriotism—is told by Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Hoover's right-hand man in Belgian Relief Work, in World's Work.

Poland under Russia, Austria, and Germany was really always Poland; the Polish national spirit has always existed. And there have always been Polish patriots, active in the measure possible to them, to lead forlorn hopes and secret enterprises against the oppressor. It depended on where the patriot lived and his own personal expression of feeling whether the particular oppressor to be resisted was Russian, Austrian or German. It is fair to say that there has been general Polish belief that Austria was less oppressively the oppressor than either of the others. But under all three Poles were not free men.

Josef Pilsudski always believed that Russia was the Great Oppressor; there is no doubt that she was the oppressor on the grandest scale, for she had many more Poles under her control than had either Germany or Austria. Pilsudski believed that Russia was the greatest enemy of Poland—and acted on that belief. How he acted before the war came is not exactly public information, but I am assured that he acted. He might perhaps justly have been called a Nihilist, if by that name we mean a man not only willing but eager to kill a Czar on sight—and who is always trying in one way or another to get the sight.

But anyway, Pilsudski's opportunity came with the war. He could fight in the open against Russia and he could get other Poles to fight with him. He organized the Polish legions of the Austrian army. Russia forced some Poles to fight in her armies; Germany did the same. But more Poles fought with the Austrians than with either of the other countries. And Pilsudski was their leader. It is more than probable that he saw with his eyes of patriot and enthusiast, these Polish legions as the nucleus of the future Polish army which should fight any country, even Austria, for Polish freedom.

When the war ended it was only natural that the leader of the principal body of Polish soldiers, and the man who had always been the leader of Polish attempts against the Great Oppressor, should become the first head of new Poland. So Pilsudski became Chief of State and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish army.

But Pilsudski was a Socialist, an extreme Socialist. And he gathered about him a Cabinet of Socialists, some of them also extreme Socialists. In his Cabinet of eighteen ministers, ten, including the Prime Minister, belonged to the Socialist and Peasants parties, one was a Radical, one was a Polish Progressive, one, the Minister of Public Health, a Conservative, and five professed to no particular political affiliations and held themselves aloof from the Government's political programme. Incidentally, these five included the ablest men in the Cabinet, while among the Socialist and Peasants party representatives were several notoriously incompetent—if not worse. It was not a strong Cabinet nor one fitted to inspire among the Allies much confidence in the stability and political character of the new Polish Government.

Pilsudski himself is a patriot, a good soldier, a man of much shrewdness and native capacity. Withal he has individual color and rather an attractive personality. Despite a serious mien, plain face, and bristling roached hair, he has a quick smile and eyes of such a kindly twinkling when one dares lightness of speech that one leaves an audience with him with the impression of having had a pleasant conversation with a man of swift intelligence and a sense of humor.

But the Allies could not recognize the Pilsudski Government. Indeed, not even all of Poland did. Posen and Galicia held themselves apart; the Pilsudski Government was really only a Socialist Government of what had been Russian Poland. Yet Pilsudski himself was the logical choice for head of the Government. What to do? What really was done?

The thing of importance for new Poland that happened was the arrival of Paderewski, the second P. The Polish National Committee, seated in Paris, and the Club of Parties, the strongest national organization in new Poland, had already tried to come to some understanding with General Pilsudski as to the representation and form of organization which the new Government of re-united and free Poland should have. A delegate from the Paris Committee came to Warsaw, held conferences with the leaders of the various parties and finally, at the end of December, presented to Pilsudski a project for the reorganization of the Cabinet. But nothing changed. Matters rested until the thing of importance, the coming in December of Paderewski from America to Danzig, thence to Posen and finally to Warsaw, really happened. Then matters rapidly changed.

Now to have a fair understanding of the situation produced by the coming of Paderewski, it is necessary, first of all to forget that which most of us think of immediately and exclusively in connection with the name of Paderewski: that is, that it is the name of the first piano player of his day and one of the great artists in music of all days, and to recall that this man, the "simple citizen who received in Posen a triumphal reception such as is usually reserved for crowned heads"—as a leading Berlin newspaper expressed it, in bitter surprise—had already revealed himself in America as a great patriot and a natural inspirer and leader of men. Paderewski had been the central figure in the important efforts made all through the war by the four million Poles in America to aid in all possible ways their countrymen in Poland. The sending of great sums of money for their relief and the organization and sending over of the Polish legions recruited in America to fight with the French Army was largely the results of Paderewski's inspiration and untiring efforts.

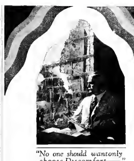
Paderewski came to Danzig on a British cruiser. With him was Colonel Wade, head of the British Political Mission, whose other two members were moving toward Poland by way of Switzerland. The shortest way from Danzig is not by way of Posen, but for sufficient reasons Paderewski and Colonel Wade started for Warsaw by this slightly roundabout way. The result was the "triumphal entry" into Posen of the "simple citizen" so bitterly referred to by the *Posensche Zeitung*.

There were more Poles than Germans in the city of Posen, and in most of the town and country districts of the province of Posen. They welcomed Paderewski, the Polish patriot from America, not only by cheering him madly and following his carriage from station to hotel in great crowds, but by rising as a freed people and taking control of this ancient land of theirs. Paderewski arrived in Posen on December 26th, and in a week most of the western part of Posen was in Polish control. This was not accomplished by an advancing army from Warsaw, but by the simple uprising of the scattered Poles in German Poland. By a consolidation of the various local uprisings a new Western line of new Poland was established which has been the seat of continuous fighting of more or less serious kind even since—that is, up to the date of this writing.

When Paderewski came on from Posen to Warsaw the open places and streets about the station could not hold the hundred thousand people who welcomed him. The wildly enthusiastic crowd extended along the street all the way to the hotel. And not only for that day of arrival but for all the rest of the few days before he went on to Cracow, the welcoming continued. And in old Cracow, former seat and now burial place of the Polish kings, with whom in the crypts of the castle church lie the remains of Poland's unforgettable Kosciusko, the welcoming of Poland's modern patriot went on and even more passionately and impressively than ever. And all this welcoming of Paderewski which General Pilsudski did not see or hear, he promptly heard about.

When Paderewski returned to Warsaw he began a series of conversations with the Socialist Chief of State which had for principal subject the pressing necessity of a reorganization of the Government to the end not only of creating a better internal political situation but also of obtaining the confidence of the outside world, in particular of the Allies and America, so that Poland could obtain the formal recognition which was essential to the extending of aid to her starving people, her comatose industries and her unarmed, unclothed and unshod soldiers struggling against Ruthenians, Bolsheviki and Germans.

Another thing that was attracting the attention of the public during this eight or ten days following the fourth of January was the presence of the American Food Mission. Some of the members of the mission were in the uniform of officers of the American Army. That was interesting in itself. The mission was holding daily conferences with the Government ministers and officials especially concerned with the *revictualment* of Poland. The newspapers were reporting these conferences in much detail and the ministers themselves were reporting them in more detail and more authoritatively to the Council of State



"No one should wantonly choose Discomfort——"

SOME men rave at the closed window, and then solemnly choose clothes that shut out the air.

Some men cast off woolen underwear with the first glint of Spring, only to retain their woolen outer shells through the dog days of July.

Some men fret and fume at the climbing mercury, when it's their choice of attire that makes the day a sticky abomination.

Wise men choose suits of PALM BEACH—designed for Comfort, worn for Style.

Wise men are also careful to inquire for the Genuine—and only when they see the trade-marked PALM BEACH label (shown below)—are they completely satisfied.

PALM BEACH SUITS

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.
A. ROHAUT, AGENT, 229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Palm Beach
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Look for this Label. [illegible]
Trade Mark Registered in the U. S. Pat. Office and Canada

DUNLOP TIRES
SEAL OF QUALITY
AUTOMOBILE

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' MERIT

Having experienced no trouble obtaining Dunlop Tires, you experience the feeling of a good "Buy" as you motor and motor with them.

—That splendid appearance of Dunlop Tires is no guess-work.

—That rugged road resistance is not there by chance.

—That adequate resiliency was no blind selection.

You receive the benefit of twenty-five years of Honest Thinking, Careful Planning, Judicious Experimentation when you buy DUNLOP TIRES today.

Any one of these Tires is bound to please:
Dunlop Cord—"Traction," "Ribbed."
Dunlop Fabric—"Traction," "Special," "Ribbed," "Clipper," "Plain."

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., LIMITED

Head Office and Factories: TORONTO
BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

Tires for all Purposes, Mechanical Rubber Products, and General Rubber Specialties.

A117

Salaries for Experienced Subscription Solicitors

Our circulation work on MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and FARMERS' MAGAZINE has developed so rapidly within the past few months that we now have openings for several thoroughly experienced subscription salesmen or saleswomen—on a salary basis.

Write fully and frankly, telling us what records you have achieved in the past, what production you believe you could turn in to us, what salary you would expect, and what territory you would wish to cover. Give references and enclose a photograph.

The Maclean Publishing Company, 143-153 University Ave., Toronto

One point in all the negotiations was emphasized. It was a suggestive point. It was plainly indicated that no food could come from America or the Allies on a wholesale scale if there was any serious danger that it could not be properly controlled so that it could be kept out of the hands of speculators and prevented from leaking across the borders into Germany or Russia. This all meant that food relief—imperatively needed to keep Poland alive and free from that pack of misery that meant revolution and Bolshevism—could only be hoped for in the presence of a Government so truly representative and so universally accepted by the people that it could be relied on by America and the Allies to keep order and maintain a safe control of the imported foodstuffs. The Food Mission concerned itself with no politics. It made its investigations of food conditions by talking with representatives of all Polish groups and classes and personal observations of the conditions in markets, kitchens, dining rooms and soup houses. It learned what it could concerning native production and food stocks on hand. And all of this was far from politics. But after all food and politics have had an inevitable and inseparable connection ever since the beginning of the war, and they have it still.

And all during the week of the coup d'état and food negotiations Paderewski was talking with Pilsudski. The second P was telling the first P that for the sake of the third P, new Poland, the Government had to be reorganized. At the same time Paderewski openly disavowed and disapproved of all illegal and violent attempts to overthrow the existing Socialist Government. In one of the most eloquent and effective speeches I have ever heard, he called on the people of Poland to hold closely together, to work for the common good and to use no violent manoeuvre for the sake of gaining a truly representative Government. The speech was made on the occasion of the bestowal on him of honorary citizenship in Warsaw and before an audience strongly opposed to the Pilsudski Government. The audience did not like the speech at first, but it had to like it before it ended. It was the call of pure patriotism to the national spirit. It was above politics and for that reason it was the best of politics.

Paderewski proposed to Pilsudski that a National Commission be appointed to consist of twenty-five representatives from Posen, twenty-five from Galicia, and fifty from Russian Poland. Twenty-five of those from Russian Poland were to be Socialists, the other twenty-five to represent all the other parties. Pilsudski was first inclined to accept this but later refused. He made a counter proposition that Paderewski should form a new Government. Paderewski refused. He was not going to be put into the position of seizing the Government or of having it handed him by the existing Government. Pilsudski then suggested doing nothing until the general elections set for the end of January should be held.

But this meant delay, and every day now was precious to new Poland. Paderewski urged the dangers of procrastination. Pilsudski himself is a patriot, he loves his country and his people. He saw the importance of a united front before the world. He knew that his Cabinet was not only non-representative but weak. To make the story short the two P's came to agreement for the sake of the third P and the Coalition Government as it exists to-day, and as it has been recognized to-day by America and the Allies, was formed.

It is a Government not only Coalition as to politics but representative as regards the three parts of Poland: Posen, Galicia and old Russian Poland. And the ministers have been chosen each for special competency for the portfolio he holds. It is probably as fairly representative and as personally efficient a Government as Poland can produce. And it is the result of the statecraft and diplomacy of the greatest piano player in the world—whom we must forget as a piano player and remember as a statesman, an orator and a patriot—and the good sense and shrewdness and patriotism of a one time Nihilist and present extreme socialist.

Why Did We Let Trotzky Go?

Continued from page 34A

every consideration—issued when it was known at Ottawa who Trotzky was. Even after he went through the form of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty which took Russia out of the war, orders were given to Colonel Chambers, the Chief Censor, to forbid any but complimentary references in the Canadian Press to Trotzky and Lenine.

Notwithstanding all the statements to the contrary in the Toronto Trotzky press the Censor has since blue pencilled a word, a line, or an article of the many published in these columns and part of that was because it dealt unfavorably with Trotzky.

Trotzky agents here are appealing to the baser elements by showing the rich plums to be had by revolutionary methods. In scores of meetings across the continent audiences are being told that they, the proletariat, should rise and seize anything they want. As they have little they will lose nothing in the attempt. Stories of the big, fat voluptuous opportunities that have come to their associates in Russia have been brought back to America and have stirred the blood of the envious, until to-day over 8,000 organizers are at work urging Trotzky Revolution.

On the date set the people of the United States and Canada will, they expect, awaken in the morning to find all their possessions in the hands of members of the Revolutionary League—the homes, the shops, the factories, the farms, the banks, the women. The old foremen, superintendents, managers are to be removed and the organizers are to take their place and they must be implicitly obeyed. W. B. Wilson, a miner, for many years general secretary of the Miners' Trade Union of America, and now head of the Labor Bureau at Washington, in a recent speech to a gathering of waist workers in New York said:

"The Bolshevist leaders consider only themselves. Their only purpose is to rule as the czars and emperors of Europe have done. They even go further than that for they propose to set up an obligatory and compulsory form of living. Men are not to be allowed to leave their jobs under certain conditions, even if they want to."

New York and Toronto are the chief Trotzky headquarters. One investigator, a Trade Unionist, who is fighting them strongly, told me they are using as much paper in one week in New York for disseminating their literature as the leading daily in Canada uses in six months. At their depots a continuous stream, young persons chiefly, is passing in to purchase the literature, a set of which costs $7 to $10. In the States they had arranged to inaugurate the Revolution in Seattle but the prompt action of Mayor Olsen stopped them. In New York a manifesto from Mayor Hylan checked their order and made the leaders think. Now the word is going from group to group that July 4 has been set for the Revolution in the States.

The Trotzky power showed in another development in Ottawa. The persistent propaganda campaign carried on by his agents through his groups in Canada to hamper our war efforts and bring on labor, returned soldiers and similar troubles in Canada was exposed by our own Intelligence Departments and U.S. officials were continually finding their trails leading to Canada quite as much as to Mexico. Things became so bad that the Dominion Cabinet appointed C. H. Cahan, K.C. to take over the whole problem from our Department of Justice. In a short time he uncovered such a serious state of affairs that once more the Trotzky influences got busy and Mr. Cahan was ordered to cease his inquiries and send in his resignation.

In thus exposing Trotzky and his influential friends in this country I am expressing no opposition to the aims of the Russian masses who rebelled against conditions. On the other hand I, in common with all worth-while Canadians, were in general sympathy with them. As a matter of fact, Lenine and Trotzky had nothing whatever to do with the Russian Revolution. They neither inspired nor made it. When the Revolution was complete and the country was being reorganized to continue the war in conjunction with the Allies, these two men forced themselves on the Governing

A Man is Judged By the Card He Presents

STEEL COMPANY

We specialize on printing and engraving cards. Our book form card, by a patent process shows no mark on edge of card. Carry them in a patented leather case and tear them out. Cards convenient and always clean.

We sell "Everything for the office." Catalog sent to interested inquirers writing on their own business stationery.

GRAND & TOY LIMITED
Wellington and Jordan Sts.
TORONTO

MENDS

leaks and holes in pots and pans. Easy to use. Just like putty. Hardens in 2 minutes. No tools needed. 15c, at your dealer, or postpaid from
VOL-PEEK MFG CO.,
Box 2014 - - Montreal, Can.

KEATING'S POWDER

[illegible]

Keating's Powder kills moths.
In Cartons, 15c 35c and 40c.

Salesmen Wanted

to look after our new and renewal subscriptions. Experience not necessary and good returns are offered. Write to
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO
143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

LILY WHITE
Corn Syrup

For Preserving Thousands of the best housekeepers have discovered that using half sugar and half Lily White Corn Syrup makes preserving more uniformly successful.

To start with, the consistency is bound to be just right from the very nature of the syrup; there is no danger of the preserves crystallizing; the syrup brings out the natural flavour of the fruit; the keeping quality is excellent; and the preserves do not have the cloying sweetness of all sugar.

For better preserves, use Lily White Corn Syrup.

Sold by grocers everywhere in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins.

The Canada Starch Company, Limited
Montreal

LILY WHITE
CORN SYRUP

THE BIG FEATURE is the Disappearing Propeller Device, which is placed in the centre of the boat and is automatically protected against all damage. The

Disappearing Propeller Boat

is the most wonderful small motor boat in the world. It contains 10 unique features obtained in no other boat, irrespective of price.

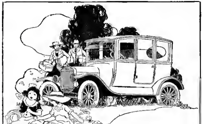
So Simple a Child Can Operate It

We specialize in three standard sizes only

Water-Ford **$275.00** **John Bull** **$325.00** **Uncle Sam** **$375.00**

Made in Canada to suit Canadian conditions and fully guaranteed. Send for illustrated catalogue showing boats and engine in natural colors—write to-day

The Disappearing Propeller Boat Co., Limited, 69 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. Factory at Port Carling, Muskoka Lakes, Ont.



Ford

SEDAN

Electric Starting and Lighting

AS practical, as reliable, as efficient as the Ford engine is the new Ford Electric Starting and Lighting System. Nothing better has been produced—at any price.

The Ford Electric Equipment consists of Generator, Starting Motor and Storage Battery.

It is a Ford product—designed for the Ford car—made in the Ford plant.

Built into the motor, which has been re-designed for the purpose, it becomes an integral part of the power plant—

—a positive starter of proven efficiency

—a powerful lighting system uniform at every engine speed.

A complete instrument board on the cowl controls the system.

The Ford Car is also equipped with the Standard Magneto to provide ignition independent of the batteries.

All Ford closed cars now have Electric Starting and Lighting System as Standard Equipment.

Come in and see it. If you have never driven a Ford Sedan you have something to learn about motoring.

PRICES—including Electric Starting and Lighting: Ford Sedan $1175. Ford Coupe $975 f. o. b. Ford, Ont. (War tax extra) 165

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Committee and backed by ample money and aided by other German agents seized control. Nearly all of these agents were passed back to Russia via Canada. They were quickly placed in all the big strategic appointments. One group who sailed on a C.P.R. steamer from Vancouver had with them a large printing outfit. They confided to the sailors that the plant was to be used for printing Trotsky literature, and the entire outfit was soon after at the bottom of the Pacific. The sailors belonged to the British Union.

There was nothing new about the Trotsky grab in Russia. It is the old steam roller method. It has been done hundreds of times in Canadian politics—the mixing of organizations and party conventions by the ward heelers to thwart the wishes of the people. But in all history there never was such a brilliant coup—the complete submission of a nation of 200,000,000 to two recently arrived enemy strangers. It was the cleverest of all the clever things the Germans did in the war. Though as they look back on events, the Germans whose greatest sufferings were since then must now curse Trotsky as we do.

Trotsky at all his earlier gatherings in Russia was well known as a German. He never denied it. He was openly accused of being a German agent and spy. But he possesses such a marvellous capacity to control a mob that he pushed all opposition. Men who came to shoot remained to support him, which reminds one of Bourassa. The late Hon. J. I. Tarte, who himself well understood the platform art and the management of man, told me Mr. Bourassa was such a clever orator that he sometimes made him believe right was wrong.

The British Foreign Office was warned long in advance but, anyone who knows ward politics in Canada or in the States knows how useless, if not dangerous one of our dignified intellectuals, with the added gift of brilliant oratory, would be in handling questions where the opinions of the masses is concerned.

There is genuine unrest in Canada, as elsewhere, but it is a legitimate development, which will lead to a better world. It was here before the war. But in no country in the world was there less cause for discontent. The advantages and opportunities have nowhere been better. There is practically no hereditary wealth. The men of means, the men at the head of industries nearly all came from the farm or the poor workman's cottage. They got there because they had a little more mental equipment, but mainly because they were willing to sacrifice many pleasures in their younger days, and to work longer hours than the less successful.

Trotsky's organizers are seeking to divert the unthinking masses of this discontent into their camp and through them to seize control here. Make Canada another Russia as it is to-day. They have ample funds. Experienced Trade Unionists are having no easy task combating the insidious propaganda. They know the most radical of them, know what fakers the Bolshevist leaders are. But are they getting the support they should from employers, from managers, from superintendents? They are not. Too many of the latter are of narrow vision who resent any change in economic relations. In the past the trouble has been on the side of the Labor Unionist. He always regarded the employer as his natural enemy—a profiteer. He refused to interest himself in the institution from which he drew his living. To-day he is demanding his share of the profits in his industry, more of the comforts of life, a voice in the control of the concern in which he is employed. Many of us welcome this development. It is what we have been wanting—the community spirit. Ignorance has kept employer and employee apart. The Unionist seen only his own section of work. Employers have not been successful in interesting him in their side—that is, the business as a whole.

The first step is to recognize *bona fide* Trade Unions. Thirty five years experience confirms my support of them. There are seven different unions with me here getting out this magazine. I have had many a fight with them—am likely to have more—but that has never changed my support of organized Unionism.

What Future Wars Would be Like

Whole Cities, Even Nations Would Be Speedily Annihilated

A STRONG plea for the League of Nations is contained in the course of an article by Will Irwin in the *Saturday Evening Post*. His argument is along somewhat similar lines to that used a year ago by H. G. Wells, which was published first in MacLean's Magazine and later in Mr. Wells' book "In the Fourth Year." It is, in brief, that man dare not go along in the old way that he cannot face the possibility of future wars because future wars would be sheer annihilation. Mr. Irwin develops this thought at considerable length, showing just what the next war would be like.

In the war so happily perfected between ten and eleven million people including perhaps three-quarters of a million women—the Armenian massacres are included in this score—died by the sword. At least as many died of epidemic diseases engendered by the conditions of war. When the score is finished—alas, it is not finished yet—we shall find that still more than this have died from starvation.

Everyone appreciates that. But probably not everyone in America, which saw the war only with the eyes of others, appreciates what the next war may be—almost, I might say, must be—provided we go on as we were going before 1914. Applied science has hitherto paid little attention to perfecting methods for killing human beings. But the laboratories have been at work for four years and they have done wonders. The chlorine gas cloud of Second Ypres was a mild affair compared to the gases used in the attacks of last summer. These gases are mild compared to the possibilities in the method. The problem of invisible, instantaneously deadly gas was solved by at least two nations before the end of the war. In the campaign of 1919, had such occurred, these gases would have been used in enormous quantity.

Aircraft bombing was working from uncertainty to certainty. Only to-day the newspapers record the testimony before our Senate Committee of John Hays Hammond, Jr. He declares that by his invention of wireless control a torpedo can be launched from an aeroplane scanning many miles away from a town and guided to the target with the certainty of a pilot steering a boat. The offensive power of aircraft is at this moment immeasurably superior to the defences against them. They have three dimensions in which to move, secure instead of two, and they work in the dark. The answer to the night raid has never been found. I am not so bold as to say, in this age of invention, that it will not be found, but it looks as unlikely as anything in military science.

The Possibilities of Air Attacks

Let us stop for a moment and consider this point. In a new war between France and Germany the sudden destruction of Paris at the beginning of hostilities would just about win the war for Germany. The entire confusion at the greatest railroad railway centre, the destruction of the seat of Government, finance and commerce, the general panic—would so delay and confuse mobilization that the French army would be easy prey. Mobilizing aircraft fleets and torpedoes behind the Rhine would be no very difficult task as compared with that of mobilizing any army. From there the fleets could be above Paris, at present speeds, within two or three hours. An advanced squadron of skirmishers would drop upon the roofs of Paris a multitude of small unextinguishable phosphorus bombs to set the roofs on fire and give the main fleets sight of their target. In fact the Germans when the armistice came were planning to use this method in their next air raids on Paris. It is not at all unlikely that by the time for the next war aircraft attack will be so perfected that a week of such raiding would finish off a city like Paris—or New York. Of course the old hampering chivalrous rule that a city about to be bombarded must be notified in order that non-combatants may be removed went by the board long ago. Such notice would ruin the element of surprise which is half the battle in such an attack. Besides, in modern warfare there are practically no noncombatants. In a new general European war the destruction of nearly all the great European cities, with the wealth and beauty which they have been accumulating for two thousand years, stands well within the limits of possibility. In case of an armed peace such as Europe had for forty years before this war, men might have to rebuild their cities with the valuable "living" part underground.

However, these speculations deal with the perfection of those means of killing and of destruction already tested. There are other methods possible—methods which will make explosives look primitive. Though [illegible] fictionists have imagined killing by rays, science has never taken enough interest in destruction of life to find and apply the method. It holds great possibilities. Science has spent fifty years of research in fighting the killing power of bacilli. It has never studied to increase or to use that power. But now that whole populations, instead of mere armies, have become the legitimate objects of killing in war, someone doubtless will perfect that method. The conservative mind has raised certain practical objections, just as the conservative mind said that aircraft attack could not be made accurate and that the shells falling into Paris could not possibly come from a gun. But only recently an authority on bacteriology announced to me the horrible possibility of ravaging a whole population, military and civilian alike, with swiftly killing incurable diseases, while guarding your own army and your own population. I believe that with a little patient research it could be done. And given the perpetuation of war as an institution, some race of Bernhardis is certain to arise which will justify this method—and use it.

Such, briefly, are some possibilities of the future if the new warfare follows the lathe opened up by the struggle of 1914-18. In the long period at Europe books were written to prove that actual warfare was impossible because men would no longer face its horrors. We have learned now that men will face anything. This war has revealed reservoirs of human courage whose existence we never suspected. Whatever horrors the new warfare may bring, it will not fail because men and women are afraid. But what of armed peace?

If the Peace Conference should effect the settlement on old principles, leaving the structure of international society exactly where it was, all the nations of the world would have for a time to limit the race of armaments. They need the money for restoring the processes of life. But in five, ten, fifteen years, jealousies would begin to grow again from some quarter, and again they would speed up munition-making, increase the active enrolment, multiply conscriptions.

Now the general tendency of this war was to more and more complex, cumbersome and expensive machinery. Artillery

Vancouver, B.C.

I thoroughly enjoy the publication as a whole and especially wish to compliment you on some of the articles which deal with the vital issues of our land and the fearless and truthful manner in which they are presented.

E. A. L.

The little dentist

ROYAL VINOLIA
TOOTH PASTE

THE wisdom of teaching little children to use Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste will be abundantly evident in improved health. This fine British-made dentifrice is a perfect cleanser although it will not scratch the enamel nor are there acids present to hurt the gums in any degree whatever.

Sold by all good Druggists and Stores.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto LONDON Paris

By Appointment 1918

SAVE TIME AND MONEY IN OFFICE, FACTORY OR STORE

The Acme No. 1 Binder

The Acme No. 1 Binder fills a need for heavy office work and for fastening samples of carpets, hosiery, underwear, silk, linen, etc. Holds 100 staples. Won't clog or buckle. Acme No. 1 does the work more quickly and easily. Cuts down expenses, saves time and money. Very Simple and Durable.

There's an Acme Stapling Machine for every requirement. Write for our booklet "A" and see the many uses the "Acme" can be put to. Special machines made for special needs.

The Acme Staple Co., Ltd. Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
Ernest J. Scott & Co. 59 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.
Grosvenor Typewriter Supply Co. Ltd., London, England

St. Andrew's College
TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS CANADA
UPPER SCHOOL LOWER SCHOOL
Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business
Calendar sent on application [illegible]

Lower Canada College
C. S. FOSBERY, M.A., Head Master - MONTREAL

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES
NEPONSET ROOF

Roof your home with Neponset Twin Shingles, and your roofing troubles will be over for many years.

Once Neponset Twin Shingles are laid you have a roof that will not leak—a roof that is fire-resisting, weather proof, durable and gives fullest protection against the elements—rain, snow, wind, cold or heat.

Add to these features the fact that Neponset Twin Shingles harmonize with any style of architecture, and you cannot refute the statement that—"It pays to lay a Neponset Twin Shingle Roof."

Neponset Twin Shingles prove their economy by giving years of satisfactory service.

Roof your home with Neponset Twin Shingles—they will save you repair costs each year.

Made in two colors—red and green.

Sold by Hardware and Lumber Dealers

BIRD & SON, Limited, - Hamilton, Ontario

Mills: Hamilton, Ont., Pont Rouge, Que.
Warehouses: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, St. John.

55

Whoever enjoys a perfect cup of coffee—fragrant, delicious, satisfying—will find an added pleasure in a cup of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—Ground—Pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

204

became the king of battles. Even the Germans who entered this war better prepared than the others had to multiply by ten or twenty times their equipment of heavy artillery. The British at the First Battle of Ypres had only one gun that could be listed in the catalogue of heavy artillery. By 1918 they had several thousand. Leaving the natives aside it became necessary to equip the armies with great quantities of machines each of which cost more than the equipment of an infantry battalion under the old warfare in which the rifle was king—tanks for example, and aeroplanes. When the world wakes out of its bankruptcy and begins to accumulate a margin the weapons piled up for this war will be out of date just as the weapons of the Franco-Prussian war could not be used in the Boer War nor those of the Boer War in this war. Some nation or other will improve heavy artillery, the tank, the gas shell, the rest must follow. The civilian use of the aeroplane, just now beginning intensively, will improve that device so that just as we now laugh at the slow, weak old buses of 1914 we shall in 1928 laugh at the primitive machines of 1918.

For thirty years before 1914 Europe groaned and grabbed under the burden of armaments. The great prosperity of Belgium among the small nations and of the United States among the large ones was mainly due to the fact that they were out in the race for armaments. But now the pace will increase. Its tendency will be to increase to such a point that only the barest necessities of life will be left to the common people—of Europe at least, and eventually perhaps of all the world.

This mind you is not the invention of a nightmare fictionist. It is a sober estimate of the future, based very largely on the opinions of hundreds of men who in civilian or military capacities have helped direct this war. The conclusion of course should be obvious to the single track but all daring American mind. It has got to be stopped. Even if we are no longer willing to take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of Europe it has got to be stopped for our own interests. We are rich, we are tempting, we were next after France and England on Germany's list. These modern devices are rendering distances as naught. Our isolation is no longer our protection. If it is not stopped we must ourselves take up a burden of armament such as even the last generation knew not and when, as probably will always happen, defensive armament becomes useless to prevent war we must kill and be killed with an intensity and with an incidental slaughter of the innocent which even the great war of 1914-18 knew not.

Life Beyond the Grave

According to a Message Received by Conan Doyle

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE the author and creator of Sherlock Holmes has been very much in the fore front of late as a result of his conversion to spiritualism. Sir Arthur has constituted himself a special advocate for the idea that the dead can speak to the living. He has written books and articles on the subject and in all writings the light of a very clear conviction shines through. The belief of the author of thrilling detective yarns in the possibility of communicating with those who have "passed over" is a genuine one, that much certainly can be said for it.

The attitude of the public toward spiritualism has not changed much in Canada though in Britain the losses sustained in the war have caused a wide tendency toward trying the idea. It is interesting however to read what the various distinguished advocates of spiritualism have to say and an interview given by Sir Arthur to Hayden Church in the *Strand* is worth quoting from.

What is the nature of the Life Beyond as revealed by the supposedly spirit communications of the authenticity of which, in the mass, Sir Arthur believes so firmly?

"The messages," he said, "revolutionize as it seems to me, all our conceptions of death. They teach that what St. Paul calls our spiritual body is the exact counterpart of our present one at its best, that the mind remains as it was before, and that the Bishop of London expressed it very happily when he said that the man was the same five minutes after death as five minutes before except that the cloud of illness had passed.

"He is in a world which is very analogous to our own, raised as it were, to a higher octave, and expressed in terms of ether rather than in denser matter. It is a world of brightness, of intense intellectual activity, of pleasant work, of homely comfort, of sympathetic and loving companionship, all enhanced by the consciousness of God's tender care.

"This is the temporary ante room to something even grander beyond. Such is the normal destiny of the average human being. For the wicked there are chastening spheres which, however, should be regarded rather as hospitals for crippled souls than as places of punishment, though their cure comes through sorrow."

Such is "The New Revelation" as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sees it. He tells me that he is devoting much of his time to urging it upon the public here, that in fact his activities in this direction have "passed beyond his control." "I may lead a movement," he says, "but there is something ahead which is leading me." For the lectures he delivers on this subject he accepts no fees. He hopes to co-operate in a great and impressive Spiritualistic gathering at the Albert Hall or some other large place of public assembly in London.

The Menace in the South

Continued from page 18

from Mexico the Mexicans themselves prayed God he would tell the truth and let the outside world know Mexico's real condition and desperate need of help. Instead he reported conditions "almost normal and improving" and a groan of sorrow went up from Mexico. Does it read to you like "normal"? And if it does what would the ambassador consider "abnormal?" I presume he would consider losing his job "abnormal", and he isn't going to lose it. Anyway within a month of his report—Also conditions "normal" I know—for I was in Mexico—of thirty rail lines, only one was running on regular schedule, and it had to be preceded by an armored scout train and had itself an armored car filled with soldiers behind the engine and an armored car filled with soldiers behind its Pullman. One line was blown up and the governor of the State kidnapped. One port town was captured. A block house just outside Vera Cruz was taken. A city north of Vera Cruz was occupied and a train outside Tampico looted. The bandits like music. From one captured town they kidnapped eighteen of the Carranza garrison band. All this was not the work of one revolutionary leader. Two or three independent leaders did it, covering a territory of about 180 miles. Does it sound to you very "normal"?

As long as the European War lasted, the Allied nations were too busy to pay much attention to Mexico, but now the war is over and Mexico, too, must be pacified, and it isn't going to pacify Mexico to say through loud-mouthed propaganda that she is pacified when she isn't. Three-quarters of the trouble with Mexico for the past six years is that the world has not been permitted to know the truth. The hush of a censorship stricter and more foolish than the censorship of Europe has done just as much harm to Mexican affairs as to European. It has simply permitted Bolsheviki devilitries to work unchecked and flood the press with false news. Secret diplomacy covering criminal blunders has done the same irreparable damage to Mexico as to Europe.

And all this takes no account of the enormous financial obligations of Mexico to foreign nations for confiscated properties—railroads, street lines, mines, banks, ranches, defaulted bonds, which involve the Monroe Doctrine. Of this I shall write fully in another article.

Meanwhile if the Peace League is to pacify Europe it must also tranquilize and stabilize Mexico. That is the next real job and it is due when Mexico comes up in the first peace conference after the League is cemented. It must be attended to without further delay. The fire spreads fast.

The Undercurrents

Continued from page 20

answer will be interesting. For surely Sir Robert must have some real reason for twice tearing from the hands of his party something on which they have apparently set their hearts.

Will McKenzie Remain Leader?

BUT midst all this scheming and propounding of questions the McKenzie sits with a satisfied smile ever deepening on his placid countenance. It took him a few weeks to get accustomed to the seat of the mighty and the idea that money was rolling in on him in $7,000 chunks. But soon he found that the seat was not too hard to fill nor was the idea of his growing wealth altogether terrifying. So he began to expand and blossom forth as the young yew tree. Soon he was making speeches cracking jokes and quoting scripture as of yore. Now 'tis said that he finds the Liberal leadership so much to his liking that he has resolved to keep it. Nor will he be an easy man to displace. What a Scotsman has he holds. As Max O'Rell observed, he keeps the Sabbath and everything else he gets his hands on. And the McKenzie has both hands on the Liberal leadership. Also there is a growing feeling among his immediate followers that he classes quite as high as the other claimants to the vacant Laurier throne. Mackenzie King is admittedly losing ground in Quebec where all his strength lay. W. M. Martin is more or less tied up to Hon. Jim Calder. Less than that would kill any candidate. Then the only man in sight is Hon. A. B. Hudson of Manitoba. And who is Hon. A. B. Hudson? That question will have to be answered before the August convention makes its choice. Meantime if anyone opens a summer book take a small ticket on Daniel Duncan McKenzie.

But what of labor? I hear someone ask. These are times in which labor is occupying a large space in the newspapers. But not in Parliament. You never hear it mentioned in the Commons. To be sure Hon. Gideon Robertson, who lives in the Senate as all honest laborers should, has startled a watching world by rolling over in his sleep and sending forth a committee to gather facts and make reports with a view to making capital and labor work together in peace and unity and eat out of the same profit trough. The committee was announced as one that had the confidence of all the people. It may have and for the reason that most of the people never heard of its members. Of the lot Tom Moore, the labor leader, is the only one who is at all representative. The others hardly make satisfactory camouflage—which is all they are intended for.

Infants—Mothers
Thousands testify
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk
Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for ⅓ of a Century
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.
Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

Stop Forgetting

Make Your Mind a File—Not a Pile

Knowledge is power—and memory is the basis of all knowledge.

I Have Helped Thousands

Perfect Your Memory and You Can Command What Salary You Will

Dickson School of Memory
1852 Hearst Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Stop Forgetting
The Key to Success

Gum decay causes tooth decay

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

HEALTHY teeth need healthy gums to hug them. Else they will loosen in Pyorrhea. Tiny openings will come in the gums to act as the gateways of disease germs, which infect the joints or tonsils, or cause other ailments.

Forhan's prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. No mere toothpaste does. Are your gums tender gums? Are they bleeding gums? If so, you are certain to have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people who are over forty have it.

To you we earnestly recommend Forhan's. It preserves the gums, which hold the teeth secure.

Brush your teeth with it. Forhan's cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN'S Ltd.
117 St. James St.
Montreal

Smash!
No danger—it's an
IVER JOHNSON
A Tussle—Stumble—Fumble

Many a thigh has been ripped by a dropped weapon. But never by an Iver Johnson. Three million Iver Johnsons sold and not a single accidental discharge!

The Iver Johnson protects but never betrays. Its lightning power obeys only the trigger finger. Drop it, smash it, "Hammer the Hammer," and it's safe as a monkey-wrench.

But in the instant of need—perhaps fifty years from now—every coil spring acts. Iver Johnson wire springs never give out. The rifled barrel, true as a micrometer, speeds the bullet where you aim.

You'll need an Iver Johnson some day—buy it *now*.

Drop us a card for facts and figures on Revolvers, Double and Single Barreled Shot Guns, and Bicyles.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
296 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Before stropping (magnified)
After stropping (magnified)

Do you shave with a saw?

FOOLISH question No. 1190! Well maybe it sounds like that. But compare for a moment the illustrations above. They show pretty well what we're driving at: that is, unless a blade is stropped regularly it develops an edge very like a saw and causes that "pulling" and after-smarting of which you complain.

Not so with the AutoStrop Razor. For the self stropping feature you see reforms the saw like edge that results from shaving; it keeps the blade free from rust, and it provides you with a sharp blade free for every shave. The beauty of it is you don't have to remove the blade from the razor to sharpen it, nor do you have to take the AutoStrop Razor apart to clean it. From first to last—stropping, shaving and cleaning—the blade remains in the razor.

Consider then the greater comfort, convenience, economy of the AutoStrop Razor. How small the price of $5.00 for razor, strop and 12 blades looks in comparison!

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. LIMITED
AutoStrop Building, Toronto, Canada

Auto-Strop Safety Razor

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?

BEFORE
AFTER

[illegible]

Write to-day for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1153 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

[illegible]

Maxwell
"Home" Washer

[illegible]

MAXWELLS LIMITED Dept. [illegible] St. Marys, Ont.

The Arch Strategist

Continued from page 22

needn't to look so surprised! I caught you twice hiding that there wicked board that William used to set such store by. And one night I heard you reading aloud to Mattie here something about controls and vibrations and suchlike. It's downright awful and you hadn't ought to meddle with the future I tell you! It never did William no good."

The old lady shook her head as she spoke. Miss Mattie went on writing but a close observer might have noted that her hand trembled. Peter felt uncomfortable and he covered the book he had just opened with a newspaper. His interest in the occult, mild to indifference at the start, was daily assuming proportions that alarmed him. A kind of fever was in his veins. He wondered occasionally if he might not be going mad like poor William Minafer. The night they had made the board say "*Don't be in a hurry*" he hadn't slept at all. He couldn't keep away from Eight Elms. It drew him like a magnet. Last night—no the night before!—the board had cautioned "*Beware!*"

"The trouble with you Peter," Mrs. Minafer went on "is that you're too simple minded. Credulous! William was the same way. A sincere, simple-hearted good soul of a man, a trifle short-tempered to be sure, but easily led."

(The favorite terms applied by the villagers to that good soul had invariably been couched differently, of which "harsh" and "tyrannical" had been the mildest.)

Miss Mattie was so very silent her mother finally turned to her and said:

"Close up your books Mattie, and make yourself agreeable. Can't you talk some to Peter?"

"I've got to skim the milk, Mother, as soon as I finish this."

"Let it wait."

"To-morrow's churning day," said the girl briefly and closed her exercise books with a snap.

"Didn't I smell fresh doughnuts yesterday, Mattie—no, the day before?" Mrs. Minafer queried as her daughter rose. "Go fetch some in to Peter."

Miss Mattie flushed—with either annoyance or embarrassment—but she obeyed. Then she went out clear to the milkhouse taking a tall tallow dip and a skimmer.

It may have been ten minutes later or it may have been twenty when Peter, recollecting a spirit-level he had loaned Miss Mattie and which he would need on the morrow followed her. He made so little sound on the soft turf that he was upon her before she knew it. She was on the cold cement floor with her head sunk in her arms on a milk bench and sobbing like a broken hearted child. Her whole attitude was one of hopeless grief, of despair and utter abandonment to the passion that gripped her.

"Wh—why Mattie!" Peter cried in amazement, as he blundered right in, and then stopped—petrified.

Miss Mattie sprang up. She turned a flushed tear wet face to him and then stamped her foot.

"What business have you following me like this?" she flung at him and then a fresh sob caught in her throat and she turned again hastily.

"Why, Mattie!" and Peter blinked helplessly at her in the feeble light cast by the flickering candle. "What's wrong? Are you sick or—or anything? I sure wondered why you quit your books so early. Are you sick?"

Miss Mattie shook her head. Peter advanced until he stood beside her. Then impulsively he took her hand.

"Mattie—" he began and then forgot what he intended to say.

The girl had regained some degree of her old composure.

"Peter, you go back into the house now. And don't tell Mother!" she said, freeing her hand and picking up the ladle.

"I won't," said Peter. "Not till you tell me what—why—"

She didn't look up and he saw that her lip trembled.

"Mattie!" cried Peter and not aware of what he did he caught her to him, and held her.

He kissed her then twice and as quickly let go for the realization that he was bound to quite another woman rushed over him like a sudden chill wind.

"If—if Mrs. Wyatt—the widow—" Miss Mattie began standing back and gazing at him wildly. "*If she knew!*"

"Darn the widow!" said Peter and again caught the girl to him and kissed her in an ecstasy.

A thin voice from some distance calling "Mattie!" at last gave him pause and Mattie breaking from him mumbled something about her mother's gruel and rushed away. Peter took a long long breath. Then gritting his teeth he stalked slowly away and over the meadows and the pasture-land to his lone bachelor abode. Of course this ended his visits to Eight Elms!

All night long he rolled and tossed. That last couple of kisses *had* been returned. Jim Butler's words recurred to him again and again. "*Mattie ain't goin' to shine up to the farmin' fraternity.*" Of course not!

And the very next day he heard at the village store that the Minafers were moving to town at the end of the following week. Miss Mattie was now "proficient" and could "tickle the typewriter" with the best of them and Mrs. Minafer, though really sorry to give up her old home, was cheerful and hopeful. Well—that ended that. And Peter strove to look forward to a certain fast approaching day with something approximating a philosophical frame of mind.

It was two days before the wedding day when the natty little *Molly Jane*, bearing her mistress and Peter Deane villageward at the end of a windy raw afternoon, became stalled. The misfortune, if such it were, occurred just in front of the main gates of Eight Elms. The two occupants of the car got out and in turn and together struggled with *Molly Jane's* whims but to little avail. The services of a garage-man were needed and the car must be towed away, they finally realized.

Mrs. Wyatt shivered and glanced up the driveway to the white house with its closed shutters and air of seclusion, not to say gloom.

"Dear dear! I'd love a cup of tea," she murmured. "Do you suppose those people—Minafers is it?—are gone yet?"

"They go Monday morning," said Peter. "We could walk down to Hughson's—it's only a little further—and John would drive us back."

"Couldn't think of it, Peter old boy! I'm not a bit used to walking in these shoes. I'm going in to Minafer's. Come along."

"You go then and I'll—"

"No, you must come too. I'm afraid of the little dears, Peter. I am really! Besides there's a 'phone here and we can send for a rig without getting in the least wet. It's coming on to rain now and there'll be a steady shower by six."

Miss Mattie Minafer professed herself agreeably surprised. As to tea, why they must stay to supper! She wouldn't hear of anything less. She was just getting it, she said, and had made corn muffins.

Peter Deane telephoned for help and secured the promise of a "lift" home before eight o'clock while Mrs. Wyatt chatted amiably with Mrs. Minafer and Mattie bustled about between kitchen and living room. Supper around the circular table before the grate-fire proved a bounteous repast. There was head-cheese and a dish of scalloped tomatoes with potato salad and muffins and honey followed by lemon jelly with whipped cream, and walnut cake. Miss Mattie had used the Crown Derby tea set and the heavy old silver. She might have been frocked and prepared as per pose for this little social hour. She wore a clinging old blue silk dress, obviously a well worn one, and a lace collar held in place by an old fashioned cameo brooch. She conversed with an unusual degree of animation and Peter caught himself eagerly listening for her clear ringing laugh. Feast though it was to the ill fed bachelor, he ate little.

It was the old lady who introduced the subject of the ouija board, and Mrs. Wyatt professed a desire to see "how the thing worked." So Peter and Mattie were detailed to demonstrate and when the four rose from supper they grouped themselves about the small table in the unlighted portion of the room and "the spirits" were prevailed upon to talk, Miss Mattie fetching a candle in an old silver candlestick so that they might read the messages. It was astonishing how much "the spirits" knew and how ready they were to talk. Peter admitted that they had never before been so loquacious and chummy. From time to time he glanced back over his shoulder in a strange manner and once Miss Mattie rose and fastened the window catch thinking that the wind annoyed him.

Mrs. Wyatt intensely superstitious, watched and listened in absorbed silence. From time to time she put forth hushed queries. Were these investments going to turn out all right? Was Cousin Margaret going to invite her to the city this winter? Should she buy a satin chiffon or a crepe charmeuse for that Florida trip?

And then the widow, with an arch look at Peter, propounded the question that quite obviously had been trembling on the tip of her tongue for some time. "Is—is it right that I should marry again? Does Frank object?"

The others knew that the late Major Wyatt who had died before his opportunity came to sail for France had been of a jealous disposition.

A tiny clock chimed eight at this point, but nobody heard. Outside a wet moon rode among scudding clouds. The rain had ceased but seemed again imminent and a boisterous autumn gale sang whining about the old Minafer house occasionally shaking raindrops from a large maple against the window panes.

Mrs. Minafer sensitive always to climatic conditions shivered and half murmured that she felt a draught. No one heard or at least paid any heed. All the others were too deeply intent on the board—waiting for the answer that would come from the shade of the late Major Wyatt. The shrill whistle of the Moccasin train likewise went unheeded.

"A promise is a promise," came the message from the board.

Mrs. Wyatt was now thoroughly keyed up.

"Tell him—tell Frank—he is unreasonable," she cried at length. Her eyes were glued on the board.

"If you persist—" the board announced "—*in your defiance of a sacred promise*—"

The widow moaned.

"—Misfortune shall come upon you. Beware!"

The widow shuddered. She gazed wildly at Peter whose eyes were fixed on the board. She got up shakily, clutched her temples in her palms, swung about slightly and would have fallen but that at this juncture her attention was attracted to the long French window which involuntarily she faced. She gave a muffled scream.

"*Look! Look!*" she articulated then. "*The shadow on the window!*"

Everybody looked. Clearly outlined against the shirred silk curtain was the shadow of a man in uniform. Half a moment it remained and then slowly it disappeared, fading downward. When the rest turned about again, wide-eyed and white-faced, Mrs. Patricia Wyatt lay in a little silken heap on the floor.

AS Mrs. Minafer had observed, October weddings are the most appropriate for country folks. But Peter Deane and Mattie Minafer, as they sped toward the seaboard on their short honeymoon a week later, little cared what the season or the weather. Romance had flung its rosy veil between them and things mundane and in spirit they had entered the gateway of April. As a matter of fact the weather was singularly fine all the way down the blue St. Lawrence and into tidewater, and there on the sheltered side of the deck of a palatial little coastwise steamer we shall have one final glimpse of them. Mattie is becoming bridelike grey—a greywillow grey—and Peter is arrayed in the newest cut in masculine attire, a suit that accentuated the rugged manly lines of his form and made him easily the best groomed of all the men on board.

All woollens are safe with Lux

If you have always dreaded to wash the children's sweaters and woollens for fear they'd shrink and thicken—you'll be delighted to know about Lux.

You can wash them as often as necessary—just dip them up and down in the thick, creamy cleansing Lux lather—no rubbing or twisting—no shrinking or matting of the wool fibers.

They'll always come out of the Lux wash as soft, fleecy and brightly colored as when new.

All silks and dainty fabrics can be safely washed with the pure Lux flakes—they harm nothing that pure water itself may touch.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
Toronto, Ont.

LUX

NEW BINGHAM
Cor. 11th & Market Streets
European Plan
Philadelphia, Pa.

Better Than Ever
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodeled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT
ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts and Luncheons
Rates—Without Bath $1.50
With Bath $2.00 and up.
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr

In
Minneapolis
It's
Hotel
Radisson

By Appointment

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

100 Recipes Free

WRITE for this kitchen hanger to-day. It contains one hundred recipes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

It is convenient to hang in the kitchen. It is the work of skilled and experienced chefs.

These recipes will suggest many fascinating dishes which you can easily make and it will take your cooking out of the "rut" by suggesting many pleasant changes of menu.

The hanger should be in every Canadian kitchen to remind you that there are ways to use practically all left-over food and also to remind you that there is no way in which the flavor of various foods can be brought out as well as by the regular table use of

Lea & Perrins Sauce

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire
Write for this free hanger to-day

HAROLD SEDDON
Special Agent

137 McGill St.
MONTREAL, Que.

While the Kiddies Play

just slip away for a few minutes and prepare a Pure Gold Jelly. Then listen to the exclamations of delight when they see it quivering and sparkling on the table.

Pure Gold Jellies are an ideal refreshment for the little ones' parties. The rich fruit juices make the children smack their lips with joy. They are easily prepared in a few minutes without any fuss or bother.

Pick your favorite flavor and try a package. Raspberry, strawberry, lemon, orange, red currant, pineapple, cherry and vanilla. At all grocers.

Pure Gold Desserts
JELLY POWDERS

Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Limited
Toronto

MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUG
HASSLERS for all Ford Passenger Cars
For Ford One Ton Truck, too!

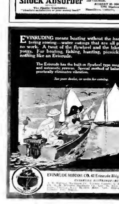
4 months' Free driving!

FOUR whole months of driving at no expense to you for repairs or tires. Four whole months in which there will be no depreciation in your car. This is exactly what will happen when you equip your Ford Car or Ford One Ton Truck with Hassler Shock Absorbers. They make a saving of at least 30%—in all of these costs—the equivalent of four months of driving. Hasslers accomplish these things so easily because they protect the vital parts of the machine from road shocks and vibrations. It doesn't seem like the same car—and you'll say that Hassler Shock Absorbers far more than pay for themselves in improving the riding qualities. They will convert your Ford into an easy-riding, comfortable car for any purpose—more satisfactory—more economical—a machine that will last two or three years longer. You can satisfy yourself regarding the value of Hasslers without risking a penny.

HASSLER TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Shock Absorber
PATENTED
The Hassler Guarantee:
"Absolute satisfaction or your money back"

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER
Don't ride without Hasslers because someone tries to discourage you. They are a quality product—worth their price. The Hassler dealer in your vicinity will put them on under 10-days' trial. Your money refunded if you say so. Write for name of dealer and Trial Blank.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, Ltd.
1342 Sherman Ave., N.
Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA


EVINRUDING means boating without the hard hand-blistering rowing—water outings that are all pleasure and no work. A twist of the flywheel and the lake or river is yours. For boating, fishing, hunting, picnicking, there's nothing like an Evinrude.

The Evinrude has the built-in flywheel type magneto and automatic reverse. Special method of balancing practically eliminates vibration.

See your dealer, or write for catalog.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO. 42 Evinrude Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.
EVINRUDE DISTRIBUTORS:
A. R. Williams Machinery Co., Toronto, Canada; L. Drolet, Montreal, Can.; A. R. Williams Machinery Co., Ltd., St. John, N.B.; [illegible]

—yet not one whit less the Peter of blue jeans, simple, sincere and true.

"When the widow called the whole thing off," Peter was saying, "my first feeling naturally was relief. But hope didn't at once follow because you see I conceded myself that you had once loved someone else and that you might still love him. I mean the young farmer who saved your life. Why are you so mysterious about him?"

Mattie glanced up sidewise from under her wee hat which she held to her head with one hand, the other being crooked round Peter's arm, and she smiled in that sweetly aggravating way she had at times.

"I do believe you're jealous!" she exclaimed.

"Who was he?" asked Peter, his brows close drawn.

"He was a dear boy, Peter."

"Have—have you seen him—seen much of him? Is he from round our neighborhood?"

"Yes." And Mattie leaned lower over the rail.

"Who is he anyway? Not that I—"

Mattie squeezed Peter's arm and a little ripple of merriment faint as a zephyr floated to his ear.

"Who is he, Peter? He's a great big stupid with a very bad memory! He jerked me back from a runaway team and—and was hurt himself."

"Oh!" and Peter's tone was in falling reflection.

That! And she had remembered it all these years.

"And I suppose you didn't think I guessed who the real giver-of-gifts was—those dishes fit for the very gods?"

"How did you find out? I thought I was very sly, Peter."

"I discovered it indirectly the last time I had supper at Mrs. Wyatt's. Her cook had a night off and—well, I had indigestion for two days afterwards!"

"Take her all in all Peter she was quite a strategist."

"That's what Jim Butler called her. It was her strongest point."

"But the arch-strategist — that's me—"

"A horrible name, dearest! But go on."

"Well you see, someone has said that if one only knows the weakest point in the character of the enemy he is bound to be subjugated. I knew that the weakest thing about Mrs. Wyatt was her superstition, for father terrified her once not meaning to, and I simply played on it at first just for mischief and later with serious intent. Peter—those messages the board spelled out—weren't real. *I juggled* the board. I made the answers! It was a wild, mad game Peter with you for the prize! The unhappiness you couldn't conceal nearly broke my heart, Peter!"

"Never mind about that, now," said Peter soothingly, for Mattie's voice had ended in a little catch. "Tell me if you can how you worked the shadow on the curtain."

"I didn't have anything to do with that. It was sheer accident or coincidence or—"

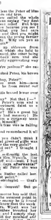
"Good fortune," Peter supplied as Mattie searched for a synonym.

"Both then. Major Stevens sometimes brings our mail up from the village when it's rainy and drops it in the letter box at the French window. He never bothers to ring or come in because he knows how long I am at the back of the house at that time and so he just goes on home. He has to pass Eight Elms anyway. He was the ghost."

"He was also the one that threw the rice-pudding at the station," Peter remarked as he ran his finger around inside his collar and thereupon sent a small trickle of something cold and gritty traveling down his spine. "But the Lord knows I forgive him fully and freely! How did you know Mrs. Wyatt promised the Major never to marry again?"

"I just guessed it," said Mattie. "The Major was known as a rather jealous husband you know and that's the first promise a jealous mate extracts. Do you think we should burn the ouija-board, Peter?"

"No," Peter said after a moment's reflection. "Let's gild it and hang it on the wall."


PURE AND DELICIOUS

BAKER'S COCOA

is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.

Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial.

It is practically all nutrition.

Choice Recipe book free

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass. Montreal, Can.
Canada Food Board Licence 11-690

SCHRADER UNIVERSAL VALVE REPAIR TOOL

DAMAGED CAP threads on tire valves quickly repaired with this convenient little tool. Save your money by having one in your repair kit wherever you travel.

A practical "four-in-one" tool for (1) Removing insides from stems (2) Repairing damaged cap thread (3) Retapping inside thread (4) Reaming damaged cap seat.

Price 45c. each

A. Schrader's Son Inc.
334 King St. East, Toronto
London, Eng. New York, Chicago

Man and Wife

Continued from page 32

She tapped on the door. There was no response. Again she knocked. He came and flung it wide. She walked in past him, a wondrous vision, a little fur cap on her head, her fur coat about her slight, gracious figure, her face glowing—for the night was cold, the climb steep—the red lips smilingly parted, showing the pretty white teeth.

"Mary!" he exclaimed. "You, Mary?"

"I heard you were back, Hugh. All day I've been waiting for you to come back. Oh, Hugh! How I've longed to see you so that you might know how my heart is all with you in these awful troubles. Of course you knew it was, but I wanted to be with you and tell you."

He moved a chair toward her, but she still stood by the side of his desk, he facing her. "I didn't know of the difficulties you had been passing through. You should have told me. In future you will, won't you, Hugh? I may not be able to do much, but, now and again, it might help a little if I knew—and it would teach us more of each other."

"It is worth going through it all, Mary, to have you come to me in this way," he said, his voice a little husky. "It means everything—just everything. You remember what I told you that with you, standing with me, I'd take all other loss and count myself winner? I never fancied it would come to the test, but I have to take my share of the punishment with the rest. I'm not beaten yet, but I was just figuring things up there, and when it looked pretty black you came in, and the gloominess vanished. Sit down, Mary, while I tell you all about it."

SHE removed her coat and cap, and came over to his side, the fairest vision the room had ever known. He told her of the big money strain, the locking up of his capital, the sudden temporary stringency that had made securities for the moment almost valueless, and money invisible. There was no adequate reason for it. It was pure folly, but in the wild running amuck many a sound firm business would be slaughtered. He had been successful, after a long battle, in safeguarding his lumber and pulp interests. That meant he was in no danger of losing them, but it might be a year or two before he would begin to reap from his investment. The most formidable difficulty was in connection with the mine. Now that it was almost too late the men had come back, that evening a deputation had been to see him, promising to return to the pits whenever he wanted them. The disturbing element had already been virtually driven out of the town.

"And I shall begin again to-morrow," he said. "If I have to go down to the pit floor and work alone with pick and shovel.

"I made the business from the ground up and I can do it again. It'll take time to get a mill up and assemble machinery. Much of it will have to be earned, and it may be a few months before matters right, but there will be the sure come back. I'll start in with a handful of men, put up a makeshift place and grow as I do."

"Would that help out much, Hugh?" she asked, slipping her cheque before him on the desk. It was for the hundred thousand dollars that were in the bank to her credit.

He picked it up, frowned as he glanced at it, folded and returned it.

"I don't get out of my troubles with my wife's money," he said. "That's mighty good of you, Mary. I'll never forget it, but I can't use that. That is yours and I won't borrow from you."

"Hugh," she said, "Why may I not show my—my love for you as you showed yours for me when I was in trouble? When you offered me money I took it. There was one thing that made me take it—beside wishing to aid my people—and that was I knew that while I did not love you, you did love me. I don't know why that should have helped me to cross a —— well, a terrible stile, but it did. I never intended to use that money—at least not until there was some change. The interest I've spent as you would have wished me to do, but the principal has not been mine until now. Now I call it mine that I may give it you, Hugh, as a cheap little token—for it is really yours—of the love I have for you. Why may I not love you as you have loved me? You won't refuse, Hugh, the first gift I've been able to make you? You've always been so strong, so rich, so powerful and I had nothing I could give you. You've been always giving to me. Now give me a little fair play, Hugh. I'll think that you have no love left for me if you are too proud to take what I offer."

She stood again facing him, holding out the little slip of paper. "It is not only the bit of paper, Hugh, but all that goes with it. It is money, and with it the respect, the honor, the friendship, the love—all I am capable of—the heart of your wife. If you refuse the one I shall take it for granted that you don't want the other. Here it is, take it, take—them."

HE took the slip from her hand, laid it down on the desk. He put his hands on her shoulders, looked into her eyes that sparkled like diamond dew-drops on the leaf of a rose. Then his arms swept about her, lifting her from her feet, folding her close to his heart, and his kisses rained on her upturned face.

"Come," he said ages later. "I'll take you home. It is late." He picked up her coat and held it for her, but she shook her head and the crimson deepened [illegible]

"I didn't send for you, but I came," she told him. "Will I be very much in the way if I stay here in my home? That is why I came to-night, to take possession of my home. Oh, Hugh, it was a foolish bargain I made—it threw all the responsibility on me—all you have to do is to listen—and I have to do all the advancing and love-making. Break the wretched old promise, and tell me that you want me, that I must come because. Hugh, you are everything to me, everything I care for, want, love. Now I have done all I bargained to do now—make love to me Hugh—just as if I wasn't your wife, just as if you wanted to win me, just as if you really loved me as much as I love you."

CHAPTER IX

IT is to be feared that Hugh Lyttleton said something the least bit improper, that is for a man to utter in the presence of his wife. However, it could not have been very atrocious for so dignified a lady as Mary only laughed. They were in their little apartment upstairs—intended only for a bachelor, and they were eating bread and cheese and drinking tea out of the same cup in quite a homey way. The stove was burning brightly, a kettle singing merrily, there was even the office cat who had promptly adopted them and was manifesting the utmost approval of their arrangement by purring at top capacity. Then in the midst of this domestic peace a rap came on the door. No wonder Hugh said "Damn" before he realized that he was at home, and not in the bachelor diggings of a few hours before.

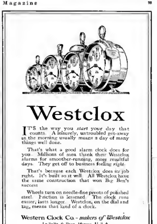
Then he got up, kissed Mary as if he were going to the North Pole for some four or five years and went down to see who the malefactor was.

In two or three minutes he called up stairs to her:

"Mary! A visitor to see you!"

She went to the door at the head of the staircase, to encounter a feminine whirlwind that swept about her and held her fast in demonstrative affection.

Neepawa, Man.
I have always thoroughly enjoyed MacLean's Magazine and have recommended it to others who are now subscribers. I have always subscribed to two or three American magazines, but never again so long as MacLean's is published in Canada.
G. M. H.


Westclox

IT'S the way you *start* your day that counts. A leisurely, untroubled get-away in the morning usually means a day of many things well done.

That's what a good alarm clock does for you. Millions of men thank their Westclox alarms for smoother-running, more resultful days. They get off to business feeling *right*.

That's because each Westclox does *its* job right. It's built so it will. All Westclox have the same construction that won Big Ben's success.

Wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is lessened. The clocks run easier, last longer. Westclox, on the dial and tag, means that kind of a clock.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*
La Salle & Peru Illinois U.S.A.

LIQUID AND CAKE

2 IN 1 WHITE SHOE DRESSING

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

For Women's, Children's and Men's Shoes

Canadian Candy and Chocolate

IN recent years, it has been demonstrated to the world that in most lines of manufacture the Canadian product is equal to, and in many, superior to foreign-made goods.

In the manufacture of candy and chocolate, Canada is at the top. The Pure Food Laws guarantee a wholesome product, while skill in manufacture has produced a quality and deliciousness unequalled in any country.

Within the last few montns a tremendous demand for Canadian candy and chocolate has grown up in England and Europe. The large supplies sent to our men overseas during the war gave to many Europeans their first opportunity of appreciating the high qualities which the Canadian product possesses. European merchants and candy lovers are now clamoring for Canadian candies.

There may be some Canadians who do not realize that the most wholesome and delicious candy and chocolate are made here at home—but this is true.

You can eat Canadian-made candy and chocolate with assurance of their high quality and wholesomeness.

Candy and Chocolate Made in Canada.
The Best.
They are Splendid Food.

Chocolate
Pure & Wholesome
Nuts & Fruit

THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES
OF CANADA

35

"I didn't know that you were here, Mary," said Alice Williams. "Oh it's just splendid. What a perfect little duck of an apartment, and what a delightful duck of a wife you have! A real cat—a real stove with a steaming kettle on it! You must think you are in heaven. I always said you were the luckiest girl. I've just got to hug you again."

"Jack is downstairs with Hugh," she said, nibbling bread and cheese. "He's got a gang of men together all ready for the morning. The other fellow isn't going to have it all his own way. Jack is all for Hugh these days."

Then her vivacious face sobered.

"Hugh has been wonderfully good to Jack and to me," she said. "I can tell you about it now. Before I didn't like to talk about it. I wanted to see if Jack made good first. I suppose you never heard about it, did you? Well, Jack made a slip some time back. It was just about last Christmas time and the people were going to make a lot of trouble. It might have meant prison for Jack and I was just frantic with fear, for Jack and I have always been great chums. There was just nobody in the world to help, that is in the world of those we thought were our friends. They had lots of regrets and heaps of sound advice—you know the kind? I tried everywhere but it was of no use. Never did I imagine that six hundred dollars would be so hard to find. Father wouldn't help. He had been fairly liberal to Jack before and had just shut down. I didn't know what to do. Then one night I was desperate for we feared action would be taken the following day. Then I thought of Hugh. I was right out in the street one night, when the inspiration came to me. It was quite late in the evening but I went up to the offices. It was terribly hard work to have to ask, for Hugh had never liked Jack and I wasn't much more than an acquaintance but he made it so easy for me. Everybody else had listened getting gradually petrified but Hugh just said 'I'm glad you came up, Alice. Why on earth didn't you come before? Sure I'll do anything I can.'

"The people who wanted the money were pretty stiff before, but he went down with me to see them, and settled things up inside five minutes. Then he just said good night to me as if he had been buying me a plate of ice-cream. And I am going to tell you what I did, Mrs. Mary Lyttleton, whether you like it or not. Outside the house I just grabbed that husband of yours and kissed him. There you know it, and I'm not one bit penitent."

"I would have been ashamed of you, Alice, if you hadn't," laughed Mary, with exultation in her heart that the speaker had no knowledge of.

"And not only that," continued Alice. "But he took Jack on when everybody else was blackening him, and I'm glad to know that Jack has made good. You'll see. All the town will be pulling for Hugh and he'll win out yet."

THE two did not stay long. After they had taken their departure, Hugh said to Mary:

"I generally have a look round at night. Will you come?" She put on her wraps, and they went about the place, now lying tragically silent in the white moonlight—the quarries choked with wreckage—the shattered sheds—the wrecked engine houses—the vast ruins of the mill—a cheerless prospect on the snowy hillside.

The solitary note of cheer and comfort shone out from the little apartment upon the bleakness.

So they turned away from the ruin—the bleak desolation, and took their way toward the spot upon which the altar fire had burst into glorious flame. He put his arm about her.

"Home, Mary, home!" he said.

She stood with him in the tiny hall as he shut out the black bitterness of the night. To both it seemed that beyond the door lay dead sorrow, misunderstanding, doubt. He locked the door. Then he laid his arm about her waist, and they climbed together the flight of stairs leading into light.

THE END

The Gold Wolf

Continued from page 21

dog re runnin' mates and you've got this up."

There was a cry of warning from Slocan, and Kootenay whirled drawing his gun. As he did so his arm dropped and his gun clattered to the floor, for Carney's bullet had splintered its butt incidentally clipping away a finger. And the same weapon in Carney's hand was covering Slocan and Denver as they stood side by side, their backs to the bar.

NO one spoke; almost absolute stillness hung in the air for five seconds. Half the men in the room had drawn but no one pulled a trigger—no one spoke.

It was Carney who broke the silence.

"Jeanette, bind that hound's hand up and you, Seth, send for the doctor—I guess he's too much of a man to be in this gang."

A wave of relief swept over the room, men coughed or spat as the tension slipped, dropping their guns back into holsters.

Kootenay Jim, cowed by the damaged hand, holding it in his left, followed Jeanette out of the room.

As the girl disappeared Harry Holt, who had stood between the two men, his wrists bound behind his back, said:

"My mates told a lie to shield me. I stole the gold myself from Seth's safe. I wanted to get out of this hell hole 'cause I knew I'd got to kill Kootenay or he'd get me. That's why I didn't tell before where the gold came from."

"Here, Seth," Carney called as Long came back into the room. "You missed any gold—what do you know about Holt's story that he got the gold from your safe?"

"I aint looked—I don't keep no close track of what's in that iron box. I just keep the key and a couple of bags might get lifted and I wouldn't know. If Jeanette took a bag or two to stake her brother I guess she's got a right to, 'cause we're pardners in all I got."

"I took the key when Seth was sleeping," Harry declared. "Jeanette didn't know I was going to take it."

"But your mates claims she took it, so how'd she say that if it isn't a frame-up!" Graham asked.

"I told her just as I was pullin' out, so she wouldn't let Seth get in wrong by blamin' her or somebody else."

"Don't you see, boys?" Carney interposed, "if you'd swung off this man and all this was proved afterwards, you'd be in wrong. You didn't find on Harry a tenth of the gold Fourteen-foot likely had."

"That skunk hid it," Cariboo declared, "he just kept enough to get out with."

POOR old Cariboo was thirsting for revenge. In his narrowed hate he would have been satisfied if the party had pulled a perfect stranger off a passing train and lynched him. It would have been a good pro-gram. He felt that he was being cheated by the superior cleverness of Bulldog Carney. He had seen miners beaten out of their just gold claims by professional sharks; the fine reasoning, the microscopic evidence of the horse, the intoed hoof, all these things were beyond him. He was honest in his conviction that the cayuse was Johnson's and feared that the man who had killed his friend would slip through their fingers.

"It's just like this, boys," he said. "Me and Fourteen-foot was together so long that if he was away somewhere I'd know he was comin' back a day afore he hit camp—I'd feel it, same's I turned back on the trail there and found him all chawed up by the wolves. There wasn't no reason to look over the cliff only of Fourteen-foot a-callin' me. And now he's a-tellin' me inside that that skunk there murdered him when he wasn't lookin'. And if you chaps aint got the sand to push this to a finish I'll get the man that killed Fourteen-foot; he won't never get away. If you boys is just a pack of coyotes that howls good and plenty till somebody calls 'em, and is goin' to slink away with your tails between your legs for fear you'll be rounded up for the lynchin', you can turn this

MALTESE CROSS TIRES

STRENGTH
ENDURANCE

Strength Endurance

Mileage Economy Satisfaction

All over Canada there are motorists who can not be satisfied with any other tires than

MALTESE CROSS TIRES

Those who know the painstaking care in preparation of material and who have seen the accurate skill of the individual Tire Builders realize that there could not possibly be anything in Tiredom better made than Maltese Cross Tires. Their road record is excellent. They are as trouble-free as any humanly made Tire can be. More than ever before will their mileage record increase, owing to certain improvements this year in the tire and in the tread.

TREADS

Non-Skid	**Ribbed**
Paragon	**Plain**

Ask Your Dealer for Maltese Cross Tires

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited
Head Office and Factory, TORONTO
BRANCHES: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, Vancouver, Victoria

DO YOU NEED MORE MONEY?

That spare time of yours—you can turn it into dollars!

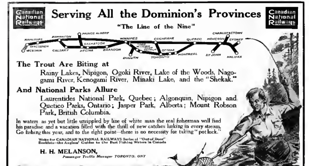
From all parts of Canada people write us every day, enclosing $2 and asking us to send them MACLEAN'S—Canada's National Magazine. They have seen some other person's copy. They want to become regular readers themselves.

When so many subscribe without being asked to do so, how many subscriptions could you obtain—right in your own neighborhood—by simply getting after them in your spare time?

We will pay you—WELL—to get these subscriptions. Glad to tell you how. Sign the coupon and mail it to us—NOW.

Cut of Here and Mail

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. 24, Toronto, Ontario
Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can make money by your plan
Name
Address



Canadian National Railways

Serving All the Dominion's Provinces

"The Line of the Nine"

The Trout Are Biting at

Rainy Lakes, Nipigon, Ogoki River, Lake of the Woods, Nagogami River, Kenogami River, Minaki Lake, and the "Shekak."

And National Parks Allure

Laurentides National Park, Quebec; Algonquin, Nipigon and Quetico Parks, Ontario; Jasper Park, Alberta; Mount Robson Park, British Columbia.

In waters as yet but little unrippled by line of white man the real fisherman will find his paradise and a vacation filled with the thrill of new catches lurking in every stream. Go fishing this year, and to the right point—there is no necessity for taking "pot luck."

Write for CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Series of "Out of Door" Booklets—the Anglers' Guides to the Best Fishing Waters in Canada

H. H. MELANSON,
Passenger Traffic Manager TORONTO, ONT

THE FINANCIAL POST in the House of Commons

IN the House of Commons the other week the attention of the Government was drawn to the article in THE FINANCIAL POST containing a reference to the financing of Roumanian orders through an agency established in London by Sir Clifford Sifton. Sir Thomas White, who is familiar with THE FINANCIAL POST, stated his opinion that the reference was to the private marketing of bonds.

This is merely a small item from THE POST of recent date, but it goes to show that

POST BUSINESS NEWS HAS THE ATTENTION OF MEN WHO COUNT

SIR THOMAS WHITE, with other prominent Canadian men of affairs, has found THE FINANCIAL POST of swift and sure business service. When you "get down to business" you want the plain facts—all of them—without frills—and quickly. You get them like that in THE POST. THE FINANCIAL POST will keep you informed on Canadian business matters in a way unrivalled by any other publication. Send for a subscription to-day. The price is $3.00 per year, and you have only to fill in this form.

The MacLean Publishing Co.
143-153 University Ave., Toronto.

Send me THE FINANCIAL POST every week till further ordered. I will pay subscription price $3.00 per year on receipt of bill, or you may draw on me for this.

Name

Address

---

confidence loose right now—you don't need to worry what'll happen to him. I'll be too danged lonesome without Fourteen foot to figger what's comin' to me. Turn him loose—take the hobbles off him. You fellers go home and pull your blankets over your heads so's you won't see no ghosts."

Carney's deep grey eyes watched the old fanatic's every move. He let him talk till he had exhausted himself with his passionate words, then he said:

"Caribou, you're some man. You'd go through a whole tribe of Indians for a chum. You believe you're right, and that's just what I'm trying to do in this, find out who is right—we don't want to wrong anybody. You can come back on the trail with me and I'll show you the club-footed tracks; I'll let you help me get the right man."

The old chap turned his bunchy shoulders, and looked at Carney out of bleary weasel eyes set beneath shaggy brows; then he chuckled:

"I'll see you in hell fust. I've heard o' yen, Bulldog; I've heard you had a wolverine skinned seven ways of the jack for tricks, and by the ring o' a Big Horn I believe it! You know that while I'm here that jack rabbit aint goin' to get away—and he aint, you can bet your soul on that, Bulldog. We'd go out on the trail and we'd find that Wie-sah-ke-chack, the Indian's devil, has stole em pipe dream club footed tracks, and when we come back the men that killed my chum old Fourteen foot, would be down somewhere where a smart Aleck lawyer 'd get him off."

It took an hour of cool reasoning on the part of Carney to extract from the mouthful of men a promise that they would give him three days' respite, Carney giving his word that he would not send out any information to the police but would devote the time to bringing in the murderer.

Kootenay Jim had had his wound dressed. He was in an ugly mood over the shooting; but the same members of the lynching party felt that he had brought the quarrel on himself, that he had turned so viciously on Jeannette, whom they all liked, caused the men to feel that he had got pretty much his just deserts. He had drawn his gun first, and when a man does that he's got to take the consequences. He was a gambler and a gambler generally had to abide by the gambling chance in gun play as well as by the fall of a card.

BUT Carney had work to do and he was just brave enough not to be foolhardy. He knew that the three toughs would waylay him in the dark without compunction. They were now thirsting not only for young Hall's life but his. So saying openly that he would start in the morning when it was dark he slipped through the back entrance of the hotel to the stable and led his buckskin out through a corral and by a back way to the tunnel entrance of the abandoned Little Widow mine. Here he left the horse and returned to the hotel, set up the drinks, and loafed about for a time, generally giving the three desperadoes the impression that he was camped for the night in the Gold Nugget, though Graham, in whom he had confided, knew differently.

Presently he slipped away and Jeannette, who had got the key from Seth, unlocked the door that led down to the long communicating drift at the other end of which was the opening to the Little Widow mine.

Jeannette closed the door and followed Carney down the stairway. At the foot of the stairs he turned, saying: "You shouldn't do this."

"Why, Bulldog?"

"Well, you saw this afternoon why Kootenay Jim has got an arm in a sling because he can't understand. Men as a rule don't understand much about women, so a woman has always got to wear armour."

"But we understand, Bulldog," and Seth does."

"Yes, girl, we understand; but Seth can only understand the evident. You clamber up the stairs quick."

"My God! Bulldog, see what you've doing for me now. You never would stand for Harry yourself."

"If he'd been my brother I would just as you have, girl."

"That's it, Bulldog, you're doing all this, standing there holding up a mob of angry men, because he's my brother."

"You called the turn, Jeannette."

"And all I can do, all I can say is thank you. Is that all?"

"That's all, girl. It's more than enough."

He put a strong hand on her arm, almost shook her, saying with an earnestness that the playful tone hardly masked:

"When you've got a true friend let him do all the fending—then you'll hold him. The minute you try to rearrange his life you start backing the losing card. Now, good-bye girl, I've got work to do. I'll bring in that wolf of the trail. I've got him marked down in a cave—I'll get him. You tell that pin-headed brother of yours to stand pat. And if Kootenay starts any deviltry go straight to Graham. Good-bye."

Cool fingers touched the girl on the forehead; then she stood alone watching the figure slipping down the gloomed passage of the drift, lighted candle in hand.

CARNEY led his buckskin from the mine tunnel, climbed the hillside to a bench trail, and mounting, rode silently at a walk till the yellow blobs of light that were Bucking Horse lay behind him. Then at a little touch of his heels the horse broke into a shuffling trot.

It was near midnight when he camped; both he and the buckskin had eaten robustly back at the Gold Nugget Hotel, and, Carney, making the horse lie down by tapping him gently on the shins with his quirt, rolled himself in his blanket and slept close beside the buckskin—they were like two men in a huge bed.

All next day he rode, stopping twice to let the buckskin feed, and eating a dry meal himself, holding no fire. He had a conviction that the murderer of the gold hunters made the Valley of the Geiszley's Hedge his stalking ground. And if the devil who stalked these returning miners was still there he felt certain that he would get him.

There had been nothing to cause the murderer's suspicion that these men were known to have been murdered.

A sort of fatality hangs over a man who once starts in on a crime of that sort, he becomes like a man who handles dynamite—careless, possessed of a sense of security, of fatalism. Carney had found all desperadoes that way, each murder had made them more sure of themselves. It generally had been so easy.

Caribou Dave had probably passed without being seen by the murderer. Indeed he had passed that point early in the morning, probably while the ghoul of the trail slept; the murderer would reason that if there was any suspicion in Bucking Horse that miners had been made away with, a posse would have come riding over the back trail and the murderer would have ample knowledge of their approach.

To a depraved mind such as his there was a terrible fascination in this killing of men and capturing their gold; he would keep at it like a gambler who has struck a big winning streak; he would pile up gold, probably in the cave Carney had seen the mouth of, even if it were more than he could take away. It was the sense of the lust of gold, and accentuated the devilish murder lust.

CARNEY had an advantage. He was looking for a man in a certain locality and the man, on knowing of his approach, and dreading it, would be watching the trail in the other direction for victims. Even if he had met him full on the trail Carney would have passed the time of day and ridden on, as if going up into the Eagle Hills. And no doubt the murderer would let him pass without action. It was only returning miners he was interested in. Yes, Carney had an advantage, and if the men were still there he would get him.

His plan was to ride the buckskin to within a short distance of where the murders had been committed, which was evidently in the neighborhood of the

Only 5½¢ Per 1000 Calories
Only ½¢ Per Dish

Don't Overlook the Best Food

Each Package Saves $3

Remember Quaker Oats—the food of foods, the cheapest food and best food.

Each 35-cent package yields 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

It costs on this basis about one-tenth the average cost of meats. Thus each package served in place of meat saves about $3.

The oat is a supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is rich in protein—nearly 17 per cent. As an energy food it has age-old fame. It supplies the needed minerals. As a body builder it stands first among the grain foods.

You need other foods for variety. But the greatest breakfast you can serve is a dish of Quaker Oats. And the dish costs half a cent.

This low-cost breakfast will average up your meal costs. And it starts the day with an almost ideal food.

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost on the calory basis at this writing.

5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Round Steak	41c
Veal Cutlets	57c
Average Fish	50c
Canned Peas	54c

Quaker Oats

Just Queen Grains Flaked

In Quaker Oats you get exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Yet this luscious grade of oat food costs you no extra price.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West (1334)

Mrs. Goodwife Seys:
"I make my Verandah Furniture brand new every Spring with

FLOGLAZE

The Finish that Endures

ENAMELS LAC SHADES

Floglaze wears as well outdoors as indoors.

It renews and freshens up Verandah Furniture, Wicker Chairs and Tables and makes them suitable for the summer. Besides, it preserves them from the weather.

Floglaze is made in bright reds, greens and yellows, suitable for Furniture, Garden Tools, outdoor play things and is useful for finishing Wagons, Buggies, Automobiles or Boats.

Write us for color card showing the thirty-six beautiful shades in which Floglaze is made. Ten cents in stamps will bring a sample tin of any color Lac-Shade for renewing furniture.

THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO CANADA VANCOUVER

Da-cote Dries Overnight
Dougall Da-cote RED Motor Car Enamel

Give Your Old Car a New Dress

Do the work yourself and save $50 to $100. Use

DOUGALL DA-COTE Motor Car Enamels

Paint your car to-day and use it to-morrow. A dress of Dougall Da-Cote will make it look like new. You can successfully do the job yourself—it's so easy to use. Ask your hardware dealer about it.

The Dougall Varnish Co., Limited, Montreal
Associated with Murphy Varnish Co. U.S.A.

cliff at the bottom of which Fourteen foot Johnson had been found and go forward on foot until he had thoroughly reconnoitered the ground. He felt that he would catch sight of the murderer somewhere between that point and the cave for he was convinced that the cave was the home of this trail devil.

The uncanny event of the wolves was not so simple. The earnate tone of the wolf's howl had suggested a wild dog—that is a creature that was half dog, half wolf, either whelped that way in the forests or a train dog that had escaped. Even a fanciful weird thought entered Carney's mind that the murderer might be on terms of dominion over this half wild pair; they might know him well enough to leave him alone and yet devour his victims. This was conjecture, rather far fetched but still not impossible. An Indian's train dogs would obey their master but pull down a white man quick enough if he were helpless.

However, the man was the thing.

THE sun was dipping behind the jagged fringe of mountain tops to the West when Carney slipped down into the valley of the Grizzly's Sledge, and fording the stream, rode on to within a hundred and fifty yards of the spot where his buckskin had shied from the trail two days before.

Dismounting he took off his coat and draping it over the horse's neck, said: "Now you're anchored, Patsy—stand steady."

Then he unbuckled the snaffle bit and rein from the bridle and wound the rein about his waist. Carney knew that the horse, not hampered by a dangling rein to catch in his legs or be seized by a man, would protect himself. No man but Carney could saddle the buckskin or mount him unless he was roped or thrown; and his hind feet were as deft as the fists of a boxer.

Then he moved steadily along the trail, finding here and there the imprint of moccasined feet that had passed over the trail since he had. There were the fresh pugs of two wolves, the dog wolf's paws enormous.

Carney's idea was to examine closely the trail that ran by the cliff to where his horse had shied from the path in the hope of finding perhaps the evidences of struggle, patches of blood soaked into the brown earth, and then pass on to where he could command a view of the cave mouth. If the murderer had his habitat there he would be almost certain to show himself at that hour either returning from up the trail where he might have been on the lookout for approaching victims or to issue from the cave for water or firewood for his evening meal. Just what he should do Carney had not quite determined. First he would stalk the man in hopes of finding out something that was conclusive.

If the murderer were hiding in the cave the gold would almost certainly be there.

That was the order of events as to speak when Carney, hand on gun and eyes fixed ahead on the trail, came to the spot where the wolf had stood at bay. The trail took a twist, a projecting rock bellied it into a little turn, and a fallen birch lay across it half smothered in a lake of leaves and brush.

As Carney stepped over the birch there was a crashing clamp of iron and the powerful jaws of a bear trap closed on his leg with such numbing force that he almost went out. His brain swirled, there were roaring noises in his head, an excruciating grind on his leg.

His senses steadying, his first cogent thought was that the bone was smashed, but a limb of the birch caught in the jaws, squished to splinters, had saved the bone this and his breeches and heavy socks in the legs of his strong riding boots.

As if the snapping steel had carried down the valley, the evening stillness was rent by the yelping howl of a wolf beyond where the cave hung on the hillside. There was something demoniac in this suggesting to the half dazed man that the wolf stood as sentry.

THE utter helplessness of his position came to him with full force; he could no more open the jaws of that double-springed trap than he could crash the door of a safe. And a glance showed him that the trap was fastened by a chain at either end to steel-growing trees. It was a man-trap. If it had been for a bear it would be fastened to a piece of loose log.

The fiendish deviltry of the man who had set it was evident. The whole vile scheme flashed upon Carney. It was set where the trail narrowed before it wound down to the gorge, and the man caught in it could be killed by a club, or left to be devoured by the wolves. A pistol might protect him for a little against the wolves, but that even could be easily wheedled out of a man caught by the murderer coming with a pretence of helping him.

Suddenly a voice fell on Carney's ear:

"Throw your gun out on the trail in front of you! I've got you covered, Bulldog, and you haven't got a chance on earth."

Now Carney could make out a pistol, a man's head and a crooked arm projecting from beside a tree twenty yards along the trail.

"Throw out the gun, and I'll parley with you!" the voice added.

Carney recognized the voice as that of Jack the Wolf and he knew that the offered parley was only a blind, a trick to get his gun away so that he would be a quick victim for the wolves that would save a shooting. Sometimes an imbedded bullet told the absolute tale of murder.

"There's nothing doing in that line, Jack the Wolf," Carney answered; "you can shoot and be damned to you! I'd rather die that way than be torn to pieces by the wolves."

JACK the Wolf seemed to debate this matter behind the tree, then he said: "It's your own fault if you get into my bear trap, Bulldog, I ain't invited you in. I've been watchin' you for the last hour, and I've been a wonderin' just what your little game was. Me and you aint good 'nough friends for me to step up there to help you out and you got a gun on you. You throw it out and I'll parley. If you'll agree to certain things, I'll spring that trap and you can ride away, cause I guess you'll keep your word. I don't want to kill nobody, I don't."

The argument was specious. If Carney had not known Jack the Wolf as absolutely bloodthirsty, he might have taken a chance and thrown the gun.

"You know perfectly well, Jack the Wolf, that if you came to help me out, and I shot you I'd be committing suicide, so you're lying."

"You mean you won't give up the gun?"

"No."

"Well, keep it, damn you! Them wolves knows a thing or two. One of 'em knows pretty near as much about guns as you do. They'll just sit off there in the dark and laugh at you till you drop; then you'll never wake up. You think it over, Bulldog. I'm—"

The speaker's voice was drowned by the howl of the wolf a short distance down the valley.

"D'you hear him, Bulldog?" Jack queried when the howls had died down. "They got your number on the wind and they're sayin' you're their meat. You think over my proposition while I go down and gather in your buckskin; he looks good to me for a get-away. You let me know when I come back what you'll do, 'cause them wolves is in a hurry—they're hungry, and I guess your leg ain't none too comfortable."

Then there was silence, and Carney knew that Jack the Wolf was circling through the bush to where his horse stood, keeping out of range as he traveled.

Carney knew that the buckskin would put up a fight; his instinct would tell him that Jack the Wolf was evil. The howling wolf would also have raised the horse's mettle, but he himself was in the awkward position of being a loser whether man or horse won.

FROM where he was trapped the buckskin was in view. Carney saw his head go up, the lop ears throw forward in rigid listening and he could see beyond, off to the right, the skulking form of Jack slipping from tree to tree so as to keep the buckskin between him and Carney.

Now the horse turned his arched neck and snorted. Carney whipped out his gun, a double purpose in his mind. If Jack the Wolf offered a fair mark he would try a shot, though at a hundred and fifty yards it would be a chance and he must harbor his cartridges for the wolves; the second purpose was that the shot would rouse the buckskin with a knowledge that there was a battle on.

Jack the Wolf came to the trail beyond the horse and was now slowly approaching, speaking in coaxing terms. The horse, warily alert, was shaking his head; then he pawed at the earth like an angry bull.

Ten yards from the horse Jack stood still, his eye noticing that the bridle rein and bit were missing. Carney saw him uncoil from his waist an ordinary packing rope; it was not a lariat, being short. With this in a hand held behind his back Jack with short steps moved slowly toward the buckskin, trying to soothe the wary animal with soft speech.

Ten feet from the horse he stood again, and Carney knew what that meant—a little quick dash in to twist the rope about the horse's head, or seize him by the nostrils. Also the buckskin knew. He turned his rump to the man, threw back his ears, and lashed out with his hind feet as a warning to the horse thief. The coat had slipped from his neck to the ground.

Jack the Wolf tried circling tactics trying to gentle the horse into a sense of security with soothing words. Once thinking he had a chance, he sprang for the horse's head, only to escape those lightning heels by the narrowest margin; at that instant Carney fired but his bullet missed and Jack startled stood back planning sulkily.

Carney saw him thread out his rope with the noose end in his right hand, and circle again. Then the head with a half circle sent the loop swishing through the air and at the first cast it went over the buckskin's head.

Carney had been waiting for this. He whistled shrilly the signal that always brought the buckskin to his side.

Jack had started to work his way up the rope hand over hand, but at the well known signal the horse whirled, the rope slipped through Jack's sweaty hands, a loop of it caught his leg and he was thrown. The buckskin, strung to a high nervous tension, answered his master's signal at a gallop and the rope fastened to Jack's waist dragged him as though he hung from a runaway horse with a foot in the stirrup. His body struck rocks, trees, roots; it juggered about on the rough earth like a cork, for the noose had slipped back to the buckskin's shoulders.

JUST as the horse reached Carney Jack the Wolf's two legs straddled a slim tree and the body wedged there. Carney snapped his fingers but as the horse stepped forward the rope tightened; the body was fast.

"Damned if I want to tear the cuss to pieces, Patsy," he said, drawing forth his pocket knife. He just managed by reaching out with his long arm to cut the rope, and the horse thrust his velvet muzzle against his master's cheek, as if he would say: "Now, old pal, we're all right—don't worry."

Bulldog understood the reassurance and patting the broad wise forehead answered: "We can play the wolves together, Pat—I'm glad you're here. It's a hundred to one on us yet." Then a half-smothered oath startled the horse; for at a twist a shaft of agony raced along the vibrant nerves to Carney's brain.

In the subsidence of strife Carney was cognizant of the night shadows that crept along the valley; it would soon be dark. Perhaps he could build a little fire; it would keep the wolves at bay, for in the darkness they would come; it would give him a circle of light and a target when the light fell on their snarling faces.

Bending gingerly down he found in the big bed of leaves a network of dead branches that Jack the Wolf had cunningly placed there to hold the leaves. There was within reach on the dead

You Can Take Hills on High Without A Knock

If you will keep your motor free from carbon. That knocking in your engine—the difficulty you have climbing hills—poor pick-up—lack of power—noisy motor—pre-ignition—in fact 80 per cent of engine trouble is caused by carbon. Clean it out with

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

and your engine will run like it did the first 500 miles—quietly and full of "pep." And your gasoline consumption will drop 12 per cent to 25 per cent.

DO IT YOURSELF

For 35c—five minutes' time—and no labor you, yourself, can remove all carbon deposits. Pour or spray an ounce of Johnson's Carbon Remover into each cylinder through the petcocks or spark plug openings. Let the car stand for half to three-quarters of an hour; then take your car out on the road, drive it 10 or 15 miles at a fairly good rate of speed. You will be surprised at the wonderful improvement.

Use It Every 500 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Carbon Remover at regular intervals, giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be at its highest efficiency.

"Use Johnson's Carbon Remover in your Champion Spark Plug Cleaner"

S C JOHNSON & SON
Racine Wis.
Established 1882

Knock Knock!!
Use JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER and take these hills on high!

Johnson's Carbon Remover is recommended by many car manufacturers including the Packard and Studebaker Companies. Handled by all representative dealers and jobbers. Insist upon yours supplying you. Write for further information and copy of our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

S C JOHNSON & SON Dept. M A C. 6, Racine Wis

Made and Guaranteed by
S.C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

The PENCIL for YOU is CANE'S "CANADIAN"

Send 25¢ for Five Samples

Wm CANE & SONS [illegible] NEWMARKET CANADA

She Looks Young as a Girl. Why?

Some people look old at thirty five while others look young at fifty. Why? It is a matter of preserving the skin. There is no difficulty in keeping a fine skin with care and the proper use of successful preparations. Our 21 years' practice has proven the value of our methods. We successfully treat Pimples, Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Redness, Wrinkles, Blotches, Crowsfeet, Eczema and all non-infectious skin troubles. Consultation FREE. Write or call. Any of our preparations sent to any address on receipt of price.

Princess Complexion Purifier (for Pimples)	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	1.00
Princess Face Powder (8 shades)	.50
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream	.50

Write for Free Sample of this Delightful Cold Cream. Booklet "D" sent Free on request.

The Hiscott Institute Ltd., 59F College St., Toronto

STAMMERING

[illegible] natural [illegible] natural speech. Graduates pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER CANADA

OVERSEAS BUYING AGENCY

[illegible] 64, HAYMARKET, LONDON

Will buy anything for you, save time and money, and make no charge for its service and 20 years' expert knowledge of London markets.

Personal, Home or Business Purchases—no order is too small. Quotations and Catalogues (when obtainable) furnished free. Write for free Booklet.

The O.B.A. (W. H. GIBBON CO.), 64, Haymarket, London, S.W. Cables "Oibserv London."

Just Dip the Brush

YOU'D never believe, unless you have used Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels, that so much satisfaction could come with so little effort.

Kyanize
FLOOR FINISH
DARK OAK
BOSTON VARNISH Co.

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE

SANITARY FLOOR ENAMEL

This master Kyanize Product goes on to your battered or old soft wood floor with the greatest ease, dries overnight with a gloss that repeated washings will not dim.

Will not stick to the furniture. Made in eight attractive fade-proof colors. Great for pantry shelves—walls and woodwork.

Write for our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Inviting Home"—IT'S FREE.

Boston Varnish Company
10 Everett Station Boston U.S.A.

EASTERN CANADA
Sturgeons Ltd
TORONTO

BRITISH COLUMBIA
Bogardus, Wickens, Ltd
VANCOUVER

WESTERN CANADA
J. H. Ashdown Hdw. Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG CALGARY SASKATOON

"THE DEEPEST DYE"

Hawleys Hygienic Black
British Dye
For Cotton and Thread Hose and Socks

The exclusion of German dye stuffs has stimulated British scientific research evolving this deepest and richest British Black dye for cotton and thread Stockings and Socks, the modish and most economical footwear of to-day.

Hawley's Hygienic Black is dyed over all good makes of hose and [illegible] "Natural," a special soft "Cashmere," a "Silk" and a [illegible]

Whatever make you buy of Cotton or Thread Stockings or Hose insist on seeing the Hawley mark which is the guarantee of the Dye

Absolutely permanent, retaining its intensity through wear and thoroughly hygienic, not staining or irritating the most delicate skin.

Trade enquiries invited.

A. E. HAWLEY & CO., Ltd.
Sketchley Dye Works, HINCKLEY, Eng.

harsh some of its silver parchment-like husk. With his cow boy hat he brushed the leaves away from about his limbs, then taking off his belt he lowered himself gingerly to his free knee and built a little mound of sticks and bark against the birch log. Then he put his hand in a pocket for matches—every pocket; he had not one match; they were in his coat lying down somewhere on the trail. He looked longingly at the body lying wedged against the trees. Jack would have matches for no man travelled the wilds without the means to a fire. But matches in New York were about as accessible as any that might be in Jack the Wolf's pockets.

Philosophic thought with one leg in a bear trap, is practically impossible, and Carney's consignment of tantalizing fate was malignant. As if Fate resented that Fate or something, cast into the trapped man's mind a magical inspiration—a vital grievance. His mind acute because of his dilemma and pain must have wandered far ahead of his cognizance, for a sane plan of escape lay evident. If he had a fire he could heat the steel springs of that trap. The leaves of the spring were thin, depending upon that elusive quality the steel's temper for strength. If he could heat the steel even to a dull red, the temper would leave it as a spirit forsakes a body and the spring would bend like cardboard.

"And I haven't got a damn match," Carney wailed. Then he looked at the body. "But you've got them—"

He grasped the buckskin headpiece and drew him forward a pace; then he unslung his picket line and made a throw for Jack the Wolf's head. If he could yank the body around the wedged legs would clear.

Throwing a lariat at a man lying groggily flat, with one of the thrower's legs in a bear trap was a new one on Carney—it was some test.

Once he muttered grimly, from between set teeth: "If my leg holds out I'll get him yet Patsy."

Then he threw the lariat again, only to drag the noose hopelessly off the head that seemed glued to the ground, the dim light blurring form and earth into a shadow from which thrust, indistinctly the pale face that carried a crimson mark from forehead to chin.

HE had made a dozen casts, all futile, the noose sometimes catching slightly at the shaggy head, even causing it to roll weirdly, as if the man were not dead but dodging the rope. As Carney slid the noose from his hand to float gracefully out toward the body his eye caught the dim form of the dog-wolf just beyond, his slobbering jaws parted, giving him the grinning aspect of a laughing hyena. Carney snatched the rope and dropped his hand to his gun, but the wolf was quicker than the man—he was gone. A curious thing had happened though, for that erratic twist of the rope had spiraled the noose beneath Jack the Wolf's chin and gently, vibratingly, tightening the slip Carney found it held. Then hand over hand he hauled the body to the birch log and, without ceremony, searched it for matches. He found them, wrapped in an oilskin in a pocket of Jack's shirt. He noticed casually that Jack's gun had been torn from its belt during the owner's rough voyage.

The finding of the matches was like an anesthetic to the agony of the clamp on his leg. He chuckled, saying: "Patsy, it's a million to one on us; they can't beat us, old pard."

He transferred his faggots and birch bark to the loops of the springs, one pile at either end of the trap, and touched a match to them.

The acrid smoke almost stifled him; sparks burnt his hands and his wrists and his face; the jaws of the trap commenced to catch the heat as it traveled along the conducting steel, and he was threatened with the fact that he might lose his leg off. With his knife he dug up the black moist earth beneath the leaves, and dabbled it on to the heating jaws.

CARNEY was so intent on the manifold duties that he had practically forgotten Jack the Wolf, but as he turned his face from an inspection of a spring that was reddening, he saw a pair of black vicious eyes watching him, and a hand reaching for his gun belt that lay across the birch log.

The hands of both men grasped the belt at the same moment, and a terrible struggle ensued. Carney was handicapped by the trap, which seemed to bite into his leg as if it were one of the wolves fighting Jack's battle; and Jack the Wolf showed, by his vain efforts to rise, that his legs had been made almost useless in that drag by the horse.

Carney had in one hand a stout stick with which he had been adjusting his fire, and he brought this down on the other's wrist, almost shattering the bone. With a cry of pain Jack the Wolf released his grasp of the belt, and Carney, pulling the gun, covered him, saying:

"Hoped you were dead, Jack the Murderer! Now turn face down on the log with your hands behind your back, till I hobble you."

"I can spring that trap with a lever and let you out," Jack offered.

"Don't need you—I'm going to see you hanged and don't want to be under any obligation to you, murderer! turn over quick or I'll kill you now—my leg is on fire."

Jack the Wolf knew that a man with a bear trap on his leg and a gun in his hand was not a man to trifle with, so he obeyed.

When Jack's wrists were tied with the picket line, Carney took a loop about the prisoner's legs, then he turned to his fires.

The struggle had turned the steel springs from the fires, but in the twisting one of them had been bent so that its ring had slipped down from the jaws. Now Carney heaped both fires under the other spring and soon it was so hot, that when balancing his weight on the leg in the trap, he placed his other foot on it and shifted his weight, the strip of steel went down like paper. He was free.

At first Carney could not bear his weight on the mangled leg; it felt as if it had been asleep for ages, the blood rushing through the released veins pricked like a tattooing needle. He took off his boot and massaged the limb, Jack eyeing this proceeding sardonically. The two wolves hovered beyond the firelight sniffing and yapping.

When he could hobble on the injured limb Carney put the bit and bridle on, knelt on the buckskin and turning to Jack unwound the picket line from his legs saying: "Get up and lead the way to that cave!"

"I can't walk, Bulldog," Jack protested, "my leg's half broke."

"Take your choice—get on your legs or I'll tie you up and leave you for the wolves," Carney snapped.

Jack the Wolf knew his Bulldog Carney well. As he rose groggily to his feet Carney lifted to the saddle holding the loose end of the picket line that was fastened to Jack's wrists, and said:

"Go on in front; if you try any tricks I'll put a bullet through you—this sore leg's got me peeved."

AT the cave Carney found, as he expected, several little canvas bags of gold, and other odds and ends such as a murderer too often and also foolishly will garner from his victims. But he also found something he had not expected to find—the cayuse that had belonged to Fourteen-foot Johnson, for Jack the Wolf had preserved the cayuse to pack out his wealth.

Next morning, no chance of action having come to Jack the Wolf through the night, for he had been tied up like a turkey that is to be roasted, he started on the pilgrimage to Rushing Horse, astride Fourteen-foot Johnson's cayuse, with both feet tied beneath that sombre animal's belly. Carney landed him and the gold in that astonished burg.

And in the fulness of time something very serious happened the enterprising man of the bear trap.

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

COREGA

Insures mouth comfort to wearers of dental plates.

It is an antiseptic powder—tasteless and pleasant to use—which when sifted evenly on a dental plate will hold it firmly in place. It

Prevents Sore Gums
Promotes Mouth Hygiene
Aids Facial Appearance

and is highly recommended by dentists and physicians

50c, 70c and $1.40

If your druggist [illegible]

COREGA CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. [illegible]

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 369 70 5th Avenue New York City

The Wings of the Morning

Continued from page 16

striving to keep a steady voice. "Nobly and gloriously, as the great, the good and the brave of all ages have wished to die."

But she could only repeat dismally, "Aleck is dead—dead. My Aleck is dead and I cannot even see him."

Her heart had no room for any other thought.

The dominie had come primed with consolation from the sages. He knew all that Solomon, Socrates, and the rest of them had said on the great questions of life and death. He believed with the Greeks that the beloved of the gods are taken young. He meant to say—what was simple, literal truth—that in his heart he envied Aleck. "Gone at twenty, a hero who gave his life for another," he told himself on the way up. "*Greater love hath no man than this.* Oh! rare good fortune of the happy boy wassie!"

Heroes, he felt, should die young while the lustre of glory was still fresh upon them. "Ere the evil days come," he had often thought, "ere the evil days come." How lucky to spread wings and soar off in the roseate morning, rather than be kept lingering and dawdling into the darkness of night; to escape for ever, without scar or taint, all the corrosions of time, all the malice of fortune! Surely Aleck was fortunate, thrice fortunate, in his going. On his way to High Croft the dominie had said all this and more to himself with utter conviction and sincerity. But face to face with her he could not say it to Aleck's mother, not if it were certified wisdom set with rubies and bound in gold. He could only stroke the hand he held, incoherently murmuring commonplaces of comfort.

At last she suddenly leaned forward upon the table and broke into a storm of weeping, and Thomas Dunning was devoutly glad, for he knew that to the stricken heart tears are salvation.

VI

NEXT day was Sunday, but instead of putting on Sabbath day blacks and dutifully answering the call of the kirk bell the dominie decided to take his weekly allowance of preaching by proxy. Accordingly Janet occupied the "school pew" in solitary state and vast secret displeasure. For Janet had a grievance, the sort of grievance testing women so often have against sly, deluding man. She had not been deceived, thanks to her own astuteness; but the attempt to deceive was palpable.

"I wouldn't have believed it o' him," thought Janet, as the small broken winded organ began to wheeze out a jerky prelude. "No, I wouldn't," she repeated as the minister, stately and solemn, entered and mounted the pulpit stairs. "What would *he* think o' one o' his elders tryin' to bamboozle his auld housekeeper? To tell me he was for a whiff o' hill wind to cure a headache when a' the time I kent fine he was aff to see Margaret Gordon. David was richt. Men are a queer lot—and he's just like the lave o' them. It's fer mussyin' hoo he'll be for a' that's come and gane. What I'm wonderin' is if ae hoose will be big enough to hold me an' her."

She knew what had happened and of course was sorry for Margaret Gordon with the sorrow of a spinster for a weeping Rachel. But she could not forgive the dominie. These thoughts so engrossed Janet that she could not find the text in all her Bible, heard not a word of the sermon and almost broke into singing when others were composing themselves for prayer. When the ordeal of public worship was over and gossip had been duly exchanged at the kirk door she returned to a cold dinner in an exceedingly hot state of mind. That she had the dinner all to herself was part of the dominie's duplicity.

A charge of duplicity was perhaps justified, though not precisely as Janet suspected. While the church bells jangled out their cracked summons

Girls! Beautify Your Hair with "Danderine"

35 Cents a Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Have Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can! (

IF you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice heavy healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine.

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters
KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

SANITONE

is a present-day economy for decorating or re-decorating your home. It comes in many soft and beautiful tones—is easily applied—and will not fade or rub off.

"SANITONE" walls and ceilings may be washed at any time, without affecting the colours.

Our free book, "What, When and How To Paint", will help you to paint right. Write for a copy.

OUR DECORATIVE SERVICE is free. Write us for suggestions and color schemes for the whole house, or any rooms that you plan to do over.

The Canada Paint Co., Limited,
Makers of the famous "ELEPHANT BRAND" White Lead.
572 William Street, Montreal.
112 Sutherland Avenue, Winnipeg.
14

It is in the Kitchen

the bride must solve her first domestic problems. The preparation of the first meals will make or mar the first pleasures of domestic life.

Therefore any wedding present that helps her solve this problem successfully is the present she will value most.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is the most useful, most efficient wedding present you can give a bride. She will never forget your thoughtfulness. Kitchen drudgery will never be her lot. Her hours in the kitchen will be as pleasant as her hours elsewhere. For this reason the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is a most suitable kitchen equipment for all housewives and cooks. Indeed it is indispensable.

You can learn more about the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet by writing for our Booklet "A." The Cabinet is recommended by dealers in hundreds of cities and towns. You are interested, why not write us now?

TRADE MARK

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co.
LIMITED
Hanover - - Canada

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
REGISTERED

Thomas Dunning "looked in" at High Croft, "just to say 'How d'ye do'" in the passing. He remembered that Margaret had not seen Mr. Hector's letter. Perhaps she would like to read it for herself. He would therefore leave it and call for it on his way back. No thanks, he would have nothing. One climbed all the better for going light. Then, remarking that the day was warm and good for growing crops, he turned once more to the hill above. Margaret understood. "Tom is always tactful and delicate," she said to herself. On his part he was saying, "She hasn't slept a wink all night, and her eyes, oh! poor thing, I could scarcely bear to look at them."

VII

FOR a quarter of a mile, that is to say as long as he was within sight of High Croft, the dominie walked rapidly, then finding himself in seclusion he sat down on a mossy, sun-warmed rock and thought of Margaret Gordon.

Three hours later he returned, and she was waiting for him, pitiably white but dry-eyed and composed. Together they went inside and this time he consented to have refreshments—oat scones, fresh butter, and creamy heather-milk which would have superseded nectar had it been known on Olympus. Thus braced, he cleared his throat—somehow he had all at once become a victim to hoarseness—and cautiously referred to Mr. Hector's letter.

"It's a fine, generous letter," said Margaret simply. "I'll always love Mr. Hector for what he says in it. Yes, though I'm far, far away from High Croft."

The last part of the statement was a close lapse, and nearly cost Margaret her studied, resolute self-possession.

"Yes," he agreed, noting her effort to be calm. "The letter of one brave man paying tribute to another. Sir Hector is deeply touched."

He appeared to be going on, but, instead, turned abruptly and looked out of the window. The rich flush of midsummer was on the scene, a Sabbath peace was in the air. All thought of war seemed remote, alien and incongruous.

"It's heaven," he murmured. "Theocritus would have loved it." And then, with a sidelong look, "You wouldn't like to leave it, would you, Maggie?"

"It just needs that to break my heart altogether," she answered. "That would do it."

There was a long pause. "Wouldn't it be hard for you to carry on alone?" he asked then.

"Oh! I could do it," was the emphatic reply. "And now that they're all gone, it's what I'd like to do."

The dominie gulped something invisible. "Maggie," he said, not too successfully keeping the gulp out of his voice, "there's one thing I have to say, and it's this—that [illegible] stay Sir Hector is your very good friend. I have seen him again, and he authorized me to tell you that."

She looked at him searchingly. "Tom," she cried, "you have been pleading for me."

"Never a word," he replied promptly. "None so much as a single word. You should have heard what he says about Aleck."

"Then if he's my friend he'll let me stay here," said Margaret. "I have some help, and I'm used to working. Tom, do this for me, and tell Sir Hector he will have every penny of his own—every penny."

"Believe me, he's not thinking of that," the dominie assured her.

But he did not argue. Instead, he acted.

VIII

THE very next day Margaret received a letter which made her giddy with excitement. She glanced at the address—"Cashenny Castle"; she glanced at the signature—Sir Hector's. The letter, in the baronet's own hand, was as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Gordon,—Our common friend Mr. Dunning informs me that you desire to remain at High Croft. I greatly regret that I cannot see my way to comply with your wish" (Margaret nearly collapsed) "because it is contrary to pending arrangements. In the providence of God and at the call of duty you have been deprived of those to whom you would naturally look for help. My heart goes out to you—but I will not dwell on that. What I have to say is that for all one sees I think it best you should leave High Croft. Therefore you shall have choice of two other houses. Whichever you choose shall be rent free as long as you care to occupy it, and I trust you will accept such a supplement to your income as will be sufficient for the sum that I should like you to have. I beg this as a favor and not in any sense as a return for what you and yours have done for me and mine. That is beyond payment. You see, I assume you will do me the honor of remaining on the estate. For the rest, with your permission you shall have assistance in winding up things at High Croft. My advice, dear Mrs. Gordon, is that you just leave the bother of winding up and flitting to us men folk.

"My son is already in hospital in London. As soon as ever the surgeons are done with him he will be home. His mother, who sends her love and sympathy, thinks our Highland air will do him more good than all the apothecary's stuff in England. You may be sure he will take the very earliest opportunity of calling and expressing to you in person something of what we all feel.

"Please let me know that all this is agreeable to you. God sustain and bless you, now and always."

Margaret was glad she was permitted to read that letter by herself, that no one was by to witness the grateful, tender, distressing tears she shed over it. "My Aleck," she sobbed, "saved me in the end, as he said he would. And Mr. Hector, yes, I'll always love Mr. Hector."

IX

SHE met Mr. Hector soon, but not in the quietness of her own Highland hills as had been planned. Before he could come home she went up to London, first-class at Sir Hector's expense, to receive from the King's own hand the decoration won but never worn by Aleck. The dominie accompanied her for, as Sir Hector pointed out with clinching force, she could never be trusted to go alone.

"The tumult and confusion would simply stun and bewilder her," he said. "Ten to one she'd be run over by some careering fool or ever she got near Buckingham Palace. So she needs you. Eh! What's that? The school. Fiddlesticks! The Board aren't idiots, and when did scholars object to a holiday?"

The scholars accordingly had their holiday "in honor," the master was careful to explain, "of one who has brought lasting glory to our school."

The weather being fine, it was an open-air investiture, and when Margaret, who would fain have hidden at the last moment, was conducted into the Royal presence, a small white, trembling figure lost, as it seemed, in the sea of uniforms, the Cockney crowd cheered lustily. There was more cheering when the King presented the little Maltese Cross with the bit of crimson ribbon which would for ever tell the tale of Aleck's valor and sacrifice. She curtseyed in acknowledgment and was turning away, but the King detained her to praise Aleck's bravery and say how well the proud distinction was deserved. Finally he shook hands, "warm and friendly, just as if he had known me all my life," said Margaret afterwards. She had not imagined kings capable of shaking hands in that fashion. As she made her way to the rear, smiling through her tears and holding her treasure tight, the watching onlookers exploded in another and more prolonged cheer. She turned quickly round as if afraid. "Don't you be a takin' on, missis," she was told sympathetically. "'E was a good boy as got 'is that, mum."

"Thank you for that," said Margaret simply.

Mr. Hector stood beside the dominie, waiting for her. He was on crutches (that was why he had not attended her before them all), and at sight of him she stopped, a quick look of pity in her face.

"Oh, Mr. Hector, dear!" she cried, severely cutting his salute, "but I'm sorry to see you like this."

"I am very thankful to be like this, Mrs. Gordon," he answered. "If it hadn't been for Sergeant Gordon I shouldn't have been here at all. I'm glad to have seen what I've seen to-day. My father has told you all, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and he has told me all—"

She caught her lip. He understood and withheld something he greatly wanted to say. By and by she would be better able to listen.

A motor was in readiness, and he took the two to the little hotel off the Strand (recommended by Sir Hector) where they had put up for one night. Thence he took them to Euston, and, in spite of crutches, insisted on conducting Margaret to her carriage.

"Tell them at home I'm getting on famously," he said at parting, "and that I'll be north in no time. It's mortal dull work getting well in London here."

Only when the train was starting and he held Margaret's hand a moment did he venture to hint some fraction of what was in his heart. She was infinitely grateful for his reticence.

"I don't think I could have held up if he had spoken much of Aleck," she confided to the dominie.

X

JANET, with a small company of intimate and particular friends, received Margaret in her new home, which was just ready and passed by Sir Hector as fit for occupation. By one of the coincidences in which truth plagiarises so shamefully from fiction it chanced to stand next neighbor to the school-house. Janet looked wise and prophetic.

"Ay, just so," she remarked. "I'm thinkin' it's no exactly for nothing they're gable to gable. It comes in my mind that it's under the same roof they'll be afore a's owre."

And Janet was right. One day some months later a gossip ran to her in a state of high excitement, with a certain question.

"Ay, it's quite true," announced Janet, "as I kent weel it would be. Margaret Gordon is to be Margaret Dunning. Astonished are ye? Ye'd be fair dumfoundered if ye saw what I see. Oh! that's what the puir man is—clean daft. Canna eat or sleep for thinkin' o' his dearie. An' my word, the preparations! The hoose is coming to be painted an' papered. There's to be grand new upholstery an' pictures an' a carpet, forby a brass bed an' a whatnot an' whigmaleeries upstairs. An' the puir man's fair to go on. The maister an' Sir Hector had words owre it, but Sir Hector would have it so, or doon comes the [illegible]. No, I'm no leein'. He says I maun help an' take care o' her. Twa to cook an' clean for instead o' one. It's grand to be mickle thocht o'. My certie!"

Janet was the most loyal of women and the best of housekeepers, but the mysteries of sentiment were far beyond her ken.

Vacation in the Pine Scented Lakelands of Canada

In the "Highlands of Ontario," that wonderful region of scenic beauty, you can Fish, Swim, Golf, Canoe, Camp, Hunt—spend a vacation you will never regret or forget. Mirror-like lakes set in the grandeur of forests of pine and balsam. The purest of air, 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea, and hay fever is unknown.

Famous Playgrounds for Outdoor Men and Women

"Algonquin Park"—"30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay"—"Kawartha Lakes"—"Muskoka Lakes"—"Timagami" and the "Lake of Bays." Modern hotels—or "rough" it if you prefer. Any Grand Trunk Agent will gladly plan your trip for you.

Illustrated descriptive literature sent free on request. Apply to

J. QUINLAN,
Bonaventure Station,
MONTREAL, QUE.

C. E. HORNING,
Union Station,
TORONTO, ONT.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Macey
For Sale By
Canada Furniture Manufacturers
Woodstock Ontario

MUSIC TAUGHT IN YOUR HOME FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.

Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. [illegible] Write for FREE booklet, which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

A Mysterious City of Rhodesia

Ruins Are Investigated on Land That Once Yielded the Gold of Ophir

THE unknown parts of darkest Africa have many strange secrets to yield up. Each encroachment of the curious white men reveals new mysteries and new natural phenomena. One of the most interesting stories that has come out of Africa for some time is contributed to *The Wide World* by Vere F. Raffalovich and deals with the ruins of a city in Rhodesia in the centre of what quite apparently was in ancient days a rich gold-yielding district. She writes entertainingly of this old pile of crumbling walls.

In 1506 Portuguese traders in South East Africa came upon a ruined city which had clearly been the centre of a gold mining district. There is evidence that they themselves worked or attempted to work these mines. However, they abandoned them, and the ruins were forgotten until last century when Livingstone brought them again to the notice of the world. Many learned explorers have since visited these remains and they seem to agree that the very definite astronomical and geometrical knowledge on the part of the builders provides a certain clue as to the date of their erection. Authorities nearly unanimously agree that Rhodesia must have been the ancient Monomotapa, the gold producing country whence the merchants of Ophir in Southern Arabia derived the enormous quantities of gold which they distributed to all the then known countries.

Gold was, according to Biblical and secular writings, the principal trade of the famous Ophir, and this fact has often given rise to the erroneous conception that Ophir must itself have been a great gold producing country. But there seems little doubt that Ophir was only the intermediate emporium and that the precious metal was chiefly imported from South East Africa. Authorities even affirm that other imports such as ebony, ivory, apes, precious stones, sandalwood and plumage which were brought by Hiram to King Solomon's court, also must have been obtained from that same country. King Hiram of Tyre sailed from Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea to Ophir with his and King Solomon's fleet at regular intervals of three years, probably allowing the Arabian traders time to fetch from Africa all the gold and costly merchandise required. The Scriptures tell us that the gold obtained in a single one of these voyages amounted to a present value of about four million pounds sterling. From this fact alone we can conclude what vast quantities of ore must have been recovered from the old Rhodesian workings. All the evidence, gained by exploration in the ruins, seems to point to the conclusion that the ancient settlements in South East Africa were established for the sole purpose of this gold winning industry. As the coins date, so far as can be ascertained, from practically prehistoric times, so far back as 1100 B.C., the period of their erection would cover both previously and subsequently that time during which Scriptural references are made to the gold trading of Ophir.

When, in course of time, the power of the southern Arabians waned, we find that by natural absorption the Phoenicians became not only the masters of the Mediterranean and of the Southern Ocean, but also of the Arabian colonies, foremost amongst these being the gold-producing colonies in South East Africa. And this explains how the trade and wealth, for which the Sabaeans had been so famous, passed into the hands of their Phoenician brethren. These latter, in occupying Monomotapa or Rhodesia, still adhered to the main type of architecture common to the Arabians, and only introduced a few fresh features.

The ruins of the earliest period show smooth, monotonous plainness and enormous solidity, notwithstanding the stones being laid without mortar. Some of the walls are broad and massive enough to serve an ox wagon and team of sixteen oxen with room to spare. The first object of the ancients who left these stupendous monuments to posterity seems to have been protection against the savage negroid tribes who lived in these territories, and from whom in all probability were drawn the numerous slaves necessary to carry on the extensive gold industry. Many thousands of people were evidently herded around the principal industrial centres, the size of which, judging from the countless gold smelting furnaces, crucibles, crushing stones, etc.

Genuine Diamonds
CASH OR CREDIT
Terms $1 $2 $3 Weekly
[illegible]
Write for catalogue to-day
Jacobs Bros., Diamond Importers
[illegible]
TORONTO

In Position

SUPER SPARK

[illegible] NO [illegible]

Super Spark Co. of Canada
[illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER
[illegible]

Eastern Distributors: Vili Mfg. Co., 238 McGill St., Montreal.
Western Distributors: Shell Supply Co., 103 [illegible], Winnipeg.
Exclusive representatives wanted for counties and townships.

"Look At Him Today!"

"Six years ago he started in here just as you are doing. Now he's General Manager and makes more in a day than he used to make in a week. The first week he was here he began to train for the job ahead by studying in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools. Inside of six months he got his first promotion. You've got the same chance he had, young man. Follow his example. Take up some I. C. S. course right away. What you are six years from now is entirely up to you."

This is the story of thousands of successful men. They did their work well, and in spare time with I. C. S. help trained themselves for advancement. That's the thing for you to do. Whatever your chosen work may be there is an I. C. S. Course that will prepare you right at home for a better position with bigger pay.

More than 130,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you. The way to find out is easy. Just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. [illegible], 745 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Can.

[illegible]

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.
City

CANADA'S FAMOUS
Health Resort

2 Hours from Toronto

PRESTON MINERAL SPRINGS is a health and rest resort with baths of greater remedial value than the far-away springs of [illegible] France and other [illegible] countries. [illegible] FREE booklet. [illegible]

LET THE PRESTON MINERAL SPRINGS CURE YOU

AMUSEMENTS—In the vicinity of Preston are numerous places of interest that can be reached by fast electric cars and motors. [illegible]

Stay at Hotel Kress

It has all modern [illegible] conveniences and service [illegible] Canada.

Write manager of Hotel Kress for full particulars.

Rates from $[illegible] a week up.

PRESTON SPRINGS

Save TIRES LIKE THESE

Be a TIRE SURGEON

Make $2,500 to $4,000 Per Year Giving New Life to Old Tires

A Haywood Tire Surgeon can do more with old tires than was ever dreamed before the Haywood Method. A Haywood Tire Surgeon can give 4,000 to 5,000 more miles of life to a tire that two years ago would have been thrown on the junk pile. And it's easy to learn.

I Earned $2200 In Four Months

This is Richard R. Oldham

[illegible]

HAYWOOD'S TIRE SURGERY

Stations are Needed Everywhere

20,000,000 tires wearing down every day. By Tire Surgery one can quickly repair, rebuild and give new life to tires seemingly worn out. Cuts, gashes, tears, bruises, broken fabric, every kind of an accident that can happen to any tire inside or out, you can repair and [illegible]. The chance to make money is simply wonderful.

$2,500 to $4,000 a Year is Possible

If we told you all the truth you wouldn't believe it. [illegible] Haywood Tire Surgery Stations [illegible]

Send Today for My Free Book

[illegible]

M. Haywood, President
Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
[illegible] Capitol Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

WRITE TODAY

M. HAYWOOD, President
HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO.
[illegible] Indianapolis, Ind.
[illegible] Please send me [illegible] the Haywood Tire Surgery Method and the [illegible] school of tire repairing.

Name

Address

discovered in the ruins, must have been quite enormous.

The principal feature in the Zimbabwe district is the Zimbabwe Hill crowned by the ruins of the Acropolis, a bewildering stronghold which from a height of about five hundred feet, overlooks the Valley of Ruins, doubtless the site of the city itself. In the midst of this valley lies the principal ruin termed the Temple of Great Zimbabwe. It forms a large elliptical enclosure and is believed to be of the earliest period. It contains the most undoubted evidences to show that the builders were Nature worshippers of the early Phoenician cult, when stone worship was one of the leading features of the ritual. Among the evidential finds there are a great number of phallic emblems and many soapstone birds pronounced by authorities to be similar to the images of the birds sacred to Astarte, an emblem much used in Phoenician worship, and similar to those found in Cyprus, Sardinia and other important Phoenician colonies. The Zimbabwe Temple is nearly identical to the old Temple of Haram near Mareb the capital of the old Yemen in South Arabia, where the famous Bilkis, Queen of Sheba reigned.

Apparently the Zimbabwe Temple was a very important place of worship and constituted the centre where the great national feasts were held. The outer wall, which rises to a height of thirty feet, forms an elliptical circle of nearly three hundred feet in length. Within this vast enclosure there is a maze labyrinth of walls and passages all built of well-cut granite sets and laid in marvellously even courses. A long exceedingly narrow passage leads direct from the main entrance to the sacred enclosure. The walls of this passage are of the same imposing height as the outer wall and conceal the carefully-buttressed approaches to the sacred Conical Tower, which is over thirty feet in height and built of solid masonry. In front of this sacred tower is a raised platform covered with a thick cement flooring which was presumably used by the priests for religious purposes. The whole temple seems still impregnated and haunted with the spirit of these prehistoric Nature worshippers, and an atmosphere of awe-inspiring mystery surrounds the intruder.

Who Will Succeed Wilson?

A Review of the U.S. Presidential Situation

THE Presidential pot is already beginning to boil in the United States although the nominations do not occur until next year. Already speculation is rife as to who will probably be nominated. It is agreed that Wilson could have the Democratic nomination if he cared to ignore the no-third term convention. On the Republican side discussion seems to centre around General Pershing, General Leonard Wood, and Charles E. Hughes, who gave Wilson so close a run last year.

The possibilities are concisely summed up by Frank M. O'Brien in "Munsey's Magazine." He writes:

On the Democratic side, Mr. Wilson stands out as so commanding a personality, so powerful a leader of his party, that he can have no serious opposition if he decides to be a candidate for a third term. No man in American history has ever had such unchallenged control over his party. Whatever may be thought of the quality of his statesmanship, no one can question that he has the genius of great personal appeal to the imagination of the people. His combination of political sagacity and daring originality makes him a unique figure in American history.

It rests entirely with Mr. Wilson to say whether he will again receive the nomination of the Democratic party in 1920. There is no need of discussion to buttress this conclusion, the no-third-term tradition notwithstanding.

Should Mr. Wilson elect not to run again in 1920 the men most frequently mentioned as possible Democratic nominees are William G. McAdoo, Senator Underwood of Alabama, ex-Speaker Clark of Missouri, William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of War Baker, and Governor Cox of Ohio. There may be other aspirants—perhaps many others. The woods are usually full of men whose political ambitions do not fall short of the White House. But of these six outstanding figures—McAdoo, Underwood, Clark, Bryan, Baker and Cox—it is anybody's guess as to which one can command the strongest following in the convention.

Now let us turn to the Republican party, and here we find a much longer list of potential candidates. With Mr. Roosevelt alive the situation was different, for his pre-eminence as a leader practically precluded all thought of seeking any other Republican nominee, but his untimely death has left an open field. The following is at least a partial list of men whose names have been brought under discussion:

Ex-President Taft.

Eight members of the United States Senate — Lodge, of Massachusetts, Knox, of Pennsylvania, Harding of Ohio, Borah of Idaho, Cummins of Iowa, Johnson of California, Kellogg of Minnesota, and Watson of Indiana.

One former member of the Senate—Beveridge of Indiana.

One former member of the United States Supreme Court — Ex-Justice Hughes, of New York.

Two Governors of States—Lowden of Illinois and Allen of Kansas.

One president of a university—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York.

Two soldiers—General John J. Pershing and Major General Leonard Wood.

The name of General Pershing has come forward as a Presidential possibility chiefly because of the nation's grateful habit of rewarding its military heroes. Three professional soldiers—William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor and Ulysses S. Grant—have been elected President, while Washington and Jackson, while not professional soldiers in the sense that those named were, did not suffer by having their exploits in the field added to their wisdom in council.

With the exception of Andrew Johnson and Mr. Taft, every Republican President has been a soldier. Lincoln served in the Black Hawk War, Grant, of course, was the soldier of soldiers. Hayes was made a brigadier-general for his deeds at Cedar Creek. Garfield—who, like Hayes, was elected to Congress while in the field—could have commanded a division if he had stayed in uniform. Arthur was quartermaster general in New York. Benjamin Harrison showed conspicuous gallantry in the Atlanta campaign, and was a brevet brigadier general at the end of the war. McKinley, enlisting as a private at eighteen, rose to a majority at the end of the four bitter years. Roosevelt was a rising politician-statesman before the war with Spain, yet he would not have been elected Governor of New York in 1898 if it had not been for his exploits as leader of the Rough Riders.

The ALBANY, the choice this season of men who want the most up to date style

An English model carried in stock in Mahogany and Black Calf—
All sizes and widths in stock
One of the famous

Dack's SHOES

Call in or write for Style Book and Self-Measurement Chart.

R. DACK & SONS
LIMITED
Makers of made-to-measure Shoes for over 100 years
73 W. KING ST.
TORONTO

Now's the Time

to get that bottle of Liquid Veneer. Use it for housecleaning and for daily dusting thereafter.
It cleans and brightens furniture and woodwork so quickly and so much more satisfactorily.

At All Dealers. 25c and 50c

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
381 Ellicott St. Buffalo, N.Y.
Bridgeburg, Ont., Canada

LIQUID VENEER
Registered U.S. Patent Office
MAKES OLD THINGS NEW
WOODWORK
PIANOS
FURNITURE
APPLY WITH CHEESE CLOTH
WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING

The "Reds" in New York

How the Bolsheviks Are Working in the East Side

IT is of course well known that the Bolsheviki doctrines are spreading in the United States. There is steady propaganda on the part of the agents of the Communistic Cause and the poison filters through the crowded sections of big cities, with startling rapidity. John Bruce Mitchell tells in *The Forum* how the movement is growing in New York and what he writes leaves the impression that the situation has its serious side. He says in part:

Come with me! Just south of Washington Square, in days gone the stronghold of New York conservatism, there is, on Fourth Street, a dingy building, the upper floors given over to Bolshevistic organizations or garment workers; the lower floor, a hall. It is the Labor Lyceum. There one finds a room about sixty feet wide and seventy feet long. It is filled with cheap collapsible chairs, closely packed. At one end of the room rises a stage screened by a tawdry curtain bearing letters in Yiddish. Underfoot is sawdust muddied by the feet of the hundreds who at night congregate there. It is a stifling place, heavy with the fumes of rank pipes, soiled clothing and unwashed bodies. From the byways of the East Side there come to this place—and a dozen like it—men with stooping shoulders and spreading, uncombed beards matted with food—men ever gesticulating and talking in strange tongues. There come the young men more careful in their dress, some tawdrily foppish, all a little brazen and fleering in their manner. As children not so long ago they stepped off a steamer frightened and cowed by the sheer magnificence which is New York; they were refugees from Old World tyranny. To-day the wine of freedom has gone to their heads. There come these girls, somberly dressed and garishly dressed, the women workers from the sweat shops and factories, drawn irresistibly here where they can give vent to emotions, stifled in the confines of a tenement room. As one watches them file into the meeting one is impressed with their seriousness. They mean business, their faces, stamped with the power of rebellious thought, seem to convey the idea that they want everybody to know that they mean business. One looks in vain for a single happy face; unsmiling their eyes shine with a light of purpose, one feels in the presence of all that is headstrong, merciless, bitter—the presence of Tragedy.

They take their seats quietly. The hum of voices, inevitable overture to any rising curtain, fills the air. It is a continuing sound, a babel of many tongues—Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish. One hears a great deal of Yiddish, indeed it is the predominant note as it is in the ranks of Russia's Bolsheviki. With a start one sees in the audience those that do not seem a part of it. From out of the drabness of the crowd stand better dressed people; here a minister in the garments of the church, there a noted author; over there a beautifully gowned woman sitting beside a young man who affects the soft white shirt open at the neck.

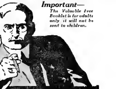
With the rising of the curtain the audience moves to its feet and to the tune of a once popular Broadway air sings:

All hail to the Bolsheviki!
We will fight for our Class and be free.
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter
which you are
You're nothing of interest to me.
If you don't like the red flag of Russia
If you don't like the spirit so true
Then just be like the cur in the story
And lick the hand that's robbing you.

Into these cheap words they put all their souls and all their bodies. Their eyes shine, their [illegible] away. With upturned faces they sing with the passionate enthusiasm of religious fanatics; it is electric, contagious, overwhelming. Almost with a sigh the sound dies away and they settle back into their seats, intent upon a man whom the rising curtain has disclosed upon the platform. He is sitting behind a little wooden table. He is dressed in a greasy black suit, his hair

BOVRIL

Canada Food Board License No. 13-442



Important—
The Valuable Free Booklet is for adults only it will not be sent to children.

He Will Give You Real Command of English

Your use of English proclaims you to the world. What you can say tells what you are. Your language largely determines your place among successful men. The greater your vocabulary, the greater your power of expression and influence upon your fellow-men.

Commence now — let Grenville Kleiser teach you through his Mail Course in Practical English, how to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words
Use the Right Word in the Right Place—
Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Distinctive Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, Poetry, Essays, etc.
Win Civil and Military Promotion
Become an Engaging Conversationalist
Be a Man of Culture, Power and Influence in Your Community

It will take only some of your spare moments at home; no repellent grammar study; each lesson as clear as daylight and inspiring to the highest degree.

Most of your thinking is done in words. It is impossible to think in words which you do not possess. Your thought must suffer for the words you lack. A limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited authority and limited power.

The idea, plan or proposal which COMPELS attention is expressed in precise, convincing language, language [illegible] and gleaming with just the suggestion you are trying to "drive home."

The average man of to-day can add hugely to his efficiency, influence and income if he will give a few minutes each day to Grenville Kleiser's fascinating Mail Course in Practical English. Many thousands of them have done so.

IRVIN S. COBB, War Correspondent, Novelist, Lecturer: "Any man who helps English-speaking people to a better knowledge of practical English deserves praise and [illegible]."

JOHN BURROUGHS, Famous Naturalist and Writer: "[illegible] Any young man or woman [illegible]."

FREE—"How to Become a Master of English"

This booklet [illegible] English and Mr. Kleiser's [illegible] method of teaching [illegible] You will find it of great interest and value. [illegible] the coupon and get it free. No agent will call upon you.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Publishers of the famous New Standard Dictionary
354-360 Fourth Avenue New York City

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York
[illegible]

NAME
LOCAL ADDRESS Street and No. or R. F. D.
POST OFFICE
DATE STATE

POINT AU BARIL

Easy to Reach

For Just the Kind of a Vacation You Want

Summer hotels—sailing and motorboating—fishing—camping—a kingdom to yourself if you wish among the 30,000 islands of

GEORGIAN BAY

A romantic world of rivers, lakes and forest. Modern comforts or "roughing it"—select cuisine or ample "chuck"—society or camp fire talk—Point au Baril offers you everything.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

is shaggy and long, a very thin moustache, inky black, stretches his heavy upper lip, his face bulging and red, creases in a fishy smile. Through a pair of thick glasses peep furtive black eyes. He rises to introduce the speakers of the evening and, quite perceptibly, the audience moves forward a little in its seats. His speech comes with a Yiddish accent, ingratiating, drippy. Very carefully, after naming the first speaker, he brings his audience up to the proper pitch, shaking his fist he yells: "Ve don't vant you to throw a bomb. A bomb don't kill enough of them! Ve vant you to [illegible] behind your great leader. Like Trotsky led the Russian people to freedom, so vill your leaders crush the rich and you vill have all the money vat they have stole from you!"

Amid great applause he sits down and the first speaker of the evening, an English Bolshevist, begins his harangue. He is followed by a Spaniard and then a Russian Jew, a Trotsky agent direct from Petrograd. And their poison seeps into hundreds of souls. About 500 speakers spread the propaganda in New York City alone, about 15,000 persons are active in the movement against our Government; there is no way yet of learning the magnitude of the thousands who are sympathetically thinking of revolt.

At first they used to post their agents outside factories at the hour when men went to work, on street corners during the noon hour and then again when the day's work was done. The agents handed out the propaganda pamphlets and news sheets to the workers. This method was broken up by the arrests of the police. The propaganda is now put out by leaving it at night in the vestibules of houses, where live people whom the agitators believe will be susceptible to its influence. Still another device is now being used. The First, Second and Third elevated railway lines of New York City run through districts where live many people who may be turned into Bolshevik converts. At night the agents sneak their bundles of news sheets away from the 'Underground Press' and between the hours of two and four in the morning ride up and down in the 'L' trains, throwing the propaganda out of the car windows to the streets below.

Where does the money come from to finance these activities of the Bolsheviki in New York? There was a rumor current that Lenine and Trotsky diverted part of a vast sum of money which they confiscated from the nobility in Russia and sent it to the United States by way of South America for Bolsheviki propaganda. This is said to be without foundation. However, in a recent letter written by Trotsky to anarchists in Geneva, he urges his friends to co-operate with a Mme. Rosbanoff, who he explains is in Switzerland with several million dollars to carry on Bolshevik propaganda in France, Italy, England and the United States. It is reported that the Lenine-Trotsky régime has appropriated $8,000,000 monthly for propaganda.

Russia has sent us Bolshevik agitators. These men went to the Argentine and then shipped as members of the crew on steamers bound for New York. In New York while on shore leave they of course deserted, thus being able to enter our country without passports. In the East Side they were hidden away. A number of Bolsheviki agitators of New York got into the United States this way and worked upon the Russian Jews of New York.

Hobson's Hard Start

Continued from page 48

In the meantime, the company had been reorganized and the name changed to the Hamilton Blast Furnace Co. The difficulties which threatened to swamp the venture at the start had thus been overcome one by one. They were not entirely out of the woods of concern, for times were very bad indeed and business hard to get. The work that fell on the shoulders of the Secretary-Treasurer was enormous but his capacity was equal to the strain. He was and still is, a hard worker.

The company paid four per cent. dividends the first two years that he handled it. In 1899, when business conditions had become extremely bright again, the dividend was increased to eight per cent.

The Beginning of Amalgamations

THAT year saw the first of the amalgamations which resulted finally in the present industrial colossus known as the Steel Company of Canada. The Hamilton Blast Furnace Co. joined hands with the Ontario Rolling Mills Co. and the united concern took the name of the Hamilton Steel & Iron Co. Mr. Hobson was made Secretary and Assistant General Manager, the General Manager being C. S. Wilcox, who had been in charge of the Rolling Mills. The new company began to make steel, two 15-ton furnaces being erected for the purpose. The company has to-day, by the way, no fewer than 11 furnaces, some of which have a capacity of 70 tons.

Under the new arrangement Mr. Hobson's interest ran most directly to the sales end of the business. Competition was very keen. The Pittsburgh concerns had pretty well monopolized the market, except for the business that went down East to the Nova Scotia Iron and Steel Co. It was not, therefore, easy work for the new firm to break in.

Bringing Home the Bacon

THERE is at no time a wide spread in the prices of steel. Quotations from various firms can be depended upon to run very closely together and, where there is competition for a big order, the element of personality comes strongly into play. The new steel firm got its first big impetus through a large order secured from the C.P.R. in 1901. Mr. Hobson put the deal through personally.

It was known that the C.P.R. would place an order for the year's supply of angle bars. This was a big order, big enough to get the firm away to a prosperous and busy year. The first step was to make a number of angle bars to the specifications and figure on the production cost. It was found that an attractive price could be quoted so Mr. Hobson boarded the train for Montreal without a day's delay. The next day he saw Alex. Henry, who was handling that branch of the purchasing for the C.P.R., and he took the return train for Hamilton that night with the order in his pocket.

There was jubilation on his return, for Hamilton had been put on the steel map!

The story of the building of the Steel Company of Canada is not the story of Robert Hobson, for a number of men figured in this enterprise as prominently as he did. It is interesting to trace his part, however. The amalgamation was effected in 1910 and he became General Manager and Vice-President, Mr. Wilcox being President. In 1916 the latter was made Chairman of the Board, and Mr. Hobson was promoted to the Presidency. Under the leadership the concern is showing rapid strides and a future that may be described as boundless lies before. An important development has just been completed in the purchase of 1,660 acres in the coal fields of Pennsylvania to control and safeguard the fuel supply of the company.

Landing the Record Order

EVERY executive has an especial fondness for some one branch of the business and, as stated before, Mr. Hobson's hobby is the sales department. He has always been a believer in the gospel of "getting out" for everyone from the President down and, whenever a real opportunity for business arrives, he has always been only too glad to clear off his desk and strike out on the trail.

It was decided in 1915 to negotiate for an order of mammoth proportions with the Munitions Board. By building a new open hearth plant it was reckoned that the company could produce 9.2 and 8.2 shells for the War Office in large quantities. Mr. Hobson went down to Ottawa and proposed a contract for eight and a half million dollars!

In doing this, he recognized that he was taking a tremendous chance. The successful carrying out of this huge contract would depend on the speedy building of the new open hearth plant and the successful operation of it after it was built. In order to make sure that the plant could be built and equipped on time he had secured options on machinery and supplies in advance. These cost money and, had the deal fallen through, a heavy loss would have resulted. The greatest danger lay, however, in the element of doubt which necessarily existed as to the possibility of producing on time and profitably. Mr. Hobson was "taking a big chance." Had he failed, his head would have been in the basket.

The deal went through although it took a month to complete it. The Munitions Board was in the transition stage at the time, the reorganization under Flavelle not having been completed. Mr. Hobson dealt with Lord Rhondda and Charles Hitchens and for various reasons these representatives of the War Office held off from signing. Mr. Hobson practically lived in Ottawa and on Pullman trains for the month. It was an anxious time for him because the options which he had placed for machinery and supplies were continually lapsing and, with the machinery market on the rapid upgrade, each lapse meant an advance in price. Finally, however, the contract had been negotiated to a point where it was satisfactory to the Imperial representatives and the signatures were duly appended. The total was eight and one half millions!

Then began a mad scramble to get the plant in shape to start. Many of the contracts were let within a few days of the signing of the order and within a week the work had begun. It was seven months before an actual start could be made but this constituted a record in building a plant of this description.

The initial order was successfully filled within a year and repeats were secured up to the time of the signing of the armistice so that the company used for war purposes over one half million tons of steel.

Unpreparedness in 1914

ONE of the officials with whom he dealt at Ottawa told him on one occasion of a striking evidence of Britain's unpreparedness for war. They were discussing a certain size of shell which was being made in enormous quantities both in England and Canada at the time.

"The firm I am connected with in a civil capacity," said this official, "has an order this year for 750,000 of these shells. Of course there are lots of other orders placed as well. How many shells of that size do you suppose the War Office ordered in 1914? Exactly six hundred!"

In the Staff Lies Success

MR. HOBSON believes that much of the success of the Steel Company of Canada can be traced to the fact that the staff has been very carefully built up and maintained. It is a well-established truth that most men who have scored outstanding successes have achieved their results because of their ability to pick men to work with them. An organization cannot be a one-man concern. In the rush and hurly-burly of modern business a carefully organized staff without any weak links is an absolute necessity.

Recognizing this, the Steel Company have always paid close attention to the matter of maintaining a strong personnel in all departments. In the operating branches of the business the heads have almost without exception been with the company or with one of its component parts for from ten to fifteen years.

Three of the qualities which their men must show to get ahead are loyalty, capacity for hard work and powers of observation. The first two go without saying. After all, a man does not get far anywhere unless he is prepared to work hard and with the utmost loyalty. On the third score Mr. Hobson lays special stress. He believes that the man who possesses the power to observe and to put into application what he learns in that way cannot be kept down.

DENNISTEEL
Made in Canada
WARDROBE LOCKERS

Are used by Canada's greatest concerns—railways, big stores, factories, hotels, institutions, etc. Ours cost slightly more but are worth it because [illegible] throughout. They save their cost wherever installed. Indestructible, sanitary, FIREPROOF!

Write for Illustrated Folders

Halifax
Montreal
Ottawa
Toronto

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED
LONDON
CANADA

Hamilton
Winnipeg
Calgary
Vancouver

FREE For 5 Days Wear

[illegible]

[illegible] Dept. 365, 140 Yonge St., Toronto

The Secret of Beautiful White Teeth

[illegible]

TOOTH CLEANER

SHORTHAND Is Your Opportunity!

[illegible]

Sherwell Shorthand School, 16 John St., Nutley, N.J

CLEAN—yes and disinfected too!

Everyone likes bed linen, blankets, etc., to be super-clean—immaculately fresh. The best of all soaps to use is Lifebuoy—it actually disinfects as it cleanses.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

The mild, healthful odour in Lifebuoy is a sign of its protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Millions Use This Pen

#048

The Esterbrook FALCON Pen

The endorsement of millions of users is evidence that this pen satisfied the demand for a smooth, easy writing pen. Users of the famous 048 Esterbrook Pen are found in every trade and every State.

This overwhelming popularity is the result of uniform performance and pen excellence. It is safe to follow the judgment of millions. Send 15c for a sample dozen Esterbrook Pens including this famous 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
16-70 Cooper St., Camden, N.J.

The Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Canadian Agents

Esterbrook Pens

ESTERBROOK & CO'S FALCON PEN
048

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

The Happy Economy of S-W VARNISH STAIN

FURNITURE which has grown shabby can be restored to newness overnight, at the small cost of a can of S-W Varnish Stain. The fine range of colors enables you to match any hardwood effect.

Be sure you use SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH STAINS. This is important not only because it will insure you the handsomest possible finish, but because S-W VARNISH STAINS preserve the woodwork—a most important consideration in these days when everything seems to cost so much more.

Certainly it is an economy to use any of the full range of S-W VARNISH STAINS, and a happy economy, too, when you consider how cherished articles of household furniture regain their freshness under your hand!

Remember also, the clear S-W Varnishes—MAR-NOT for Floors; SCAR-NOT for varnishing Furniture and Woodwork; REXPAR for outdoor woodwork.

Read the booklet "The A B C of Home Painting." Sent free upon request.

Look around for the nearest S-W Agent.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.,
OF CANADA, LIMITED
897 Centre Street,
Montreal, Que.
110 Sutherland Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.
PAINT, COLOR AND VARNISH MAKERS
LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS

23

LIGHT ALWAYS ON TAP

A Reliable Flashlight instantly penetrates darkness—makes night travel or night working easy and safe. Focused as easily as you can point your finger—safe, clean, non-catching, reliable, certain.

Searchlights and Tubular Flashlights made of metal handsomely enamelled in red, brown, blue or green and all standard types and sizes of fibre and metal Flashlights. Good looking, unfailing in service.

Reliable Ignition Batteries are best for your car or truck—for your bell or electric lighting plant. They abound in energy that is lasting, as all Reliable Products made in Canada do.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

DOMINION BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

RELIABLE
TRADE MARK
Canadian Products
"Lively and Lasting"

The Family Canoe

Paddling is a most pleasant summer pastime. It delights the old and the young.

CHESTNUT CANOES

are the ideal canoes for everyone. They are staunchly built for comfort, strength and durability.

The rib work and lining are made of toughest New Brunswick cedar. The whole body is covered with a seamless sheet of specially woven canvas treated with a very efficient waterproofing preparation. A Chestnut Canoe is leak proof and safe.

The Chestnut Pleasure, Sportsman and Cruiser Canoes are the best canoes for any kind of aquatic sport or pastime.

THE CHESTNUT CANOE CO., LTD.
Box 475 Fredericton, N.B.

What a League of Nations Should Be

A Short Study of the Idea Gains £100 Prize

EARLY in 1918 the *English Review* offered a prize of £100 for the best short study of the idea of the League of Nations. The jury, consisting of the Master of Balliol, Lord Parmoor, General Sir Ian Hamilton, Professor Bury, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy, awarded the prize to H. N. Brailsford, one of the editors of the London *Nation*.

His essay has been described, says *Current Opinion*, as "by far the best short account which has yet been published of what a League of Nations should be and why it is needed."

What we need, writes Mr. Brailsford, is a League to restrain lawless force and to prevent the recurrence of such a conflict as that which has devastated Europe. It must be "an international organization which can ensure that timely changes shall be effected in the world before any people is driven by an intolerable grievance or even by a reasonable ambition to force change by arms. The new covenant, however it is eventually drafted, must provide (1) for the submission of all acute international disputes to the appropriate tribunal, court or council, or mediation for settlement; (2) for a suspension of all warlike acts, and also of mobilization, until the supernational authority has published its finding and for some time thereafter; (3) for the joint action of all the signatory Powers to repress any Government by economic and at need by military coercion if it should violate the pact. These are tremendous undertakings, Mr. Brailsford concedes. He goes on to say:

"The risk is twofold. Some Power may break its covenant, and if it has provided itself with allies the conflict which results will reproduce the present strife with something of the added bitterness of civil war. Again it is a large assumption that in such a case all the innocent Powers would keep their bond and rally to the defence of the League, and even if in honor they did so, they might not furnish their contingents with sufficient generosity or alacrity. There is no final answer to these doubts. No human institution can promise to work with mechanical perfection, and life would lose half its stimuli if all danger were eliminated. The practical answer to this skepticism is, summarily, that on no terms can we avoid these risks, and that any other kind of insurance reproduces them in a more aggravated form."

Not sentiment, but an effective will to make a workable League is, in Mr. Brailsford's view, the first condition of its creation, and Germany must be included in it. The argument proceeds:

"We live in the passionate moment, and propaganda, guiding the spontaneous tribal instinct, has forced the trend of our thoughts into a single channel. Popular oratory seems to assume that Germany is the first Power which ever broke a promise or treaty—if indeed she is not the only Power that ever committed aggression. From these emotional premises there follows the natural conclusion that the chief, if not the only task of a League of Nations will be to mount guard over her in the future. In such a spirit the Allies went to the Congress of Vienna. After nominating themselves policemen over France they proceeded to sanction their own robberies at the expense of Poles and Belgians, and the Congress which met to conclude one war made arrangements which ensured a succession of wars. If this narrowly legal and coercive spirit presides over the creation of the League it will not better the record of the Holy Alliance. It is doubtful whether the enemy would aspire to join a League conceived on this model, and if he remains outside it, it may be a great defensive alliance, but it will not be a League of Peace."

Undoubtedly, Mr. Brailsford concedes, a World League must prepare its coercive apparatus, and cannot neglect the indispensable sanction of co-operative force. Without that, no sense of security could be created, and each power would continue to prepare against future perils by the old technique of the armed peace. "We shall build the League ill, however, he asserts, if we attempt to lay its foundations solely upon force. A wise architect will rather attempt to recommend it to every civilized people by the advantage it confers. "It must be a society which assures to its members benefits so indisputable that no civilized power can afford to stay outside it, to secede from it, or to incur expulsion by its own disloyal conduct." We read further:

"The evolution of the two great alliances during this war is a pointer which indicates what the basic advantages of the League must be. It must prepare to diffuse equitably over the whole world the economic benefits which each combination now proposes to reserve for its own members. Raw materials, including the staple foods, have become the pivot of world-politics. If Horace could rewrite his ode he would speak not of the *auri sacra fames*, but of the hunger for iron-ore. Either we shall distribute the cotton, the metals, the rubber, the wool, the oil and the grain to each according to his need, or we must face a generation of turmoil, intrigue and war to determine their allocation. There is a 'right to work' for nations as for individuals, and the new mercantilism which would monopolize the materials of industry for one Power or one group of Powers would make a cause for future war, which would enlist the workers no less than the capitalists. In this single expedient we probably have the key to the creation and maintenance of the League. With an international control over the flow of raw materials across frontiers, the League would recruit every civilized State in its ranks. With the power to stop this flow, it would have a sanction at its command which every State must dread.

"We shall be slow to learn the lesson of history, Mr. Brailsford contends, unless we perceive by the glare of this recent conflagration the defects of our pre-war morality. "A League of Nations demands from us nothing less than an ascent from the habit of international rivalry to the ideal of co-operation." The argument concludes:

"The material expansion of our century had hurried civilization into tasks for which it was unripe, and equipped it with physical powers which its social conscience could not control. We had acquired, as it were, new senses and new limbs, but as we acted with prompt and imperious force in the far corners of the earth, we brought to our new contacts with multitudinous races less than the necessary sympathy. In the international test of this war the Christian Churches have failed and, unlike International Socialism, they do not even know that they have failed. If the growth of a new morality meant that by taking thought, the lonely individual must add to his moral stature, we might well plead our finitude and despair. There is inspiration still in the old doctrine of the French Enlightenment that human nature is an infinitely malleable and plastic stuff. The 'prejudices,' to use its favorite word, which hampered international co-operation in the past may never yield to formal reasoning. The evolution on which we may reckon is rather that the new institutions, by setting men in new relations, must in the end transform their thinking. . . . Let us neglect no chance of giving to the new institutions a visible form, a rallying symbol, a capital and a social focus. Men will always love 'the little platoon to which they belong.' It is the function of education to teach them that a 'divine tactic of history' has bidden this platoon to keep its set place and perform its ordered evolutions in a great army of comrades."

Hotel Tuller
Detroit

HOTEL TULLER
Park, Adams and Bagley

EUROPEAN PLAN
600 Rooms $2.00 Up

CAFETERIA PAR EXCELLENCE
SELF SERVICE

MEN'S GRILL
JAPANESE WAITERS

ROSE AND CASCADE ROOMS
COLORED WAITERS

MANDARIN ROOM
JAPANESE WAITERS

We have reorganized our entire food service, and are making an enviable record for modest charges and courteous and efficient service

Try us for Lunches and Banquets

HOTEL TULLER

FORD

STREAMLINE HOOD
Covers Brass Radiator
Only $17 Complete with Cap

WHY BUY A NEW CAR
Your Garage Can Supply You

Write for Circular B

The Burrowes Manufacturing Co.
511 King West TORONTO

How Ladybugs Save Orchards

Collecting One Hundred Pounds of Bugs a Day

THE California ladybug is the most voracious and the most omnivorous ladybug ever heard of. How these little beetles are employed as soldiers to defend the orchard and garden foliage of California is told by René Bache in the New York Sunday *American*, and the story is one of the most remarkable chapters of economic entomology ever written.

The bugs are shipped to all parts of the state. The famous Imperial Valley, where great areas are devoted to the production of the finest cantaloupes in the world, would be obliged to go out of that business altogether were it not for the ladybugs.

Where do they all come from?

They are collected during the winter in the mountains. Trained bug hunters do the gathering. In late autumn the little beetles depart from the valleys and fly up into the high Sierras where they assemble in swarms about the roots of plants, choosing by preference sunny slopes along the banks of canyons. The first are due about the first of November. The bug hunters are then busy. They climb the mountains and hunt for the colonies.

But they do not disturb the colonies, which have only begun to form. Later on there will be thousands where at this time there are but a few in each assemblage. They are content to locate them, making sketch maps that will make easy the problems of finding them months afterward.

How important these sketch-maps are may be judged from the fact that in December and January, when the bug hunters do their collecting, the high mountains are likely to be covered by snow to a depth of several feet.

It is then an affair of digging, and there must be no uncertainty as to where the insect colonies are to be found.

At best it is hard work, with much exposure to bad weather and severe cold. The bug-hunters are equipped like Arctic explorers—for the ladybugs are to be found only at high elevations—and with them they carry sacks in which to pack the insects. In the mouth of each sack is a sieve with a wire-net bottom.

Naturally, in collecting the insects much trash in the way of dead leaves and other débris is gathered. Most of it is disposed of by passing the gathered material through the sieve.

Two men usually work together, one getting out the bugs, which may be seized by the handful, and dropping them into the sieve, while the other passes them through. A hundred pounds of ladybugs in a day is a fair collection for the men. The bugs are bulky for their weight, and forty pounds will be as much as a man can carry. For the bug-hunters a camp is maintained in the mountains. A weekly train of mules brings supplies and carries the bugs to quite an elaborate establishment where they are cleaned. The contents of the sacks are emptied upon long tables brilliantly lighted at one end and dark at the other. The ladybugs crawl to the light and, thus freed from débris, are recaptured and resacked. It remains only to count them by a device which encloses just 330,000, being a box with two sides of wire to afford air.

What does your mirror say?

Does your mirror show that you are keeping your skin soft, smooth and clear?

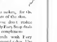
A pure, free lathering soap — like Fairy — cleanses perfectly and rinses off thoroughly.

Chaste, balmy odor and "mellowed together" in Fairy Soap — blended in every process of its making, for the particular care of the skin.

Perhaps you don't realize how helpfully Fairy Soap deals with tender complexions.

Make friends with Fairy Soap. Buy several cakes. Use Fairy regularly. Thoroughly. Make your mirror reflect a soft, clear, glowing skin.

For toilet and bath



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL

DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL SERVICE

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A naval career is not compulsory, however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located in Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February [illegible] 1919

HALIFAX ST. JOHN'S, NFLD. SHERBROOKE ST. JOHN, N.B. SYDNEY

F. B. McCURDY & COMPANY
134 ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL, CANADA
Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Dealers in Investment Securities Stocks Carried on Margin
Direct private wire connections with all offices and with Laidlaw & Co. New York Main 7140, 7141, 7142

Overland

Oh Boy!

The owner of an Overland owns all out of doors. To him even more important than *where* he drives is *how* he rides. In his Model 90 he goes in comfort, and with an enjoyment possible only because of the high quality and fine appearance of his car. He probably was first attracted to it by the praise of owners. Now he makes new friends for Overland by his own enthusiasm over the exceptional economy and the faithful performance of his car. This kind of appreciation among the thousands of Overland owners is a safer buying guide for you than specifications. It explains why so many people are buying Model 90 right now

WILLYS OVERLAND LIMITED
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
Head Office and Works West Toronto, Ontario
Branches: Montreal, Winnipeg, and Regina

Model 90 Touring $1360 Model 85-4 Touring $1495 Model 88-4 Touring, $1775 Willys Six, $2825; f.o.b. West Toronto

Social Occasions

There is no social occasion on which Patterson's dainty, delicious chocolates cannot be served with perfect taste and due appreciation.

Their quality and delightful flavors make them rare treats at any time.

Choose Patterson's—they are splendid food and may be eaten with relish and benefit by all.

Patterson's

A Real
Treat at
any time

A Matter of Good Taste

EVERY woman knows how soft, silky and lustrous an ostrich plume is.

The quality of Mercury Hosiery has been likened to that of an ostrich plume.

The yarns used are soft and silky to the touch. They have a lustre and beauty that denotes their excellence

More than that, Mercury Seamless Fashioned Hosiery for women is knitted, not stretched, into shape. The new narrow ankle, the shapely, full fashioned calf and the extra wide roomy top are permanent features that will last as long as you wear the hose

All fashionable shades and materials

Mercury
Hosiery

and Underwear, for men, women and children are sure to satisfy.

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

CUNARD
ANCHOR

NEW YORK–LIVERPOOL
AQUITANIA ORDUNA
CARONIA CARMANIA

NEW YORK SOUTHAMPTON
MAURETANIA

SCHEDULES ON APPLICATION
21-24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK
OR BRANCHES AND AGENCIES

Big Money Raise Rabbits For Us

United Fur & Produce Co.

Barber-Ellis,
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Stationery

YOUR correspondence on French Organdie Stationery, will convey an impression of exclusiveness

Ask your Stationer for it.

Protect Your Children's Tender, Growing Feet

Their shoes should be properly constructed in every detail. Growing bones are soft and pliable. Ill fitting shoes will cause cramped, bent, aching toes, weakened ankle and heel tendons, fallen arches and serious malformations.

Make sure that their feet are growing as nature intended—in shoes especially designed for boys and girls from 3 to 14 years of age—shoes which support ankles, heels and give freedom of growth to toes. See that your children wear

Chums
REGISTERED
SHOES

Made to conform with the shape of a healthy foot. Chums protect growing feet. Being welted there are no nails. The stitching is on the outside ridge of the sole—it cannot touch the foot.

The sole of Chums can be bent double—with ease. It gives with the foot—the muscles have full play—there is no restraint anywhere and yet there is absolute support and protection. Being made for vigorous children the Chums Shoe is extremely durable.

Chums is the only shoe for YOUR children. Drop us a postal to-day asking for the name of the nearest dealer selling the Chums Shoe. We will give you full particulars by return mail.

Charles A. Ahrens Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

Bringing Home the War Brides

By JEAN S. ROBSON

Chairman Women's Advisory Committee of Repatriation and Employment

WHEN Canada began to demobilize and repatriate her citizen army of about 350,000 men who were overseas, when the armistice came, she found she had another army to attend to—one of 85,000 women and children. If you remember in the first year of the war when we all thought peace was only a matter of a few months away, many families of Old Country men who had enlisted in the Canadian forces were encouraged and in some few cases assisted to return to their own people in Great Britain. Many others, some of them our first war brides, followed their husbands across the sea in order to be near them in the none too frequent leave. Nobody apparently was paying much attention to this rapidly increasing colony of Canadian women until the food situation became acute and then it was suggested that some at least of the 35,000 women and children then in England be returned to Canada as quickly as possible and over 22,000 of this number landed at Halifax between April 1918 and November 1918.

With the signing of the armistice and the subsequent focussing of public attention on After-War problems, the bringing home of the remaining 58,000 at a time when the return of the troops demanded all available shipping made a difficult but not too serious situation. However, advices from Overseas Department of Militia about this time announced that instead of 38,000 the number was much more like 50,000, as for some time Canadian soldiers had been marrying at the rate of 300 a week.

Arrangements were soon made with the Department of Immigration that these women should return accompanied as far as possible by their soldier husbands on special ships to be known as "Dependent Ships." Up to date another 14,000 have returned. Recent reports from Overseas Immigration place the number still to come between twenty and twenty-five thousand.

Soldiers' families that fill the boat being entertained by a women of St. John.

TO bring 14,000 women and children across the ocean and safely to their destination during the winter months when traveling under the most favorable conditions is none too pleasant has been no easy work. With so few ships available there has been little time for repairs between voyages. The majority of experienced stewardesses had gone into war work and were not yet available. On this side the railways reported a shortage of rolling stock and on both sides of the water was the omnipresent 'flu adding to the general discomfort. The services of everyone interested were enlisted. This was not only Government work, but a citizen service—part of Canada's unpayable debt to her fighting men.

By very splendid co-operation between the Canadian Government, the Railway War Board, organizations such as Canadian Red Cross, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Y.W.C.A., Victorian Order of Nurses, Rotary Clubs, and volunteer groups of willing energetic citizens everywhere, a big piece of the work has already been done and Canada has set a new standard in the reception and care of her incoming citizens.

Much has been written and could still be written of the kindly welcome given by the women of Halifax and St. John, which will be continued by the women of Quebec as they meet the boats which dock there during the summer. These women of the port cities are worthy hostesses for Canada. As one little bride said: "It was just as if your own folks were there to meet you."

Getting their first impressions of a promised land.

A chapter could be written on the work of the Red Cross Nurses who accompany each train. One nurse leaving Halifax in charge of a train of women and children found so much sickness on board that she turned the smoker of one car into a clinic where she was kept busy attending to her patients. Another had fifteen bad cases between Montreal and Winnipeg. Hardly a boat comes in but one or more babies have been born during the voyage.

Equally interesting is the story of the different Reception Committees at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver and other cities and towns. Wires are sent ahead to the committees from the Immigration officials on each train, telling how many need temporary accommodation, how many have friends to go to and how many are passing through to other towns. Where accommodation is required the Patriotic Fund provides the first twenty-four hours free of charge.

BUT it isn't only on this side that care and attention are given. It starts even in England. At the Canadian Discharge Depot in Buxton, the Canadian Y.W.C.A. have an office and on the trains down to Liverpool the women are accompanied by a woman official of the Immigration Department and a Y.W.C.A. Secretary. Great was the consternation the other day when a young mother announced that one of her twins was lost. Contrary to all instructions she had placed it in a train and the train had disappeared. After a mad search the missing infant was located by a nearly frantic Y.W.C.A. worker in a car on a siding a mile away. The little mother philosophically remarked: "Well, it looked like the train for Liverpool." On the train journey and before going aboard there is always tea for the mothers and milk and buns for the children. On the boats there is another woman official of the Immigration Department to give any necessary help and information.

Many rumors have spread as to the desirability or undesirability of Canadian war brides and there have been many legendary stories such as one hundred and fifty brides waiting in Halifax or St. John for recalcitrant Canadian husbands. A few men have brought home wholly unnecessary second wives, but only a few. Undoubtedly there have been some undesirables but there have been a very small percentage—there may have been some undesirables among the men who went over. Rash statements have been made by casual observers. It isn't everyone who can look smiling and attractive after a seven days' trip across the water in winter weather. Your heart aches for some Canadian mothers when you see the type of some of the daughters-in-law and it aches again for some fine-fibred English girl caught by the romance of a Canadian uniform or the expected thrill of life in a new country. But by far the great majority are fine healthy women, many of them with bonnie babies in their arms.

WHILE the train for Winnipeg and the Coast was being made up at Montreal one night, one of the workers got into conversation with a very attractive young English girl who looked lonely and discouraged at the prospect of a further journey. In the course of the conversation she said she was nineteen years old, had been married sixteen months to an American who had enlisted in the Canadian army and was not yet demobilized, had never been out of Surrey before and was traveling alone to a brother-in-law in Vancouver. She admitted that the journey had been pretty trying, but in the next breath, lest we think she was complaining:

"But mind you, my man's worth it. He's got the Military Medal."

You couldn't help being interested in the timid looking person with such a decided English accent who was starting off alone to a little French Canadian town in Quebec. Oh yes, she said her husband was still in France and she quite understood that they didn't speak much English in this little village. Her husband himself only spoke a little, but she wasn't worried.

Although most of the questions usually asked of newcomers to Canada by Immigration officials at the ports, are not required of soldiers' families, still for census purposes a few forms have to be filled in. There is occasionally misunderstanding over this. One woman belligerently announced to the agent at St. John as she refused to answer his questions: "I'm no immigrant, my man fought for this country."

Another woman returning with her family of little children apropos of the same circumstance said: "I was an immigrant when I came out here twelve years ago, but we own a farm in Saskatchewan and my man went with the First Contingent—believe me I'm no immigrant now, I belong here." Explanations were promptly forthcoming and the threatened storm blew over.

A soldier who returned after three years' service said recently: "When the transport neared Halifax and I got the first sight of Canada again, I just felt I owned it. It was like coming to look at a house you had bought. It was mine—I had paid for it."

Canada has little to fear and much to gain from either men or women returning with such a sense of citizen ownership.

THE JOY OF BIRD-NESTING

BIRD'S-NESTING is the best of all out-door sports, for one that is hunting nests for the pleasure of seeing them and leaving them unmolested. The thrill of hidden treasure, the lure of adventure, the joy of escape from indoor days—all these are part of it. Try it of a May day or before sunrise some June morning; you will find that it has golf and tennis and motoring backed into a very small corner of the map.

I know a woman seventy-two years old who took up bird's-nesting in order to help forget a great sorrow. While her contemporaries are dozing their lives away in rapid and easy chairs, she is afield in all sorts of weather, and she sees more birds and finds more nests in a year than the average woman meets in a life time.

Irresistible! Everybody enjoys pickles when served with Queen Quality—they're so different.

QUEEN QUALITY PICKLES

are made from the very choicest selected stock prepared with pure, fine-flavored vinegar and high grade spices.
Ask your grocer—he has Queen Quality.
If you like these you'll be exceptionally fond of our

UNIVERSAL SAUCE.

Taylor & Pringle Co. Limited
Owen Sound, Ont.
Manufacturers of Sauces, Pickles, Catsups, Vinegar, etc.

Learn Nursing Right at Home

Royal College of Science
Dept. 46, Toronto, Ontario

Write the Words for a Song

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject.

CHESTER MUSIC CO
920 So. Michigan Ave   Room 334, Chicago

The DALL REAL LACE CO.
"Lace made by Deft Hands Across the Sea"

If You Love Beautiful Things

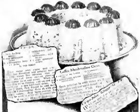
Women who delight in beautiful needlework will find our catalogue rich in suggestions for the sewing months just ahead.

Delightfully dainty are the beautiful Hand Made Laces featured in our free catalogue. The wonderful patterns are the handiwork of Irish, French and Italian women whose deft fingers have contributed exquisite Lace fashioned from a specially prepared thread. They are beautiful, outwear machine made lace, are inexpensive and most economical.

Equally attractive are the Negligees of lovely individuality in Crepes, Silks, and DALL'S REAL HAND MADE LACE, which we make for those women who prefer the finished garment.

If you love beautiful things, we would like to send you our catalogue. Shop now!

FREE CATALOGUE
DALL REAL LACE CO.
902 Granville Street,
Vancouver, B.C.
Gentlemen: You may send your free catalogue.
Name
Address



Mrs. Knox Says—

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

This recipe makes over 1 pint mold or serves in eight individual servings and uses only one quarter of a box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Write for the Knox Knowledge Books—Dainty Desserts and Food Economy. They are free if you give your grocer's name and address.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
Dept. C, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

SARNIA POULTRY FENCE

We Save You Money

THE SARNIA FENCE CO. Limited

The Shine That Lasts

The Whittemore line serves a double purpose, that of a polish and leather preservative.

BOSTONIAN CREAM
is the ideal cleaner for tan and all leather. For tan, Brown, Gray, White and all colors. Try our
NOBBY BROWN PASTE POLISH
for brown shoes and
REFRESS OXBLOOD PASTE for red shoes.
QUICK WHITE Liquid Canvas Dressing.
ALBO White Cake Canvas Dressing.
GILT EDGE SELF SHINING Dressing.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

WHITTEMORE BROS. CORP.
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

LEARN PIANO
This Interesting Free Book
Quinn Conservatory, Studio, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE
"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

If you love music you'll be fascinated with the remarkably clear, sweet, natural tone of the Cecilian Concertphone.

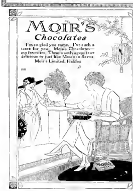
Choose any record you may desire regardless of make and the concertphone will play it, bringing out its finest tonal qualities.

THERE ARE NO CONNECTIONS OR ATTACHMENTS TO CHANGE WHEN PLAYING THE DIFFERENT RECORDS

Cecilian Concertphones are beautiful in finish, handsome in design

Write for Illustrated Booklet with Prices and Terms

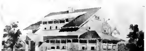
The Cecilian Company, Limited
247 Yonge Street, Toronto


MOIR'S Chocolates

I'm so glad you came. I've such a treat for you. Moir's Chocolates—my favorites. There's nothing quite so delicious or just like Moir's in flavor.
Moir's Limited, Halifax

Building Hominess in Your Home

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN



A bungalow typical of the modern tendency in home building—dignified and individual but a friendly looking sort of house

THE word "home" usually conjures up a house in the country with trees and wide grassy spaces and fires and sunlight inside with walls built solid and snug to stand any weather. It means this to the city-dweller who has always lived in an apartment, but who, contemplating the needs of a growing family, looks forward to the day when he will be commuting to a bungalow somewhere out along a car line; to the man who thinks he must live close to his work in an office block and pays extortionately, it seems, for living in other men's houses; or to the young man in the small town where building lots are not sold by the square foot, who is saving against the day when he will need a house of his own.

Perhaps this is why the new homes going up to-day lack the stiff, stilted formality, the effort at display that characterized the houses built in the years when houses were not taken so seriously. It may be too why men and women are beginning to consider the building of a home as one of the real opportunities of a life-time, a piece of fine creative work; why they are taking the initiative to express in their own homes their ideals of what a home should be. And because a home was primarily intended for shelter and for the privacy of family life the big, imposing houses are being replaced by simple hospitable old colonials and snug livable bungalows with a meaning in every detail.

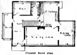
The bungalow shown here is typical of the modern tendency in home building. It is simple and dignified, with an individual quaintness in its old-fashioned dormers and porches, and from its sun rooms and many grouped windows it fairly radiates cheerfulness.

The same atmosphere pervades the interior. The front door under the little old-fashioned portico opens into a hall, and at the right of the hall is a door to the living room. This is the largest and one of the pleasantest rooms of the house. Along one side is a group of three wide windows directly opposite a broad fire-place. The first homes were built around the light and warmth of open fires, and they were virtually altars for the protection of something sacred — the modern builder has the same ideal when he puts a fireplace in his house because he knows that an open fire can do more than any other material thing to hold a family together and create an atmosphere of warmth and confidence. We might have a bookcase built on one side of the fireplace and a deep corner seat on the other side. Built-in furniture is not only economical in that it saves buying the more expensive separate pieces—it gives a room an air of dignity and permanence. It looked as though the house had been built for this particular family, and as though they intended to stay there.

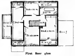
The house has a sun room built on, this gives it three sides open to the light, and having sliding doors which give a wide opening to the living room this light can flood right across the house. The sun room is planned to be used as a dining-room with the idea that in summer the windows can be screened, making it practically a screened porch. Some families might prefer to keep the sun-room for a sitting room and to set the dining table in one end of the living-room, which is quite long enough for this. Whatever the arrangement in a house where there are children the sun room makes an ideal day nursery where a baby can have a comfortable, sunny, fresh-air place to sleep, or where children can play in stormy weather.

At the other side of the house is a porch and a side door opening into the hall. At the left of this door is a smaller room, intended for a den or study. The house might be built without the porch or side-door and this room used as a bedroom. In any case the little alcove next to it, fitted with hangers for coats, will be found very convenient. Back of this is a lavatory, the alcove shutting it off from the hall. The position of the stairway in the hall is convenient to either entrance as well as to the living-room, the den and the kitchen; and is placed so that the cellar-stairs can run under it and open directly into the kitchen.

The kitchen has been planned especially with a view to making the housework as easy as possible. The objection might be made at the outset that it is too large, but it will be noticed that the working equipment, the sink, cupboards, etc., are arranged compactly; the dumb waiter is placed at the other end of the kitchen where it will be convenient to the dining room. If it is especially desired to have a pantry, the door between the kitchen and living-room could be walled up and the end of the kitchen, taking in the cellar door, partitioned off for a pantry. With a dumb-waiter and a good amount of cupboard room, however, a pantry scarcely seems necessary. The kitchen sink should have some attention. It has a short shelf or drainboard at the right for stacking dishes, and a long drainboard at the left, with a cupboard above it. A drainboard should always be at the left of the sink for a right-handed person. This arrangement makes it possible to wash, dry, and put away the dishes without moving two steps.



Ground floor plan



First floor plan

An attractive arrangement of alcoves, grouped windows and built-in window seat

Any upstairs under a bungalow roof, or the upstairs in any one-and-a-half storey building, is always a little broken up by the low head-room where the roof comes down to the eaves. In this house it will be noticed that the wide dormer in the roof both at the front and the back, overcomes this trouble to a great extent. By giving the space in the corners where the roof is low to clothes closets, we have four good-sized bedrooms and a bathroom. The position of the bathroom over the kitchen provides that the plumbing of the bathroom, kitchen sink and lavatory may have a direct connection with the one soil pipe.

A feature which must not be overlooked in a home built with every consideration for the permanent good of the family is the sleeping porch. Most people appreciate the benefits of out door sleeping, especially for a delicate child or a person recovering from an illness, or one who works indoors all day. Whether the house has a place provided for out door sleeping is likely to mean the difference between these benefits and the lack of them. For the house built to be a real home is planned with forethought to the health of the family as well as their convenience and comfort and appreciation of beauty and fitness in home architecture.

A Living Memorial

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

THERE is a demand for some great National Memorial to commemorate the lives of the boys who went to fight for democracy, but who will never come back. The memorial which we suggest for these men is not of brick and stone and mortar but of flesh and blood and spirit—a living memorial. It is one thing which can not be weighed and measured, because it is boundless, because it is composed of millions upon millions of lives of little children—young lives that will be fuller and freer and more joyous and wholesome than they would have been had we not suddenly been awakened through the war to their precious quality. We propose a great Child Health movement which shall set a new standard of health for American children. What more fitting memorial could there be for our heroes than that by their deaths they should lift into health countless lives that would otherwise be stunted?

The same patriotism which sent men to die for a democratic ideal is to-day demanding that children be given an opportunity to live out that ideal.

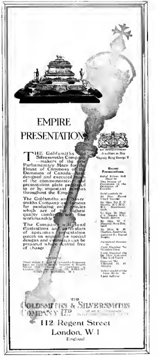
One of the great lessons brought home to us by the war is that health under conditions of modern life is not a thing which will take care of itself. The child bred under conditions of civilization can not be relied on to grow to healthy, vigorous maturity like a young chipmunk or rabbit in the woods. He needs special education in health habits, if he is to develop normally. The revelations of the selective draft have brought us up with a start. They have revealed us to ourselves, as we really are, not as we imagined ourselves to be. We have learned that physically we are not the superb nation that we thought we were. We discovered that approximately one out of three of our young men in the best years of their manhood, was physically unfit to bear arms. The physical defects which incapacitated these men for active service are so common that we have been accustomed to pass them by as of no account.

The bad teeth, the narrow chests, defective vision, fallen arches, and general lack of physical development which prevented these men from doing a man's work in the war had also prevented them from attaining their normal efficiency in time of peace. The amazing thing about the draft revelations, the thing at once incriminating and reassuring, was that most of the physical defects which disqualified one man out of three from active service had been slowly developing from childhood and that they were capable of either prevention or correction.

Why then were they not prevented or corrected? These physically deficient men were our school children of yesterday. What was wrong with the schools of yesterday, that without a thought they turned back upon the state [illegible] totally lacking in the fundamental knowledge of how to live—of how to treat their bodies so as to keep them strong and vigorous and fit for the duties of men?

Furthermore the condition of the school children of to-day is exactly what might be expected by anyone acquainted with the draft figures.

The new public conscience in matters of health demands that the indifference which permits such conditions must cease; that these uncorrected physical defects must be corrected; that there must exist no avoidable malnutrition among the children of this great country. These young citizens must be im


EMPIRE PRESENTATIONS

BY APPOINTMENT
Jewellers to His Majesty King George V

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company—makers of the new Parliamentary Mace for the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada—have designed and executed much of the commemorative and presentation plate presented to or by important persons throughout the Empire.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are famous for producing only articles which are of the highest quality combined with fine workmanship.

The Company will send illustrations and particulars of specimen presentation pieces on request, or special designs and estimates can be prepared where desired free of charge.

WARNING

That the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no [illegible] Regent Street [illegible] London [illegible] 112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Recent Presentations.

Solid Silver Gilt Mace to
The House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada

Gold Caskets to
Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George
Rt. Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, K.C.M.G., K.C., Newfoundland.
Lt. Gen. Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, K.C., South Africa
Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, New Zealand
Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, Australia.
Admiral Sir David Beatty

Swords of Honour to
Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig
Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. Viscount French of Ypres
General Sir Edmund H. H. Allenby

Silver model of the "Iron Duke" to
Lord Jellicoe

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.
112 Regent Street
London, W.1
England

You Will *Appreciate this* Pure Milk

ONCE you have learned the convenience of Carnation Milk with its many uses, you will never go back to the ordinary milk supply. As cream for coffee, tea, cereals or whipping (chilled, of course). As pure, fresh, whole milk for drinking and other milk uses (add water). As thin milk for cooking (add more water).

Once you have known the convenience of always having Carnation Milk on hand — Carnation keeps, and you can order by the case (48 cans tall 16 oz. size)—once you have known the economy of Carnation. It keeps for several days after opening. It's absolutely safe.

Carnation Milk is just fresh, whole milk of unusual richness, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized. You get the richness you want by adding water.

Made in Canada by
Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited
AYLMER, ONT.
Seattle and Chicago, U.S.A.
Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.
Canada Food Board Licenses 14-36, 14-37

WHAT could be easier than to order several cans of Carnation Milk with your groceries? Directions on every can. Then write us for "The Story of Carnation Milk," which also contains 100 choice recipes. Address Aylmer, Ont., for FREE copy.

Carnation Milk
"from Contented Cows"

Your Grocer Has Carnation Milk

Are You Sleeping Your Spare Time Away?

Did you know that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE now carries more advertising, with one exception, than any other general monthly magazine on the North American Continent?

That's because it's read by all the best people in Canada, thousands upon thousands of them!

Don't waste your spare time. Turn it into money. For every intelligent person in your locality will be glad to read MACLEAN'S if you go after them right. And we'll pay you well for turning in those subscriptions.

The MacLean Publishing Company
Dept. 10 Toronto

I'm interested in your spare time money making proposition. Please tell me about it.

Name

Address

Cut out the coupon, and mail it NOW

mediately put into good physical shape and at the same time trained to take care of themselves that they may go through life with a maximum of health and efficiency and joy in living.

The Best Books

THE BEST SELLER

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" still heads the month's sales with "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land" second on the list.

In this his latest work Ralph Connor (Major Charles W. Gordon) strikes again the humanly spiritual note which won him his first renown. "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land" tells of the part played in the great war by a company from Western Canada and of the development of the "Sky Pilot" in particular.

When the news of the outbreak of war arrives Barry Dunbar has just resigned the ministry of a little village in Alberta because his parishioners found him a dull preacher and a poor mixer. He attempts to join the ranks but is rejected as physically unfit and urged to join up as chaplain. Then follows a hard struggle to reach the hearts of his men. This is uphill work for Barry is a mere boy, very much in earnest, but totally inexperienced, and at the start antagonizes his men by finding fault with their vocabulary and by pointing out their moral duties to his superior officers and in fact by butting in generally gives the impression that he is a first-class prig, whereas a somewhat restricted mental outlook and an over sensitive conscience are his only real drawbacks. By the time the regiment reaches France, Barry has shown his grit and to some extent won the confidence of his men. Here he learns to discard his attitude of spiritual policeman and learns too that human sympathy and understanding are the real sine qua non of a good Pilot and, by showing a full measure of both, finally wins his way.

There is a glowing account of Western Canada's response to the call to arms, of ranchers, cowboys, lumber jacks, men of every calling pouring into the cities and literally fighting for places in the recruiting lines in order to join the first contingent. Then come the more grim scenes of war—shell-swept roads, hospital and trench. And here in a dark hour appears Phyllis, the little English V.A.D., who furnishes the necessary romance. Though some of the characters fail to convince, the pictures of war are vivid and moving.

FICTION

The Web. Frederick Arnold Kummer (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). A spy story of which the scenes are laid in England and Germany during the war.

The Man From the Clouds. Storer Clouston. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto, $1.50). Tells of a spy hunt of which the scene is laid on one of the islands off the north of Scotland.

The Twenty-Six Clues. Isabel Ostrander. (Geo. J. McLeod, Toronto, $1.50). Concerns a crime surrounded with mystery, the solving of which baffles the most famous detectives.

Cap'n Jonah's Fortune. James A. Cooper. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto, $1.50). A story dealing with the folks of Cape Cod. There is some quaint love making and a rescue in a blizzard.

Wild Youth and Another. Sir Gilbert Parker. (The Copp Clark Co., Toronto, $1.50). A romance dealing with a young wife, an old husband and—another. In this novel the author sets forth the law of the love of youth for youth.

Beckoning Roads. Jeanne Judson. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). Tells of the eventful career of ranch bred Marquita Shey who, after an impulsive marriage, mingles in New York Society and finally attains meteoric success as a financier.

The Secret City. Hugh Walpole. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.60). A novel that is not concerned with the outward manifestations of war but with "the dark forest of the hearts of men." It tells of Petrograd at the time of the coming and the burning of the Revolution.

The Avalanche. Gertrude Atherton. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.35). A novel of California society dealing with a young and beautiful woman involved in a deep mystery and of the straightening out of the tangle through the efforts of her husband.

Three Live Ghosts. Frederic S. Isham. (Geo. J. McLeod, Toronto, $1.40). The son of an American millionaire, the son of an English lord, and a Cockney after escaping from a German prison camp arrive in London to find that they are officially dead, which gives rise to all kinds of complications for each of them.

Investment Situation

Continued from page 8

operations, however, no matter how lucrative they may turn out to the shareholder, cannot rank as a "safe investment"; they must be classed, and particularly of course the newer ones, as "risks." In such cases information is supplied and the inquirer left to draw his own conclusions.

In almost the same class stands an inquiry I received during the month as to a new concern for the manufacture of sewing machines. So much depends on the men behind it, the type of machine they are to build, the methods of distribution and so on, that from a mere prospectus one could not judge safely. Information was supplied—from the firm itself and from others—but here again the risk was too great to warrant definite advice.

Another inquiry came in regard to Port Coquitlam, B.C. bonds, also Greater Winnipeg Waterworks bonds. The figures of the former municipality were supplied, but the conclusion drawn was that they were not very encouraging from an investment standpoint, just at the present time. The Greater Winnipeg issue, it was pointed out, is covered by taxes levied by the district and rank equally with all taxes raised for other municipal purposes. Thus, they take rank pretty nearly on an equality with City of Winnipeg bonds, which are regarded as a high-class Canadian municipal security.

Business Outlook

Continued from page 4

almost universally abandoned. Men expect a readjustment but they know now that it will be gradual. Some are declaring now that prices will never go down, that wages are bound to remain up and that, therefore, the average of prices will not lower.

It seems clear that all that is needed is optimism. If the men of Canada—business men, manufacturers, mechanics, professional men—will refuse to see any reason for fear of the future, the prosperity of Canada will continue. To hesitate now, to draw in, to hoard would be to bring about a condition that this policy anticipates. The bolder policy, to assume that we can "carry on" in the current, is fool the only policy at the present time. At the first battle of the Marne, Foch was faced at the stage with a condition that seemed well nigh desperate. His wings were beaten in and his centre, while still desperately struggling, sent word that they could not hold out much longer. He had no reserves. "Then," said Foch, "I shall attack."

The policy of Foch is the only one that can be applied in business if continued success is the aim. Attack, always attack! Optimism, nerve, willingness to fight—these are the qualities we need.

Elgin—
"The Spirit of Reconstruction"

Accuracy

"SEVEN on time again! This working to Elgin schedule is certainly all right. I wonder why more Canadian industries don't work to schedule? They would get better results all along the line."

The greatest essential in modern business is—Accuracy. Speed without accuracy is wasted effort, wasted money and wasted time. Our Reconstruction problems demand increased production—and in production accuracy is vital.

The Elgin, which stood as the symbol of accuracy, directing the dash of the charge, timing mighty barrages and synchronizing the movement of the stupendous Allied War Machine, should be our guide to-day.

Work to schedule, accurately and efficiently—to the tick of the Elgin.

Accurate time makes possible working to schedule. Working to schedule guarantees greater production. Depend on the Elgin as the register of your schedule. It will serve as accurately and as efficiently in Peace as it did in War.

Streamline Pendant Patented

There is a jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

One of the famous streamline models

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

"The Windsor"

700 Rooms
450 with bath

European plan exclusively

Dominion Square · Montreal

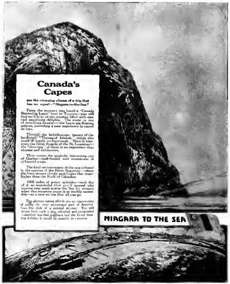
Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from $2.00 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station and five minutes from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Motor Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application.

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager

YOU TOO CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

Lash-Brow-Ine



Canada's Capes

are the crowning climax of a trip that has no equal—"Niagara-to-the-Sea."

From the moment you board a "Canada Steamship Lines" boat at Toronto—you will find each hour of the journey filled with new and surprising delights. The route is one of wondrous beauty—the boats are floating palaces, providing a new experience in travel de luxe.

Through the kaleidoscopic beauty of the land of the "Thousand Islands," winds this route of scenic enchantment. Then it traverses the River Rapids of the St. Lawrence—the "shooting" of them is an experience that charms and exhilarates.

Then comes the quaintly interesting city of Quebec—rock-bound, and reminiscent of old-world cities.

The final entrancement of the trip is found in the canyon of the River Saguenay—where the boat steams slowly past Capes that tower higher than the Rock of Gibraltar.

1000 miles of scenic splendor—each day of it so wonderful that you'll marvel why anyone ever went across the Sea for scenery when this vacation route is so readily accessible—at a cost so low that all can go.

This glorious outing affords you an opportunity of seeing the most picturesque part of America from the deck of a palatial steamer. You will return from such a trip refreshed and invigorated—satisfied too that you have had the finest boat trip holiday it would be possible to conceive.

Are You Travelling West?

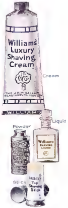
Break the long land journey travel by boat from Sarnia to the "Soo" Pt. Arthur or Duluth. Write for particulars of Upper Lake Cruises through the Great Unsalted Seas.

Folder and Information at any Ticket Office or any Office of

Canada Steamship Lines
LIMITED
Toronto Office: 46 Yonge Street
Montreal Office: Victoria Square

Write for the booklet "Niagara to the Sea" which describes fully the glories of this remarkable boat trip. Enclose 2 cent stamp to cover postage, and we will send Illustrated Book, Map and Guide.

Williams' Luxury


Williams' Luxury Shaving Cream
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN. U.S.A.
Cream
WILLIAMS
Powder
Liquid
Williams' Shaving Liquid
Stick
Williams' Top Shaving Stick

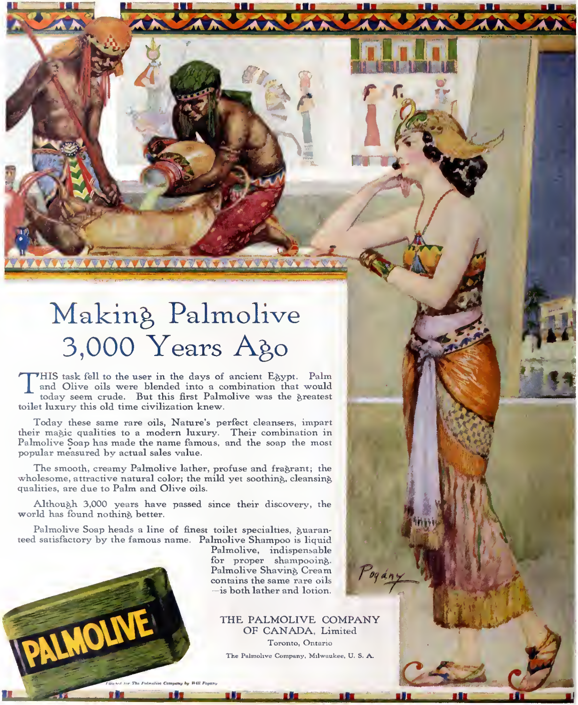
After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder

See for yourself!

Your shaving mirror reminds you of the old, old truth—that Williams' is the kind that will not dry on your face. For 78 years men have been looking themselves in the eye and saying "That's *so!*". You can't see, though, the real *work* that the big creamy lather is doing down next the skin—smoothing a path of velvet behind the razor stroke. The cream in the big tube is just a new and handy way of getting the historic Williams' lather.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Canadian Depot 655 Drolet St., Montreal



Making Palmolive 3,000 Years Ago

THIS task fell to the user in the days of ancient Egypt. Palm and Olive oils were blended into a combination that would today seem crude. But this first Palmolive was the greatest toilet luxury this old time civilization knew.

Today these same rare oils, Nature's perfect cleansers, impart their magic qualities to a modern luxury. Their combination in Palmolive Soap has made the name famous, and the soap the most popular measured by actual sales value.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather, profuse and fragrant; the wholesome, attractive natural color; the mild yet soothing, cleansing qualities, are due to Palm and Olive oils.

Although 3,000 years have passed since their discovery, the world has found nothing better.

Palmolive Soap heads a line of finest toilet specialties, guaranteed satisfactory by the famous name. Palmolive Shampoo is liquid Palmolive, indispensable for proper shampooing. Palmolive Shaving Cream contains the same rare oils—is both lather and lotion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario
The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Painted for The Palmolive Company by Will Pogany